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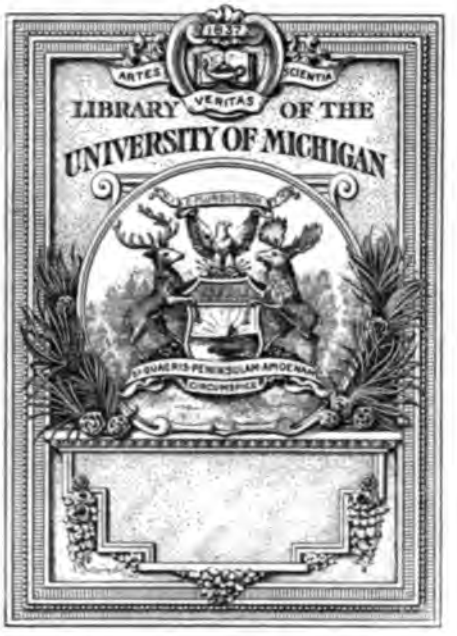
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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. V. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1891. No. 1.

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PUBLISHERS' JUDGMENTS.

I would not willingly say aught against those good friends, and necessary allies, of the author, the publishers, especially at this season, when all is supposed to be good will, and one's heart is open to forgive all his creditors and erase all his debts, but a word or two, in the hope of a request for charity, might be allowed. I know, of course, that what is one publisher's critical meat is another author's poison; but even that knowledge does not help me in the least to appreciate the reasons given for declining, with or without thanks, and with much criticism, to print some of my productions, which would be immortal — if they only had a chance to be born.

I was once guilty of writing a boys' story, which, with much hope, I sent off to a Philadelphia publisher. It was a story of military adventure. I received the manuscript back, with a politely-worded critical letter, telling me that the story was well written, and that up to a certain point it was full of interest. Then the interest waned. The funny part of the criticism was that the interest waned just as the hero began to get near war service. This was a strange feature for a war-time novel. Now, I had a certain pride of opinion, but far more decided humility of pocket, and I would cheerfully have murdered my hero, or all or any of his friends, to suit a publisher, but somehow I felt that it would not add to the strength of a war story to cut it short just where the military part of it began. I sent the manuscript promptly to a leading New York firm, and received eight pages of criticism on it, the main feature of which was that the hero took too long a time in getting to the war — exactly the opposite of the Philadelphia man's trouble. I may add that I altered the work to suit the New York publisher, and it has been a success.

In course of time another venture was made, and the New York firm gladly received the second manuscript, only to return it with the objection that it lacked that continuous feature of adventure so essential in a boys' story; that it could be easily improved in that respect, but they were so loaded up with adventurous stories that they must wait a little. The manuscript was sent off once more on its travels, and it fell in with a Boston and New York firm, who, after submitting it to their able readers, kindly informed me that it was well written, but that

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incident crowded on incident, and adventure on adventure, giving it an air of improbability, and that in a certain scene "probability was strained to the snapping point." Singularly enough, the scene is almost a piece of pure realism, the incident being taken from a ship's log in the port of Boston, — indeed, the most of the incidents were rather "write-ups" than imaginative. Still another gentleman kindly warned me that the tendency of young authors to moralizing was to be deprecated, and that there was a lack in the story of that continued adventure and incident which pleased boys. Another critic thought the two boys of the story had too much of adventure to be probable, and that I might take into account the fact that boys like to read of men as well as of lads. Lastly, came the Philadelphia Saul among the prophets, who, regretting that the manuscript was not meat for him, suggested that the boys of the story were not sufficiently prominent in the work. Perhaps the most notable criticism, however, was that the work was interesting, but did not "come within the scope" of another publication. It was too long, and, even if it were cut, could not reach "the scope." So it was returned, and I vainly seek the "scope."

Now, this is all very queer in its way. My former experience, that what was the New York man's meat was the Philadelphia man's indigestion, led me to despair of pleasing any among the guild of publishers, or of attempting to guide myself by their criticism; and I decided that as the story does not eat anything, and is not necessary as a pot-boiler, it can lie in my desk drawer for a short time, and go the rounds again, when another Pharaoh may rule in the different publishing houses. In the mean time, oh, young author, console yourself with the reflection that publishers' readers are, as a general rule, not much wiser than yourself, and that it is useless to expect to guide your course by the suggestions of those who read so much that they are incapable often of passing clear judgment on the merits of a manuscript, and that their verdicts, though fatal to the chances of publication, are of little value as to true merit. Luckily, I can afford to laugh at my experience, but there must be many to whom this battledoor and shuttlecock game of criticism is an intolerable impertinence and a painful disappointment.

George B. Perry.

BOSTON, MASS.

DON'TS FOR AMATEUR WRITERS.

Don't send your photograph to the editor with your manuscript.

Don't send references as to character from your pastor or from any one else.

Don't tell him what "competent critics" have said about your work.

Don't try to see the editor personally.

Don't roll your manuscripts, and don't tie them up with a blue ribbon, or with a ribbon of any kind.

Don't give the editor an epitome of your private and domestic affairs, together with an account of the circumstances under which you happen to be writing.

Don't sew the pages of your manuscripts together. Few editors can forgive an offence of this kind.

Don't write an almost unintelligible hand under the impression that writing of this sort is an indication of genius. Genius manifests itself in other ways.

Don't quote too much. It indicates a good deal of a vacuum where your own ideas should be.

Don't punctuate too painfully, particularly if you know nothing about this art; and be cautious and sparing in the use of quotation marks and underscored words.

Don't ask the editor his opinion of your work. In most cases you would n't want to know it, even if he were willing to tell it to you.

Don't send to the editor a saucy letter if he returns your manuscript. Let the matter end right there so far as that editor is concerned. Don't commit the awful folly of writing and accusing him of favoritism in the acceptance of manuscripts.

Don't ask for the return of your manuscript without enclosing stamps for that purpose.

Don't tell the editor that you are a subscriber to his "valuable magazine" or paper, thereby implying that you have a claim on him.

Don't tell him in one line that you have "long admired" his own work and in the next ask him to accept some of your own.

In most cases — don't write at all. Learn a trade, or become a farmer, or go West, or do something more likely to secure you a livelihood. *J. L. Harbour.*

DORCHESTER, MASS.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF OUR LANGUAGE.

Language, according to some authorities, was invented to conceal our thoughts. According to others, it was given us to express thought. Perhaps both definitions are correct; for it is very certain that we do not always mean a thing when we say it, and equally true that we often say a thing when we do not mean it.

The English language partakes of the general "mixed-ness" of the people who speak it, and is full of odd specimens of words that do not at all express the idea at first intended. We have a large class of corrupted words that have come down to us from the infancy of our language, retaining perhaps their original meaning, but so changed in spelling and pronunciation that they convey quite a different idea from the one at first intended.

For instance: we know that a greyhound may be black or brown; that guinea pigs do not come from Guinea; that the term "neat cattle" is applied to the ox species, and not to a race of animals that are especially careful about their personal appearance; that a man who is in a "brown study" is not always of a dusky hue. These are some of the oddities of our language that have grown out of their original sound, but not their original meaning. In the case of the greyhound, we find that the word "grey" is a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon "*grace*," or "*Greek*," and that the first dogs of that particular breed were introduced into Europe by the Greeks, who obtained them from the Persians, who used them for hunting the hare, like the modern Englishman. The guinea pig, "*mus porcellus*," is a small, South American rodent which was brought to England from Guiana, and the similar name of the African Guinea was substituted for the less known country of Guiana. In Great Britain the term "cattle" is applied to all sorts of animals — horses, sheep, swine, etc. "Neat cattle" is used to distinguish the ox from other cattle. When the young lady went to the apothecary for neat's-foot oil, she expected to find something that would make her little foot look nice, but found that it meant a thick oil made from cattle for greasing wagon wheels. "Neat" is from the Anglo-Saxon "*neotan*," to use, and so "neat cattle" means useful cattle.

How often we laugh at the phrase "Irish bull," and also at the thing itself. Of course, we connect the word with the blundering, awkward manners of a bull, but such a derivation is far out of the way. "Bull," as used to mean a mistake, comes from the Icelandic "*bulla*," meaning nonsense, or the Latin "*bulla*," a bubble.

When we talk of a "brown stndy," do we not think of something dull and dark in the looks of the person referred to? But the word

comes from the French, "*embronc*," meaning, primarily, bent down, and referring to the attitude one assumes while thinking.

Many legal phrases have outgrown their original meaning. For instance, "I give and bequeath" sounds like tautology. But in old English the word "quethe" meant to "declare" or "speak," so that "I give and declare" sounds more sensible. When you call a boy "a little shaver," you are not connecting him with the barber, but are giving him the gypsy word "*chavy*," which means "boy" or "lad." "Welsh rabbit" is a funny example of a word that suggests something very different from what it really means. It sounds like a species of hare, but is really a rare-bit for a Welshman, as potatoes are the Irishman's "peaches."

A curious corruption of words is that of the old English "lage," meaning "marriage." So when we speak of our mother-in-law or our father-in-law we do not refer to any legal relation, but to a mother or father by marriage.

The phrase, "to go on a bender," is called an Americanism. It is not so at all, but good old Scotch. In Allan Ramsey's time "bend" meant a "drink," and "to go on a bender" meant to go drinking from place to place.

When our old back-woods friend exhorts the "brethren and the sistren" we think his phrase a Westernism; but "sistren" is perfectly legitimate English, and dates back to the time of Chaucer, who speaks of the three fates as the "fatal sistren." We nowadays say "anyhow" and "anywhere," but not "any-when." That is good English, and was used up to quite modern times. The salutation, "how do you do?" sounds a little awkward and redundant, but "dow," in old English pronounced "do," meant "to thrive," "to prosper," and thus "how do you prosper?" was a proper question. The word "bully," meaning "to annoy," comes from the noisy and rough way in which drovers take their cattle to market.

"Vamose," a slang expression which came into use after the Mexican war, is from the Spanish "*vamos*," meaning "let us go." "Bogus" is a corruption of Borgese, the name of a man who once flooded the country with counterfeit money. "Bother" is said to have come from the expression, "don't both ear me," when two persons tried to talk to one at the same time. "Cat's-cradle" is a common English word for an interlaced wicker work, and also for a game, but comes from the French "*crèche*," meaning "cradle," and the Anglo-Saxon "*cratch*," a manger or crib.

When the boy complains that his father has given him a "whaling," we invariably connect the word with the fish "whale," and perhaps think that it means a big thing among whippings, like the whale among other fish. The word has no such origin, however, but is a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon word "*wale*," a welt, or raised place on the skin; one can readily see the connection.

Certainly, this study of words is interesting, not only as a pleasant literary pastime, but because we thus come face to face with the spirit of language, and we may learn the true character of a people by studying their thoughts as expressed in the words employed in their every-day life.

E. Palmer Mathews.

CARLINVILLE, Ill.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF MARY HOWITT.

Deep in the heart of Austrian Tyrol, in the beautiful little town of Meran, a health-resort, Mary Howitt made the home of her old age.

Meran is an ancient walled city, with high, tile-roofed houses built in deep arcades, crowding upon and jostling each other in those old days,

where there was no security for life outside the walls.

Now, the massive, heavily-barred gates stand always wide open, the ponderous hinges are rusted off, the population has spread beyond the city limits, and the beautiful surrounding slopes are covered with pretty villas, charming gardens, and acres of vineyards.

Upon the lovely and favorite suburb of Obermais, 150 feet above Meran, Mrs. Howitt built a pleasant house, the windows of which looked out upon the noble peaks of Alps 8,000 and 10,000 feet high, and which was surrounded by a stretch of garden plot, where she often took her constitutional. This home she called *Marienruhe*, "Mary's Rest."

It was built like most Continental houses, in two separate apartments, one above the other. The lower apartment was let for several years to an English clergyman and his wife; but the upper one was occupied by Mary Howitt herself, her daughter Margaret, and, during the latter years of their stay, a young lady friend and companion.

It was a charming interior, peculiarly peaceful, it always seemed to me. The drawing-room was simply, but tastefully, furnished, and strewn all about were specimens of Mrs. Howitt's handiwork: most exquisite embroideries upon velvet, or wool, or linen.

The most striking object in the long room, where the brilliance of the Meran sunshine was subdued to a harmony of warmth and light, was a marble figure of a child, chiselled by Margaret Foley, the American sculptress, who was a warm personal friend of William and Mary Howitt, and a member of their household for several years of their residence in Rome.

It was in Rome that William Howitt died, but Miss Foley, already, though unknown to herself, struck with fatal disease, accompanied his wife and daughter to Meran.

Her death occurred before I knew the family, and I do not remember whether before or after the completion of *Marienruhe*.

At all events, the exquisite statue stood where no guest could help but remark its beauty, and Margaret Foley's name was always spoken with tender affection.

But the supreme attraction was Mary Howitt herself; a spare, straight, rather quaint figure, robed in black silk, with soft lace at the throat and wrists, a black lace cap over the thin hair, with long lappets falling back of the ears to the shoulders, which were usually covered with a knitted shawl of wool. A brisk step, like that of a young girl; a vivacious manner; a gentle, wrinkled face, with soft, shining eyes; a ready smile, and a very human interest in all your little daily affairs, — this was Mary Howitt as I knew her. She was then eighty years old, and was writing her "Reminiscences," which shortly afterward appeared in *Good Words*.

She regarded herself as being in the prime of life. Another dear old lady of sixty, much more elderly than Mrs. Howitt, used often to speak of growing old. No one of us disputed her, because, though somewhat prematurely, she was just a dear, cosy, little old lady.

But Mary Howitt would not hear to it.

"Tut! tut! You are only a young thing still. How do you dare tell *me* that you are old? Why, I consider myself quite a young woman!"

Their birthdays fell on the same day, and twenty years lay between them.

It was after her husband's death that Mrs. Howitt became a Romanist.

Her English friends grieved greatly, but I could never see that it made much difference, except that she withdrew more and more from general society to wrap herself up too exclusively in the companionship of a few bigots — some English, some German.

She fell to proselyting, too, dear old lady, in her own sweet, gentle way. First, the wife of the English clergyman living below allowed her gray head to be rebaptized by a Roman Catholic priest, and later her husband, after having officiated many long years as rector of the English Church, both at home and abroad, dropped his clerical robes. We never knew of his actually becoming a member of the Romish Church, but he joined his wife in her attendance and devotions.

English Church services are held in Meran each year from Advent to Trinity.

Thus there came as chaplain an earnest young clergyman, to whom all his little flock became deeply attached. After a time his earn-

est face grew melancholy; he was much in the Howitt's set; he persevered to the end, but went away in the spring to doff his cassock, renounce the faith in which he had been bred, retract his priestly vows, and, in ordinary dress, to seek a position as tutor in a high English family.

We were all so disappointed in him. I do not know how much dear Mrs. Howitt had to do personally in these cases, but her house was the headquarters of the Anglo-Roman element in Meran.

She did not pass to her long home from "Mary's Rest," after all.

The year of the Pope's Jubilee she went to Rome with her daughter, a staunch Romanist, even before her mother changed, and the young lady friend, also a pervert. Mary Howitt had set her heart upon heading the band of English pilgrims to the Vatican.

It must, indeed, have been a touching sight when the aged Englishwoman, whose name is a household word throughout the two foremost nations of the world, knelt before the octogenarian, Leo XIII., successor of a long line of princely popes in that most glorious city; when his trembling, aged hands were laid in blessing upon her bowed and aged head, as he said: "Daughter, when we meet again 't will be in Paradise."

A few days later she died, victim to a cold taken upon that raw, chilly, winter day. Almost her last words were: "Maggie, do you remember how the Holy Father spoke? 'Daughter, when we meet again 't will be in paradise,'" and she smiled beatifically.

It seems a fit ending to a pure, beautiful life. We cannot all agree in matters touching belief, but we may all unite on the broad platform of love to God and love to man. Never were kindlier hands stretched out to suffering humanity; never beat a warmer, more charitable heart than that of Mary Howitt.

Jeanie Porter Rudd.

FLORENCE, Italy.

NEW WORDS TO BE LOOKED UP IN THE NEW WEBSTER.

The publishers of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary have just issued a new edition of this standard work. This new edition, which makes the "American Dictionary" "International," is not, like the two previous editions, a mere enlargement, but a thorough revision — "a new book from cover to cover." As was to be expected, it contains several thousand new words and new meanings of words that have grown upon the language since 1879, when the well-known Supplement was issued.

For some time I have made it a custom to note such new words and new uses of words as occurred to me in my daily readings from newspapers and magazines. Though I took only such words as seem to have a respectable standing in respectable journals, my list has grown to a considerable length, and I purpose to give the benefit of my gatherings to those readers of THE WRITER who have access to the new "International."

The field of home politics has been quite fruitful of new terms and new meanings. Among these I note: "Afro-American," "anti-monopoly," "Anti-Poverty Society," "anti-trust," "apportionment," "Bellamyte," "boodle," "boodler," "bossism," "deadlock," "Farmers' Alliance," "Fusionist," "Greenbacker," "heeler," "kicker," "Mugwump," "Nationalism," "Nationalist," "Pan-American," "paster," "Prohibition," "Prohibitionist," "reapportionment," "single tax," "Stalwart," "statehood," "straightout," "tariff-monger," "Union Labor Party," etc.

Foreign politics have furnished us "berat," "Dreibund," "dynamiter," "Home Rule," "Home Ruler," "Reichstag," "Russophile," "Skuptschina," "suspect," and the like.

To the province of business and social affairs belong such well-established words as "boom," "boomlet," "boycott," "bucketshop," "callithumpian." "cowboy," "dive," "dude," "dudine," "dudish," "futures," "granger," "green goods," "Highbinder," "Knight of Labor," "Labor Day," "non-union," "opium-joint," "Pinkerton," "plant," "postable," "shut-down," "speak-easy," "tie-up," "trust," "union" (adjective), and a good many others.

Religion and philosophy are represented in our list by "Christian Science," "Economite," "metagnostic," "metagnosticism," "Pan-Presbyterian," "Rappist," "Theosophist," "voodoo," "voodooism," "Zoarite."

The new words of the sporting fraternity are also very numerous, but many of them are slang. I may mention as acceptable: "Baseballist," "bicyclist," "bunco," "canoeist," "caroussel," "cycling," "enchantment," "pigs in clover," "pool-selling," "slugger," "tricyclist," "velocipedist," "wheelman."

The most fertile field of new words appears to be that of experimental science and technical industry. Here we have: "Alcophobia," "ampere," "antipyrine," "anti-rabic," "apple-scab," "bacteriology," "blow-off," "bob-sled," "booklet," "chiropody," "cocaine," "crematonist," "crematory," "dynamo," "ecrasite," "elecholytic," "electricide," "electrocute," "electrocution," "electrothanasia," "esthete," "ferrosilicon," "fluorcalcium," "flyer," "fore-spanker," "grammophone," "heliograph," "heliography," "intravesical," "madstone," "manicure," "microbe," "monocle," "natural gas," "nona," "ongoline," "philatelic," "photo," "photo-ceramics," "photo-engraving," "photo-gravure," "photo-micrography," "photo-zincography," "pous," "pre-Rolandic," "saccharification," "scrimpage" or "scrimpings," "sterilize," "Texas fever," "telautograph," "tipple," "toe-nail" (verb), "trachoma," "typewriter," "unfreezable," "vaseline," "voltage," "volt-meter," -- most of which stand in special need of definition, in order to become intelligible to ordinary readers.

The unclassified or miscellaneous words which make up the remainder of my list are these: "Antedate" (to be of earlier date), "Arbor Day," "biff," "blizzard," "brainy," "concededly," "crank" (an eccentric person), "cranky," "crofter," "doctrinarily," "drive" (to conduct in a carriage), "educative," "executional," "exfratriation," "fire-guard" (a protection against prairie fires), "happening" (noun), "mascot," "pigeon-hole" (verb), "runaway" (the act of running away), "sloyd-work." Compounds like "bill-poster," "bridge-jumper," "dockman," "house-hunting," "house-mover," "let-up," "life saver," "smash-up," "storm-coat," train-jumper," "train-wrecker," "wind-up," are so self-explanatory that we can scarcely expect to find them in the new Dictionary.

Such words as "bovine" for bull or cow, "canine" for dog, "feline" for cat, "borous," "burglarize," "don't-care-ativeness," "go-ahead-iveness," "happify," "stick-to-it-iveness," "teacheral," and the like, though affected by some good writers, should certainly be marked as pedantic and as barbarisms; while "bigbug," "bullish," "chestnut" (an old joke or story), "combine" (for combination), "corn-juice," "cute" (pretty), "daisy" (something very elegant or pleasing), "enthuse," "fork over," "healthery," "jehu," "masher," "materialize" (to appear), "poker" (delirium tremens), "rope in" (to cheat), "specs," "suspicion," and "suicide," used as verbs, "taffy" (flattery), "tenderfoot," etc., equally deserve to be classed as slang.

Finally, I would refer to a class of new words far larger than any yet mentioned. It is that which comprises the names of new medicines ("Algosine," "Anti-Fat," "Castoria," "Cuticura," "Floraplexion," "Germetuer"), new articles of food and drink ("Graham flour," granula," "wheatena," "Apollinaris water," "milkshake"), of clothing or textile fabrics ("blazer," "Newmarket," "reefer," "coatings," "trouserings"), and other goods, as well as the scores of catchwords daily coined by advertisers in all branches of business. The name of this class of words is legion, and I would not advise any one to spend much time in looking them up. They are multiplying so fast that the dictionary could not keep pace with them; besides, most of them are so short-lived that it would not be worth while to put them in.

H. A. Schuler.

ATLASTOWN, PA.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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VOL. V. JANUARY, 1891. NO. 1.

"That splendid literary mastiff, Thomas Carlyle, dying, bequeathed his political point of view, and what he would himself have called his atrabilious temperament, to Mr. James Anthony Froude" — is the way in which Melville Philips begins a review of Froude's "Lord Beaconsfield" in the *Philadelphia Press*. The idea of a literary mastiff bequeathing a point of view is worthy of a photogravure illustration.

***

The success of the *Forum* and the *Arena* and the prosperity of the *North American Review* show conclusively that there is a certainty of life for "solid" periodicals in the United States, provided their projectors have capital enough to give them a fair start. Whether the *Illustrated American*, the most notable venture of recent years in the illustrated periodical field, will win permanent success is an interesting question. That it deserves adequate support no one who has ever seen its handsomely illustrated pages will deny, but the cost of producing a weekly paper of such excellence must be very great, and the subscription price is necessarily so high that the magazine is beyond the reach of many. The most costly periodical ever published in the United States, the American edition of *L'Art et les Lettres*, the subscription price of which was seventy-two dollars a year, had to be discontinued for lack of support. The *Transatlantic*, started in Boston under favorable auspices, was a financial failure. There are enough rich people in America to support high-class magazines; but their tastes do not always lead them to spend their money in that direction. For the credit of the country, it is to be hoped that the experiment of publishing the *Illustrated American* may succeed. It is said, however, that nearly a quarter of a million of dollars has been spent already in the enterprise.

***

The fact that Mr. Howells is to publish one of his new novels next year for the first time in the columns of the *New York Sun* marks an epoch in American literature. Whatever his detractors may say, it must be acknowledged that Howells occupies the leading place among American novelists to-day. His acceptance of the newspaper offer for his next book shows that the newspaper was able to outbid the regular publishers, for, of course, the author sold his story where he could get the highest price. When a newspaper — of course relying upon the coöperation of other newspapers connected with it by the syndicate plan — is enabled to offer to the leading American novelist a better price for his work than the largest publishing house in the country is willing to give, it is evident that a new era in literature has begun. The newspapers will give to Mr. Howells a larger audience than he could secure through the magazines, and his story will have as great

value for publication in book form after it has run through the newspapers as it would have after it had been published in *Harper's Monthly* — possibly a greater value. It is evident that as magazines are coming to some extent to take the place of books, so newspapers are coming to take in part the place of the magazines.

* * *

Some people have expressed surprise that it was possible for Mr. Howells to sell his story to the *Sun*, since it was generally understood when his much-talked-of contract with the Harpers was made, several years ago, that everything he might write henceforth was to become the property of Harper & Brothers. Contrary to the general impression, the contract which was made at that time was an annual one, and although it has been renewed from year to year, the conditions have not remained unchanged. The Harpers are shrewd business men, — as the recent publication of facts about their dealings with Rudyard Kipling shows, — but, as the same facts also show, they are not always far-sighted in their transactions with authors. To outsiders it certainly seems strange that when it was possible for them to secure the exclusive services of so popular a writer as Mr. Howells they did not think it best to secure them for more than a twelvemonth at a time.

* * *

The fact that the King of the Sandwich Islands has ready for publication a new book, upon which he has been engaged for several years, should certainly excite the interest of some American publisher. The royal gentleman is already the author of one published work, entitled "Legends of Hawaii," in preparing which he collaborated with ex-Minister Daggett. His new book is entitled "The Temple of Wisdom," and is said to be of a religious nature, aiming to show incidentally that "all things have their origin in fire, and will end in fire." Certainly, a great many manuscripts, quite as valuable as that of King Kalakaua is likely to be, begin in the fire of enthusiasm and end in the fire, — when they have come back too many times to their discouraged authors, because publishers in these latter days have so little appreciation of what in literature is really and truly good.

* * *

When one considers how many earnest authors there are struggling vainly for means to get their thoughts before the reading public, it seems especially deplorable that so much money should be wasted by the government in printing valueless documents every year. This year the deficit in the accounts of the government printing office, due to the extravagant publication of black-bound books, counts up among the millions, and it is safe to say that enough money has been uselessly spent in printing uninteresting facts and figures to give at least a thousand American authors a chance for fame. The value of the books published at great expense by the government and sent out by congressmen to burden the country's mails is illustrated by the fact that a Massachusetts state senator recently made a savory bonfire in his backyard of 300 or 400 volumes which a paternal government had forced upon him, and which only cumbered up his house. When the brains of impecunious young writers are teeming with ideas that they know will interest the world, it seems shameful that public money should be wasted in publishing books which are burned because their value, even to the junk-man, is so absurdly small.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Should an inexperienced writer state a price with his manuscript, or should he be well satisfied if it is published without bringing compensation? About how long should he write without receiving pay? J. N. E.

[It is better for a young writer to offer his manuscript for sale at regular rates. If the editor to whom he offers it is willing to print it, but is not willing to pay for it, he will generally say so. In that case the author, unless he knows where he can sell the article, had better accept the editor's offer, for the sake of the instruction he may get from studying his article in print. When he has reached the point where

such instruction is not worth to him the money value of his article, it is time for him to begin to insist on being paid. — W. H. H.]

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(1.) Will you please define strictly the work of an "editor," "editor-in-chief," "managing editor," and "business manager"? Can one of these do the work of all?

(2.) When books and pamphlets are sent to an editor for review or "editorial notice," by what means is he able to pass the usually high opinion on them so soon afterward, seeing that it is impossible for him to have read through so much literature in the given time?

(3.) Since almost every branch of industry and profession is being reduced to a systematic school of its peculiar kind, what objection could be raised to a school of journalism?

J. A. B.

[(1.) On a large daily paper the editor-in-chief has control of everybody on the editorial and reporting staff and directs the policy of the paper, though he may do little writing; the managing editor is his lieutenant, and carries out the ideas of the editor-in-chief, acting more or less independently, as the case may be; "an editor" may mean either one of the men who write editorials, or one of the men who edit the copy of reporters and other writers; the business manager has charge of the business department, devoting his time mainly to matters of advertising and circulation. On small papers, one man can do the work of all, but he will have to sit up nights.

(2.) An expert book-reviewer does not need to read a book thoroughly in order to describe it sufficiently for his purpose. Most newspaper book reviews are mere descriptions, and not criticisms, and such notices can be written quickly by one who has had experience and has the necessary ability. When a publisher sends in a book of sufficient importance to deserve a careful criticism, either the editor takes time to read it, or he delegates the work to somebody else. There are a few papers that always give careful reviews of the books they notice, but their number is very small.

(3.) The establishment of a genuine school of journalism is not only possible, but most desirable. The experiment has never had a proper trial in this country, although there are one or two schools in which some instruction in preparation for newspaper work may be had. — W. H. H.]

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An Italian friend lately called my attention to the fact that a certain Italian word is always misspelled by English and American writers: viz., "literati" is used instead of "*letterati*" — the form used by Italian writers. Webster gives the word as from the Latin, *literatus*. Is there a question upon this point or not?

J. P. R.

[There is no question that "literati" has been added to the English language from the Latin, and not from the Italian. "Literati" is the correct form. — W. H. H.]

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(1.) How long after the appearance in print of an article is one expected patiently to await remuneration from a publisher who professes to "pay on publication"?

(2.) What course do you advise in the following case? Months and months ago a manuscript was submitted to the eminent editor of a reputable periodical, with stamps for return if unavailable. But thus far the author's utmost efforts to hear pro or con have only elicited a printed circular of an admirable book written by the said editor, — and already in the author's possession, — proving that he still lives. Is it within the bounds of possibility that "patient waiting" will bring "no loss"?

(3.) Suppose we *do* distinctly state that we expect remuneration for articles which are subsequently used and not paid for, is there any redress?

(4.) Is there such a thing as a directory of periodicals, giving simply name and address; and, if so, how is it obtainable, and at what cost?

H. A. ST.

[(1.) Most editors who "pay on publication" pay within thirty days from the time when the article is published. Some editors pay quarterly.

(2.) In such a case as that described the author has no option but to withdraw his article or await the pleasure of the editor.

(3.) There is the same redress in case an editor uses without payment an article distinctly offered to him *for sale* as there is in case a grocer fails to pay for butter sent to him by a farmer for sale, and added to his stock.

(4.) There are two large newspaper directories, Rowell's "American Newspaper Directory," published by G. C. Rowell & Co., New York, and Ayer's "American Newspaper

Annual," published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia. These directories give the name, description, and address of every periodical published in the country. They cost five dollars each, and they are issued annually, many changes being made in each new edition. The Writer Publishing Company will send the latest edition of either on receipt of price. — W. H. H.]

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Is the expression "widow woman" correct? I find it in the Bible, hear it in the pulpit, see it in print. Is n't a widow always a woman? Do we ever hear of a "widower man?" J. L. V.

[It is undeniable that widows are usually women. The phrase "a widow woman" should not be used. — W. H. H.]

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Is it allowable for one to say, "I came to ask *after* your sister"? B. A. M.

[The phrase "to ask after" is common, but inelegant. It is a question whether its frequent use has made it an idiom or not. — W. H. H.]

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If a story is published in a paper and the writer receives no pay for it, has he a right to send the same manuscript to a paper that will pay for it? Or, supposing he receives, say, a dollar for it, can he sell it to a paper that will give more? In this case the publishers omitted parts of the story, and also changed its title. C. E. C.

[Similar questions to this have been repeatedly answered in THE WRITER. After an uncopyrighted article has once been published, whether it was paid for or not, it has no selling value. It makes no difference whether the editor who published it mangled it or not. — W. H. H.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FICTION IN LITERATURE. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. 226 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company. 1890.

Having established the proposition that the prime requisite of a novel is that it shall interest, Mr. Thompson proceeds to make the inquiry: "What are the things that interest? What does interest mean? And what are its bearings upon human life and happiness?" He finds that interest is only another name for pleasure derived from the reading, that the source of such pleasure may be æsthetic, scientific, or moral, and that the three may contribute to the general effect in varying proportions. He notes that fiction is a representation of human experience, or that of beings with like faculties to those of men, and proceeds to answer the question: "Is not that the most interesting and the most perfect work which most exactly and accurately reproduces a section of such experience as it actually covers?" After showing that "naturalism," if adopted as the growing theory of novelistic construction, would annihilate creative power, he goes on to show that whatever interests people in real life holds their attention in fiction. Since the things of contemporaneous interest principally occupy men's minds, moulding their thoughts and governing their feelings, that story will have the most readers which embodies and reproduces some phase of current life. For like reasons, portraitures of universal traits in human character attract and hold the attention. And if there be in the minds of people generally an underlying thought or belief struggling for expression, the novelist who understands and brings it out is sure of success. Having reached these conclusions, Mr. Thompson proceeds to discuss at length the question: "Should everything that is interesting to anybody be made the subject of the constructive writer's art?" especially defending, within proper limitations, what is known as "erotic fiction." The succeeding chapter on "The Construction of a Work of Fiction" is too general to be of much practical use to writers, and, indeed, it may be said of the whole book that it is more of theoretical than of practical value. Any fiction writer, however, will find it to be well worth a careful reading. W. H. H.

ENGLISH WRITERS. Vol. V. Literature of the Fourteenth Century. In Two Books: Book II. By Professor Henry Morley. 359 pp. Cloth. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. 1890.

The fifth volume of Morley's "English Writers" discusses the literature of the fourteenth century, to which the next volume, "From Chaucer to Caxton," will also be devoted. The greater part of the present volume is devoted to the works of Chaucer, the earlier chapters being given to Wyclif the Reformer. The volume is one of the most interesting of the series, which, as a whole, is of the greatest value to the student of English literature. W. H. H.

HINDU LITERATURE, or, The Ancient Books of India. By Elizabeth A. Reed. 410 pp. Cloth. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 1891.

Mrs. Reed's belief that many readers would be glad to get an intelligible summary of Hindu literature in a condensed form led her to prepare this volume, giving the chronology of the ancient books of India, and showing where they

belong in the world's history, with a resumé of their teachings and specimens of their literary style. Beginning with the earliest composition of the Aryan race, the current of Brahmanic thought has been traced down through the most important Hindu works, which have been considered in chronological order from the earliest songs of the Rigveda to the fanciful conceits of the latest Puranas. The author has striven to make her statements accurate, and she has had the advantage of criticism from learned Orientalists. Her book will serve a useful purpose as a means of introduction to the beauties of Hindu literature. W. H. H.

STUDIES IN LETTERS AND LIFE. By George Edward Woodberry. 296 pp. $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1890.

Earnest, careful, thoughtful work is making for Mr. Woodberry a reputation that is not easily won. His life of Poe is generally regarded as the most satisfactory biography of that brilliant and erratic genius. His poems, recently collected in "The North Shore Watch," have attracted general attention, as much for their depth of thought as for the beauty and grace of their expression. Now comes this volume of his literary essays, reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Nation*, and showing the same earnestness and thoughtful study which have characterized all of Mr. Woodberry's work. As an illustration of the love of letters and of interest in ideal living, they fulfil the aim of the author in giving them to the public. W. H. H.

THE STORY OF MY HOUSE. By George H. Ellwanger. 286 pp. $1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

The beautiful etching by Sidney L. Smith, which forms the frontispiece of this attractive volume, shows the author in an ideal library surrounded by all the comforts which delight the heart of the literary man. The book itself is made up of a series of charming essays, describing the perfect house and its furnishings, not as an architect or a decorator might do, but from the point of view of one who knows all the luxuries of living, and from whose refined taste and fortunate experience others may get both information and valuable suggestion. Reading about luxury is tantalizing at times, but Mr. Ellwanger's book has a subtle charm that delights the reader instead of making him discontented with his own commonplace fortune. The book is exquisitely printed and bound, with delicately designed initial letters and ornamental head and tail pieces. W. H. H.

HENRIK IBSEN, 1828-88. A Critical Biography. By Herrik Jaegar. Translated from the Norwegian by William Morton Payne. With portraits and illustrations. 275 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 1890.

The story of Ibsen's life is well told in this biography, which Mr. Payne has translated and edited as a labor of love, and with more than ordinary care. The works of the Norwegian dramatist will have new interest to those who read here the story of his career, written by one of his countrymen, well-fitted to be his biographer. Interesting illustrations of Skien, Ibsen's native town, Grimstad, Ibsen's birthplace, and Venstöb farm, with several portraits, add to the value of the volume. The picture of Frau Ibsen will have special interest for those who remember Mrs. Rudd's article, "A Near View of Ibsen," in THE AUTHOR for June, 1890 W. H. H.

MAKERS OF MODERN ENGLISH. A Popular Handbook to the Greater Poets of the Century. By W. J. Dawson. 375 pp. Cloth, $1.75. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1890.

Mr. Dawson's aim has been to provide within small compass a handy guide to the chief poetry of the nineteenth century, confining himself to a study of English writers. Burns, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Hood, the Brownings, Tennyson, Arnold, Rosetti, Swinburne, and Morris are taken up successively, with critical comments that are interesting and suggestive, besides being generally just. A good deal of space is given to Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, the two last of whom the author describes as "the two greatest figures in the world of modern poetry." Of Browning he says: "No more remunerative study can be found than in the careful reading of his works." W. H. H.

REPRESENTATIVE SONNETS. By Charles H. Crandall. 361 pp. Cloth. Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1890.

The essay on the sonnet, with which Mr. Crandall introduces his collection of more than four hundred examples of the form of verse in which so much of the highest poetic thought has found expression, is well worth the reading of any one who is at all interested in the subject. The novice in sonnet-writing especially will find in it suggestions of great practical value, and the illustrative examples cited by Mr. Crandall are models which deserve the most careful study. The sonnets which the compiler has selected as "representative" include examples of the work of nearly 250 authors — a number that must to every reader seem, at first, surprisingly large, since few can have supposed that there were so many American poets capable of doing such good work. Mr. Crandall, however, indorses the opinion expressed by William Sharp, that a finer collection of sonnets could be made from the contemporary American poets than from the living English ones, and the present volume goes far toward bearing out this assertion. Certainly it would be hard to make a finer collection than this, which the publishers have put into such a rich and handsome volume. The value of the

book is increased by a series of short biographies of all the poets represented in the collection. W. H. H.

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES, BARRACK ROOM BALLADS, AND OTHER VERSES. By Rudyard Kipling. 270 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack-room Ballads" are as original as his short stories, and that is saying a very great deal. The weird pathos of "Danny Dever," the dry sarcasm of "Tommy" and "the Sons of the Widow," and the life-like realism of "Screw-guns" show how many-sided is the genius of the young author, whose work is by far the most interesting literary product of the present time. He knows "Tommy Atkins" thoroughly, and he writes his life from the inside. His barrack-room ballads have a swing to them that makes them almost sing themselves. The "Departmental Ditties" and the other poems in the book are hardly less worthy of praise for their originality and their wholesome humor. The Lovells have put the poems out in handsome style.

W. H. H.

A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH AND OTHER VERSES. By Edward Sanford Martin. 91 pp. Cloth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1890.

Mr. Martin's attractively-printed little volume is "inscribed to the editor of the *Sun*, with the somewhat disquieting consciousness that he knows poetry when he sees it." Mr. Dana, like other readers, will find very little poetry in the book. It contains, however, some witty verses, the odd humor of which, shown alike in phrase and in sentiment, gives to them a peculiar charm, in spite of their somewhat pessimistic flavor. Of special interest to Harvard men is "Ad Sodales," which was read at a supper of the class of '77, Harvard College, June 27, 1882, and which commemorates incidentally a vivid inscription that still appears faintly in damp weather on the front of University Hall.

W. H. H.

MANNERS, GOOD AND BAD. 62 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. 1890.

People who need to depend for their good manners upon books will undoubtedly find this new digest of social laws as good as any other of equal size. Its suggestions are generally sensible, and the book is not overloaded with arbitrary rules about inconsequential matters. All the books of etiquette that have ever been printed, however, could not make a gentleman.

W. H. H.

AN ADIRONDACK CABIN. By Margaret Sidney. Illustrated. 432 pp. Boards, $1.75. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. 1890.

Although "An Adirondack Cabin" is a book intended for young people, it is made interesting to grown folks by the fine half-tone reproductions of photographs of Adirondack scenery, with which the story is illustrated. It seems a pity that in direct contrast with these beautiful pictures should be printed such cheap and unsatisfactory pen drawings as are scattered through the text, and also that the book should be enclosed in such a gaudy cover. The story itself is, like all of "Margaret Sidney's" books, bright and healthful, and the incidents of a family summer outing in that wilderness, where the visitor may travel for hundreds of miles in an open boat over lakes and rivers, through unbroken forests, and yet take his three meals a day — or four, if he likes — at a good hotel, are graphically described. To those who have visited the Adirondacks the full-page pictures alone are "worth the price of the book." W. H. H.

A LOYAL LITTLE RED-COAT. By Ruth Ogden. Illustrated. 217 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. 1890.

Child-life in New York a hundred years ago is depicted in "A Loyal Little Red-coat," in which children into whose hands the book may fortunately come cannot fail to take keen delight. "Ruth Ogden" is one of the best of children's story-tellers, and in the new field which she has entered she has found new material, which makes her book one of special interest. The historical allusions in the story are based on fact, but it is by no means a dose of history in the guise of fiction. Without being "preachy" in the least, it inculcates good moral lessons, and any boy or girl will be wiser and better for having read it. W. H. H.

THE HISTORIC SCHOOLS OF PAINTING. By D. L. Hoyt. 202 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1890.

In "The Historic Schools of Painting," the author, who is an instructor in the Massachusetts Normal Art School, aims to give, in condensed form, some general knowledge of the principal historic schools of painting. Art, the study of a lifetime, cannot be boiled down into a little handbook; but the student who wishes merely to get a smattering of art knowledge, and the names of the most noted painters of the various schools, may find this book useful. Still, on the other hand, it is a question whether this fragmentary knowledge is worth having, and whether frank ignorance is not better than superficiality. E. A. T.

LOVE POEMS OF THREE CENTURIES. 1590–1890. Compiled by Jessie F. O'Donnell. Vol. I., 348 pp. Vol. II., 364 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

The word "dainty" has been overworked in describing successive volumes of the Knickerbocker Nuggets Series, but what other word can be so aptly applied to them? These two new volumes certainly give an exquisite setting to the gems of poetry selected from the love poems of the last three hundred years. The

compiler has shown good taste in making her selections, and her collection contains many heart lyrics that will last through all time, and be read with new sympathy and appreciation by every new generation of lovers. No such satisfactory anthology of love poems has ever before been published. W. H. H.

THE ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. By Charles A. Young, Ph. D., LL. D. 430 pp. $1.40. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1890.

Professor Young's "General Astronomy" is one of the best works on the subject ever published. This smaller volume presents the same information in a form adapted for high-school pupils, and is fully as valuable, considering its scope, as the larger work. The student of astronomy will find in it a safe and useful guide. The book contains a brief uranography covering the constellations visible in the United States. W. H. H.

OPEN SESAME. Volume II. Edited by Blanche Wilder Bellamy and Maud Wilder Goodwin. 376 pp. Cloth, 90 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1890.

The second volume of "Open Sesame" is not of equal interest with the first. It is a collection of poetry and prose to be committed to memory, and is designed especially to please boys and girls between the ages of ten and fourteen. It contains many gems of literature, but it also contains much that has no lasting value, and is certainly not worth memorizing.

W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

BASIL AND ANNETTE. By B. L. Farjeon. 440 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

BLACK BEAUTY. By Anna Sewell. 231 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1890.

THE BURMAH TREASURE. By Stephen Paul Sheffield. 470 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1890.

THE GLADIATORS. By G. J. Whyte-Melville. 461 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1890.

THE ROMANCE OF A SPAHI. By Pierre Loti. 337 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1890.

THE RICH MAN'S FOOL. By Robert C. Gwine. 431 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1890.

THE BLOOD IS THE MAN. By W. Lawton-Lowth. 101 pp. Paper, 25 cents. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1890.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT. By General Booth. 352 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Company. 1890.

THE DOMINION OF DARKNESS. By Count Leo Tolstoi. 116 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Company. 1890.

CONFIDENCE. By Henry James, Jr. 347 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1890.

THE AMERICAN FAUST. Edward A. Paulton. Illustrated. 256 pp. Paper, 75 cents. New York: Belford Company. 1890.

THE SHADOW OF THE MILLIONAIRE. By P. Gerome. 228 pp. Paper, 75 cents. New York: Belford Company. 1890.

THY NAME IS WOMAN. By Frank Howard Howe. 218 pp. Paper, 75 cents. New York: Belford Company. 1890.

ON THE HEIGHTS OF HIMALAY. By A. Van Der Naillen. 272 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

WORMWOOD. By Marie Corelli. 421 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

THE HONORABLE MISS. By L. T. Meade. 286 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN. By Claude Tillier. Translated by Benjamin R. Tucker. 312 pp. Cloth. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker. 1890.

STORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD. By Grace Greenwood. 249 pp. Cloth. United States Book Company. 1890.

HISTORY OF MY PETS. By Grace Greenwood. 222 pp. Cloth. New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

AN IRISH CRAZY-QUILT. By Arthur M. Forrester. 288 pp. Cloth. Boston: Alfred Mudge & Son. 1890.

THE DIVINE CHILD. By Mary Irwin. 31 pp. Paper. St. Louis: Published by the Author. 1890.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White-Smith Music Publishing Company, 62 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal — "Flowers for My Colleen," "Shamrocks and Kisses," "Norah Daly," "The Knight Rode Gaily," Duncan B. Harrison; "The Flowers' Review," four-part song, Franz Abt; "Sweet Katie Connor," Harry Dacre; "I Wait for Thee; or, In Old Madrid," trio, H. Trotère and Eben H. Bailey; "Shadows of the Past," George Howard. Instrumental — "Nocturne," A. Whistler; "Yours Always," waltz, A. Gwyllyn Crowe; "The Latest Fad," schottische, Frank H. Russell; "La Valse des Nymphes," Irving A. Blossom; "Hurdle Race Galop," C. A. White; "Spanish Fandango," introduced in "Paul Jones," Alfred J. Caldicott; "Bourrée," R. Planquette; "Happy Hearts Galop," John T. Clark; "Menuet," J. J. Paderewski; "Paul Jones Waltzes," B. M. Davison; "Marche des Troubadours," transcription, C. C. Stearns; "Paul Jones," quadrille, arranged by Charles Coote; "Sabot Dance," introduced in "Paul Jones," Alfred J. Caldicott.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

To Open Sealed Envelopes Without Tearing. — To open a sealed envelope, insert the tapering end of an ordinary pen-holder in one of the corners which usually fails to stick, and roll slowly toward the centre, then perform the same operation on the other side, and in almost every case the envelope can be opened easily without tearing. G. H. S.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn.

Writing on Trains. — Persons will find that they can write easily and legibly while travelling on a railroad train, if they will use a pillow as a table to rest their paper on.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. G. H. S.

Rapid Newspaper Reading. — More convenient for my purposes in reading newspapers

than the method of "W. H. C.," given in the September WRITER, I have found to be a quick survey of the whole page, and instant selection of the columns made up mostly of short articles or items. The others are then inspected or read one by one down the page and these in turn up the page. An article of length that "turns the column" does not break this plan, unless it is specially important. H. A. F.

DETROIT, Mich.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

SIDNEY LANIER. G. D. Black. *Belford's Magazine* for January.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE. Junius Henri Brown. *Belford's Magazine* for January.

OMAR KHAYYAM. Richard H. Stoddard. *Belford's Magazine* for January.

"CHRISTMAS NUMBERS." *Toronto Week* for December 19.

CHARLES MAIR, F. R. S. C. "York." *Toronto Week* for December 19.

OLIVER OPTIC. With Portrait. *Newsman* for December.

THE DRAMATIC PAPERS OF NEW YORK. William F. Sage. *Newsman* for December.

POETRY AND ITS WRITERS. James Clarence Harvey. *Newsman* for December.

PARIS JOURNALISM. H. L. Londier. *Newsman* for December.

THE MODERN JOURNALIST. (Experience of a Cornell Graduate.) *Newsman* for December.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. (With Reprint of the New Bill.) *Newsman* for December.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT AND MARY E. WILKINS. E. J. Edwards. *Springfield* (Mass.) *Union* for December 27.

HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN. *New York Tribune* and *New York Times* for December 28.

INDIVIDUALISM IN EDUCATION. N. S. Shaler. *Atlantic Monthly* for January.

IS VERSE IN DANGER? Edmund Gosse. *Forum* for January.

GEORGE JONES (Proprietor of the *New York Times*. Ed. Ward. *Epoch* for December 19.

WHAT IS THE USE OF POETRY? Frances Hodgson Burnett. *New York Herald* for December 28.

HOW JOSEPH JEFFERSON WRITES. Frank G. Carpenter. *New York World* for December 28.

EDGAR W. HOWE. Ethel Ingalls. *New York World* for December 28.

AGNES CARR SAGE. *Brooklyn Eagle* for December 21.

EMERSON AND HIS FRIENDS IN CONCORD. Frank B. Sanborn. *New England Magazine* for December.

OUR UNCLEAN FICTION. Joshua W. Caldwell. *New England Magazine* for December.

MORE TESTIMONY AGAINST "SHAKESPEARE." Hon. Ignatius Donnelly. *North American Review* for December.

LUCK IN LITERATURE. William Matthews, L.L. D. *North American Review* for December.

VICTOR HUGO: EN VOYAGE. Algernon Charles Swinburne. *North American Review* for December.

LITERARY BOSTON. With Portraits of W. D. Howells, Louise Chandler Moulton, T. W. Higginson, Louise Imogene Guiney, Arlo Bates, Edwin Lassetter Bynner, Oscar Fay Adams, Robert Grant, Edward Everett Hale, James Jeffrey Roche, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Dr. A. P. Peabody. Lilian Whiting. *Cosmopolitan* for December.

BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER. With Portrait. *Harper's Weekly* for December 3.

REPORT OF CONFERENCE OF LIBRARIANS AT FABYAN'S, SEPTEMBER 8–11, 1890. *Library Journal* (170 pp.) for December.

A TALK ABOUT READING. Charles Dudley Warner. *St. Nicholas* for January.

HOW I BECAME A JOURNALIST. M. De Blowitz. *Harper's Magazine* for January.

TYPOGRAPHICAL BLUNDERS. A. W. Cooley. Reprinted from *Toledo Blade* in *Toronto Mail* for December 23.

BOOKBINDING AT THE GROLIER. *New York Times* for December 25.

A NOVELIST OF THE JURA. (T. Combe.) *Atlantic Monthly* for January.

HOW A NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY IS MADE. *Printers' Ink* for December 24.

EMERSON AND HIS FRIENDS IN CONCORD. With Portrait Frank B. Sanborn. *New England Magazine* for December.

CARE IN NEWS AND MISCELLANY. Reprinted from *National Journalist* in *Press and Printer* for December 20.

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY. Sophie de Suzzara-Verdi. *Analostan Magazine* (Washington) for January.

LITERATURE AND THE EXPOSITION. Maurice Thompson. *America* for December 11.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. *New York Observer* for December 11.

TENNYSON AT HOME. Eugene L. Didier. *No Name Magazine* for December.

MARGARET SIDNEY. With Portrait. Mrs. John A. Logan. *Home Magazine* (Washington) for December.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. With Portrait. Jennie F. Keysor. *Popular Educator* (Boston) for December.

THE COPYRIGHT BILL. *Christian Union* for December 11.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Literary Digest* for December 15.

FRANK A. BURRELLE. Allan Forman. *Spirit* (New York) for December.

THE EVOLUTION OF COPYRIGHT. Brander Matthews. *Political Science Quarterly* for December.

NEWSPAPER REPORTING AND REPORTERS. "F. P. C." *Shorthand Review* (Chicago) for December.

MUSIC, OR THE TONE POETRY. John Vance Cheney. *Cleveland Monthly* for January.

"FRIEND CLIVIA." Frederic M. Bird. *Lippincott's Magazine* for January.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK. With Portrait. *Housekeeper's Weekly* (Philadelphia) for December 6.

EARLY AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS. Alfred R. Calhoun. *Newsdealer and Stationer* (Brooklyn) for December.

STEDMAN. With Portrait. *Chicago Post* for December 23.

KIPLING VS. HARPER AND BROS. Rudyard Kipling's Letter to *Joseph Atkinson* reprinted in *America* for December 4.

CHICAGO WRITERS. With Portraits of Joseph Kirkland and Eugene Field. *America* for December 11.

JOSEPH MEDILL. With Portrait. *America* for December 11.

ANDREW J. GRAHAM. With Portrait. L. E. Greene. *National Stenographer* (Chicago) for December.

THE HISTORY OF SHORTHAND. — II. John Westby-Gibson, LL. D. *National Stenographer* (Chicago) for December.

PROOF-READING. — VII. *American Art Printer* for December.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S NEW POEM. Oliver Dyer. *New York Ledger* for December 13.

A WITNESS FOR WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Dr. W. J. Rolfe. *North American Review* for January.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. Maurice Thompson. *America* for December 25.

THE PRESS AND ART CRITICISM. John Moran. *Belford's Magazine* for December.

RUDYARD KIPLING. Varina A. Davis. *Belford's Magazine* for December.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. Thomas St. E. Hake. *Eclectic Magazine* for December.

WASHINGTON LIBRARIES. *New York Times* for December 28.

HOW PARIS NEWSPAPERS ARE MADE. *Pittsburg Leader* for December 21.

FAC-SIMILES OF AUTHORS' AUTOGRAPHS. *New York Journal* for December 7.

REMINISCENCES OF ROBERT BROWNING. Reprinted from *Time* in *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* for November 30.

MARIA EDGEWORTH. *Chicago Herald* for November 30.

MRS. H. W. BEECHER'S LITERARY WORK. *Brooklyn Eagle* for December 7.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who has been in New York since October revising her proofs of the biography of her husband, has now completed that task, and in April will go to Colorado Springs. She has received 45,000 subscriptions for her book.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is seventy-two years of age. She, however, preserves the vitality of a woman of forty, and writes a set number of hours a day, irrespective of the wind, weather, or the social exactions upon her time.

A floating item says that the author of "Society as I Found It" received for writing it the sum of $5,000 outright, and a royalty of twenty cents a copy in addition. Another item says that $5,000 is the average sum a successful dramatist can command for a good play. This sum is usually paid in instalments, $500 being paid the author when ordering the work, another $500 or $1,000 on its completion, and the balance in weekly royalties, until the purchase price agreed upon is paid in full, after which the author has no further claim on his creation.

The late General Terry was a brother of Rose Terry Cooke.

The next volume in the "Great Writers Series" will be a "Life of Thackeray," to be published this month. This biography was begun by Herman Merivale, who, however, found himself unable to finish it before leaving England, and it has been completed by Frank T. Marzials.

W. J. Henderson, the musical critic of the *New York Times*, has just finished a novel, which he hopes to publish first as a serial. He is also engaged upon a serial for the *Youth's Companion*, the action taking place on and around Lake Erie in the war of 1812. He is at the same time getting together his poems, which are now enough to make a book.

James H. Connelly, author of the theosophical romance, "Neila Sen," is a native of Pittsburg, who for many years has occupied a prominent position in New York journalism.

The newest Southern writer is Mrs. B. H. Shortridge, who writes under the pen-name of "Belle Hunt," and is attracting favorable notice.

Among the features of the *Forum* for 1891 will be "Results of the Census," a series of articles by General Francis A. Walker; results of the latest research and of the most recent achievements in all important lines of work, in science and in industry, by specialists: for examples, Dr. Austin Flint will write on "Dr. Koch's Discovery"; Dr. Richard Gatling on the "Development of Fire-arms"; Frank H. Cushing on "The Hemenway Expedition"; Gaston Tissandier, the French scientist, "Dirigeable Balloons"; Professor Emile de Laveleye on "The Partition of Africa"; and so on; political discussions by the leaders of opinions of both parties in the United States, and by foreign statesmen; "Shibboleths of the Time," a series of critical examinations of popular opinions, by W. S. Lilly, the British essayist; autobiographical essays, a series to which some of the most noted men of the time, American and British, have already contributed; discussions of social and religious problems in the United States; and literary articles, discussing the tendencies of literary work along all directions of activity, by the foremost critical writers.

The *Week* (Toronto) recently offered prizes of $50, $30, $20, and $10 for four short stories of a distinctively Canadian character. In response to this offer the editor received one hundred and eight manuscripts. The *Week* has a new editor, T. E. Moberly, who is a lawyer by profession, but has a decided preference for literature.

Rev. Francis Edward Marston, whose poems, "Songs of Life," have just been issued by the D. Lothrop Company, is a busy minister of Columbus, Ohio.

"Is Verse in Danger?" a literary essay on the outlook for poetry, by Edmund Gosse, is one of the features of the January *Forum*.

Six hundred copies of "The Divine Child," by Mary Irwin, were sold on the day of publication.

Good Housekeeping (Springfield) is more attractive than ever in its new form. Beginning with the January number, it will be published monthly, instead of twice a month, as heretofore. *Good Housekeeping* has been a success from the beginning, and no woman who has ever been a subscriber will willingly keep house without it.

The twenty-fifth volume of the *Magazine of American History*, New York, is opened with a most attractive January number.

There is reported to be a steady sale for Margaret Fuller's writings.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's elder son, Lionel, a boy of fourteen, died in Paris Sunday, December 7. This boy was not the supposed original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; that was the younger son, Vivian, who is in America with his father, Dr. S. M. Burnett, of Washington.

A correspondent of the *American* writes: "I am happy to say that the reports about Alphonse Daudet's failing health have been greatly exaggerated. He has never had a malady of the spinal column. Last summer he suffered from rheumatic pains in his legs, and was for a while unable to walk, but now these pains have disappeared. His mind has never been more brilliant than it is at present, and he has lost none of his exuberant gaiety."

Judge Tourgee's new novel, called "Murvale Eastman," which has been so slow in making its appearance, will be issued early this month by Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.

Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese is a Baltimore girl, whose first volume of verse, "A Branch of May," was full of promise, says the *Epoch*. She makes teaching her serious business in life, and rhymes by way of recreation. She has another volume now in press. Its title is "A Handful of Lavender," and doubtless it is full enough of fragrance to deserve the name. Miss Reese has a typical Southern face, with soft eyes, delicate features, and a tender, smiling mouth. She first saw New York society under the auspices of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who is one of her most ardent admirers.

Maurice Thompson is one of those fortunate authors who can seek his own place to do work, and at present he is comfortably nestled in a flower-covered bower "way down in Mississippi." He gracefully writes of the spot: "As I write the fragrance of roses is in my nostrils, and the gulf waves are roaring sweetly. It is a place of joyance, where I come every winter to work with open doors, and with the salt breeze blowing through my room."

Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian poet, will publish a volume of his verse this winter.

John J. á Becket's story, "Don Gracias," in the January *Cosmopolitan*, is illustrated in a novel manner. The well-known actors, Sothern and Miss Harned, consented to pose for the situations of the novel, and the results have been reproduced in photogravure.

The January number of *Current Literature* appears in a new form, with twice as many pages as before, of the size and style of the standard magazines. The change is an undoubted improvement. With the February number the form of *Short Stories* will be changed to that of *Current Literature*, so that the two publications — both issued by the Current Literature Publishing Company, New York — will be of uniform style. The success of these two periodicals has been thoroughly well deserved. They are edited with marked ability, and during the year they furnish a vast amount of good reading at a very low price.

It is interesting to know in these days of well-paid authorship that one of the most successful books in the English language, Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," earned its author only $250 and a bonus of a dozen printed copies.

The *Analostan Magazine* is a new literary monthly, the first number of which has just been issued at Washington. Willis B. Hawkins is the editor.

A beautiful etching, "Waiting," from the painting by Sir J. D. Linton, is the frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for January. Among other excellent articles is one on "Embroidered Book Covers," with rare illustrations.

Colonel T. W. Higginson has been engaged by the city of Cambridge to prepare a memorial volume honoring F. H. Rindge, the city's generous benefactor.

F. T. Palgrave has just been reëlected to the chair of poetry at Oxford for a second term of five years.

The American Economic Association has offered prizes of $300 and $200 for the two best essays on "Housing of the Poor in American Cities."

The *New York Commercial Advertiser* offers a prize of $75 for the best short story or sketch, limited to 2,500 words; a prize of $50 for the best full-page illustration, suitable for publication in the Christmas number, 1891; and a prize of $50 for the best Christmas carol or ode, suitable for publication in the Christmas number, 1891. The competition will be open until September 15, 1891.

Miss S. F. Price, who has collected, under the title "Songs of the Southland," some of the choicest poems of representative Southern writers, is a resident of Bowling Green, Ky.

Miss Tucker, otherwise "A. L. O. E." (A Lady of England), and one of the most popular of the English religious writers, is now actively engaged in mission work in a city in Northern India. She is described as a charming old lady, living in a pretty little cottage, and spending the larger part of her days in visiting, praying, and singing with the women of the Zenanas.

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W. H. Ballou's latest novel came very near striking a snag in the post-office, because it contains a chapter descriptive of the operations of the Louisiana lottery, with a quasi indorsement of the fairness of its drawings.

Miss Nordhoff, a daughter of Charles Nordhoff, of Washington, has finally, in spite of many obstacles, succeeded in mastering the bookbinder's trade. Her first efforts were made in England, but she found she could not be admitted to the craft, because she did not belong to a trades-union. She found the same trouble in America upon her return, and only her continued perseverance won her success.

A volume of "Studies in Literature," by John Morley, will be published by Macmillan & Co. within the next few weeks. It will be uniform with the collected edition of his writings, and will contain, among other papers, the address on the study of literature delivered at the Mansion House, and the address on aphorisms delivered at Edinburg.

The following letter from James Russell Lowell indicates that he will in the spring deliver a course of lectures under the auspices of the Lecture Association of the University of Pennsylvania, by a change of dates arranged with Professor Boyesen: —

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR SIR: Sickness is no doubt as unreasonable as it is inconvenient, and I was much more seriously ill last spring than you seem to think. At seventy-two one easily runs down in a month to a depth from which one is n't sure that he has climbed back again in six.

My complaint was one for my recovery from which absolute rest was prescribed, and, though I followed the irksome prescription faithfully for three months after leaving my bed, I had a relapse at the end of them. I am assured that if I can avoid another for a certain length of time, I may count with some confidence on an entire cure, and surely, from my point of view, this is worth trying for. I regretted, I may say bitterly, to put you again to any inconvenience, but I felt that I could not help it.

I see no reason now, if all go well with me, why I should not come in March. I should indeed feel it my duty. If I can go on gaining as I seem to be gaining now for a few months longer, I should feel safe. Or if I should have some relapses between now and then, and should find that they did not disable me, I should make up my mind to them as something to be reckoned with for the rest of my life, and put up with them accordingly. Therefore I am willing to say that I will come in March (much less risky season for me), "the act of God only excepted," as the bills of lading used to say. I will come if it be physically possible. Faithfully yours,

GEORGE HENDERSON, Esq. J. R. LOWELL.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. V. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1891. No. 2.

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PREPARING COPY.

Probably few persons unacquainted with the interior of a large printing-office realize how much trouble may be saved to compositors, copy-readers, proof-readers, and even to authors themselves, by attention on the part of the latter to a few minor details. Foremost among these is uniformity. The "copy" is portioned out, a few pages at a time, among several compositors, — enough to make three or four pages of printed matter being given to each. If on one page of copy it is stated that "Mount Washington is about six thousand feet high," and on another that "Mt. Holyoke is about 1,600 feet high," how is the compositor to whom the latter "take" falls to know whether his predecessor has abbreviated "Mount" and put the number of feet in figures or not? To the proof-reader it may be said, "Use some judgment; do not spell out numbers if there are a great many of them near together"; but the compositor, dealing with parts, cannot view his "take" in its proper relation to the whole. He has to spend his own time in correcting this lack of uniformity, and the proof-reader has to spend the time of the office, first in marking the alteration, and then in revising the proof when it is corrected.

A more serious perplexity to the proof-reader occurs when proper names, technical terms, and the like, are variously spelled in copy. Anything with which a person of average intelligence cannot be expected to be familiar should be written with especial care, both as to correctness and legibility. If a reference to the works of the pioneer of English psalmody is written without any apostrophe, it will probably not be printed "Watts Hymns" or "Watt's Hymns"; but "Stephen's Pleading" may not fare so well. Much asking and answering of questions would be saved if titles of books were always written as they are to be printed, — either uniformly in italic or uniformly in Roman and quoted, or uniformly in Roman and not quoted.

If it is borne in mind that the eye of the compositor cannot keep far in advance of the word he is setting, and that either to read and study over a passage before setting it, or to alter it after setting it, means a serious encroachment on the time of a "piece-worker," it will be easy to see the desirability of putting in at least the principal marks of punctuation. To leave the

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beginning or end of a sentence shrouded in obscurity, to omit or misplace quotation marks, or to use dashes at random for commas, semicolons, and periods is inexcusable; as is also the neglect to indicate clearly where paragraphs are to be made.

Obscurity in regard to paragraphs frequently occurs when insertions are made in the manuscript, and may be remedied by making a paragraph mark ("¶") where a break is desired' and drawing a curved connecting line or writing "join" or "no break" at any ambiguous-looking place where a paragraph is not to be made. If these words are written in the same ink as the body of the manuscript, let them be encircled, so as to show at a glance their explanatory character. To the writer of matter containing numerous short quotations, — such as the conversational parts of a story, — it is all important to have some system about his paragraphing, if he wishes to save time and patience to all concerned, and to himself expense in the correcting of author's proofs. It does not so much matter what the system is, if it is only uniformly adhered to. One good rule, when economy of space is not of paramount importance, is this: Let each quotation begin a new paragraph if the paragraph introducing it contains more than three or four words; make a paragraph at the end of each quotation, unless it is followed by a short narrative sentence having for its subject the speaker of the quotation.

Directions to the printer, if written on a page of copy or an author's proof, should be as brief as is consistent with clearness, and either written in different ink from the matter to be printed or so marked off as to be readily distinguished from it. If not, the compositor will probably set at least a part of the direction before discovering his mistake. On the other hand, authors whose directions are habitually slovenly are liable to see insertions which were really intended for print omitted by mistake.

The place of every insertion, whether of one word or many, should be indicated by a caret, even if it seems to the author, who knows what he himself had in mind, as if no one could be so dull as to feel doubtful of his meaning.

Is it a truism to say that when matter is crossed out, it should be made plain just what is crossed out? A word here and there left standing in a passage almost wholly expunged is easily overlooked, unless the parts to be omitted are crossed out very plainly. Horizontal lines for this purpose should not be drawn high enough to be mistaken for underscoring of words in the line above. So far as possible, writers should let writing follow "second thoughts" instead of preceding them, and avoid alterations and interlineations as much as possible. It is a common fault of inexperienced writers to take out either more or less than they intend, so that the words left standing do not form anything like a properly constructed sentence.

In making corrections in authors' proofs, every alteration in the matter should have a corresponding mark in the *margin* — not between the lines. If a word or letter is taken out and nothing substituted for it, a dele-mark ("δ") should be placed in the margin. Queries of the proof-reader can be answered affirmatively by simply drawing a line through the "?," or negatively by crossing out the whole. It is a waste of three persons' time, besides the writer's, to write such an answer as: "I think I have most frequently seen this name spelled with an 'e,' but as I have not been able to lay my hand on any authority, you may spell it with an 'i,' if you think best."

A careful examination of a page of print will reveal the fact that in some lines the spaces between the words are wider than in others; the better the workmanship, other things being equal, the less this difference. A short word may sometimes be taken out of a particularly narrow line, and the space distributed through the line, without making the spacing excessively wide; but if the same word were taken out of a very widely spaced line, it would be necessary to fill the space by taking a word, or a part of a word, from the next line. It might be possible to distribute the space thus left vacant between the words in this second line, or it might be necessary to disturb the next line; and so on, frequently to the end of a paragraph. Of course, it is sometimes easier to bring over a word from the line before the correction instead of the line after. Now, this process of "overrunning" takes time, and therefore adds to the cost of authors' corrections;

Lincoln was not an exception in this respect. In 1882 his relations with the university were severed, and he found himself back at Beverly, where he remained until 1885; during these three years appeared his "History of Wood-engraving"; a small privately printed edition of his "North Shore Watch"; and his widely-known "Edgar Allan Poe." Then followed two trips to Italy, one in 1885 and the other in 1888–89; on neither occasion did he remain long. The beginning of the year just passed saw the publication of the "North Shore Watch and Other Poems," which was followed in the fall by his "Studies in Letters and Life." The first of these two books has garnered the best of his poems, including the "My Country," which Professor Paine has used as the text for his cantata, performed in 1888 at the great Cincinnati festival. Woodberry's latest volume includes some of the longest and most important of his prose efforts o the past twelve years. Since 1878, the year in which he came back from his first Western professorship, he has been a frequent and always a valued contributor to the literary part of the *Nation*. Until the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* lately changed hands, Woodberry also wrote frequently for that magazine' besides, during some of the later years and until recently, giving the *Boston Post* the benefit of his critical opinions upon newer and more important books. It will be noticed that most of his work of the more constant sort has largely been anonymous, unless, indeed, it be true that the writings of a man of marked ability cannot long remain unrecognized, at least by his friends.

In the career of letters a disordered dream will to some always be preferable to the most peaceful reality, and to such a life like Woodberry's must seem uneventful indeed. With part of the year spent in his home at Beverly and the rest in Boston among his friends, — which, like a wise man's wants, are few but well chosen, — his habits are almost as quiet as those of a recluse. He is a member of one of Boston's least ostentatious though pleasantest of clubs, but he is not a familiar figure at receptions or afternoon teas. The manners of a gentleman, like his dress, fit him unnoticeably, and such a one has to be known long and ntimately to be known at all. No "picture" will tell adequately of his kindly smile, of his charming ease, and of his courteous desire that those with him should be made happy by his presence — these moods and mental lights and shadows do not present themselves even to the friendliest of cameras. It is easy to discern, however, that Woodberry is in his sympathies and his large creed a cosmopolitan, but he is profoundly an American, too optimistic an American some have thought. While he is both of these excellent things, he is essentially in his physical and mental composition a New England Yankee of the finer type.

Resembling them in some of his traits, and possessing in his literary faith some of their sternness, Mr. Woodberry would appear to be in the line of direct descent from those who have gone before him in the intellectual history of New England. To-day, almost as much as ever before, this part of the world of thought remains self-centred and self-contained. It cannot justly be said that New England scholarship is provincial while the two great universities — if such they are — still maintain their prestige. Barren of soil, it has been fertile in men of fine capacities. There has, to be sure, been none of the stimulus of a great metropolis, where large minds naturally centre, and yet there has been no lack of the wisdom of the world. Literature here, always generously fostered, has not been of artificial growth and of feverish intensity. Slower methods of thought have prevailed, and what has been done has been well done, and some of it is likely to live.

It is not meant to draw any too close comparison between other New England authors and Mr. Woodberry, or to say that he is in any sense a follower or imitator. One so absolutely a man of letters New England has seldom cherished. There are, however, in him several sound native inheritances. His austerity and firmness are the preservers of one who feels himself to be treading the safe path. There is no lack of kindliness and ease of manner withal, but neither is there shrinking from a task. The study of Poe gives ample evidence of this. He is a believer in certain definite, critical, and artistic methods. Working on lines long since

persons conversing. The silly, disjointed chatter of a witless old lady was changed to perfectly well-rounded sentences. To emphasize the fact that the scene was laid in a remote country district, where the people lived in primitive fashion, the village clock in the story is heard striking *ten*, long after the inhabitants are in bed. The critic changed this to *twelve*, and, soon afterward, finding an allusion to midnight, which did not agree with this change, essayed to remodel the sentence to suit herself, and left it with a singular nominative and a plural verb. The subjunctive "*were*" was changed to "was." Capital letters were sprinkled about regardless of rule or usage. Spelling, fortunately, had not been interfered with, but punctuation had been most surprisingly changed. Exclamation points bristled up where they never were heard of before, and commas pushed themselves between verbs and their objects. "Berry" was inserted between "elder" and "bush," which is not according to Gray; but, on the other hand, the word "tunes" was erased, leaving the heroine to play hymns on the organ, a rather singular proceeding.

Instances of such "editing" could be multiplied indefinitely. My poor little friend, who hopes to write much and well sometime, was in despair. To be forced to rewrite the story is bad enough, but not so bad as the knowledge that an ungrammatical, ill-constructed, badly-punctuated piece of work has been offered in her name. It is a discouraging and disheartening experience, and the moral — well, the moral is, do not trust your manuscripts to the hands of irresponsible persons.

Matthew Marvin.

MALDEN, MASS.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

It is not attempted in the following sketch to enter upon an analysis of Mr. Woodberry's literary achievements or to please those who may have a relish for personal details of the lives of those who are to some extent public property. Interest in a rising reputation, however, is something healthier than mere curiosity, and to recognize it as such is harmless, if within the limits of taste.

Some brief notice of the main events of the life of Mr. Woodberry may properly begin with the date of his birth, May 12, 1855. The family is an old one in and about Beverly, Mass., his native town. There came to him slowly through boyhood the informing influence of the sea, which outlasted the impression, so intensely felt by many, of the prairie experience of later years. His "North Shore Watch," that strong and tender threnody upon the friend of his boyhood, shows plainly what the faith and what the yearnings of his early youth were. In 1872 he entered Harvard College with the class of 1876, but was obliged from sickness to join the next class, with which he graduated in 1877. His literary career had begun to shape itself in those four years, throughout which he contributed a number of poems to the *Harvard Advocate*, of which he was a leading editor. A culling of these early efforts was published in the first series of the "Verses from the *Harvard Advocate*." There appeared also, just after graduation, a small edition of a now scarce little pamphlet, containing a commencement oration, which Woodberry did not deliver. It was entitled "The Relation of Pallas Athene to Athens." Twice within a few years after he had gone from Harvard, Mr. Woodberry was called to the University of Nebraska at Lincoln to fill the chair, first of English literature and history, then of English language and literature. Educational affairs seldom run smoothly at first in the newer centres of the West, and

Lincoln was not an exception in this respect. In 1882 his relations with the university were severed, and he found himself back at Beverly, where he remained until 1885; during these three years appeared his "History of Wood-engraving"; a small privately printed edition of his "North Shore Watch"; and his widely-known "Edgar Allan Poe." Then followed two trips to Italy, one in 1885 and the other in 1888–89; on neither occasion did he remain long. The beginning of the year just passed saw the publication of the "North Shore Watch and Other Poems," which was followed in the fall by his "Studies in Letters and Life." The first of these two books has garnered the best of his poems, including the "My Country," which Professor Paine has used as the text for his cantata, performed in 1888 at the great Cincinnati festival. Woodberry's latest volume includes some of the longest and most important of his prose efforts o the past twelve years. Since 1878, the year in which he came back from his first Westernf professorship, he has been a frequent and always a valued contributor to the literary part of the *Nation*. Until the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* lately changed hands, Woodberry also wrote frequently for that magazine' besides, during some of the later years and until recently, giving the *Boston Post* the benefit of his critical opinions upon newer and more important books. It will be noticed that most of his work of the more constant sort has largely been anonymous, unless, indeed, it be true that the writings of a man of marked ability cannot long remain unrecognized, at least by his friends.

In the career of letters a disordered dream will to some always be preferable to the most peaceful reality, and to such a life like Woodberry's must seem uneventful indeed. With part of the year spent in his home at Beverly and the rest in Boston among his friends, — which, like a wise man's wants, are few but well chosen, — his habits are almost as quiet as those of a recluse. He is a member of one of Boston's least ostentatious though pleasantest of clubs, but he is not a familiar figure at receptions or afternoon teas. The manners of a gentleman, like his dress, fit him unnoticeably, and such a one has to be known long and ntimately to be known at all. No "picture" will tell adequately of his kindly smile, of his charming ease, and of his courteous desire that those with him should be made happy by his presence — these moods and mental lights and shadows do not present themselves even to the friendliest of cameras. It is easy to discern, however, that Woodberry is in his sympathies and his large creed a cosmopolitan, but he is profoundly an American, too optimistic an American some have thought. While he is both of these excellent things, he is essentially in his physical and mental composition a New England Yankee of the finer type.

Resembling them in some of his traits, and possessing in his literary faith some of their sternness, Mr. Woodberry would appear to be in the line of direct descent from those who have gone before him in the intellectual history of New England. To-day, almost as much as ever before, this part of the world of thought remains self-centred and self-contained. It cannot justly be said that New England scholarship is provincial while the two great universities — if such they are — still maintain their prestige. Barren of soil, it has been fertile in men of fine capacities. There has, to be sure, been none of the stimulus of a great metropolis, where large minds naturally centre, and yet there has been no lack of the wisdom of the world. Literature here, always generously fostered, has not been of artificial growth and of feverish intensity. Slower methods of thought have prevailed, and what has been done has been well done, and some of it is likely to live.

It is not meant to draw any too close comparison between other New England authors and Mr. Woodberry, or to say that he is in any sense a follower or imitator. One so absolutely a man of letters New England has seldom cherished. There are, however, in him several sound native inheritances. His austerity and firmness are the preservers of one who feels himself to be treading the safe path. There is no lack of kindliness and ease of manner withal, but neither is there shrinking from a task. The study of Poe gives ample evidence of this. He is a believer in certain definite, critical, and artistic methods. Working on lines long since

laid down and now well established, he is in harmony with the traditions adjudged safest and best in the higher pursuits of literature. Of far too nice perceptions both as a critic and as a poet, one would look to him in vain for anything outwardly eccentric or affected. This would be as true of Woodberry's personality as of his writings. Whatever is individual to him, — his remarkable ripeness of judgment, the winning frankness of his disposition, and the admirable strength of his convictions, — these qualities and attributes are not easy or suitable to write of familiarly, but are to be discovered slowly, until, as acquaintance ripens, conviction comes that here is no common man.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing in a literary life like Mr. Woodberry's — and here he reminds one, as he does not infrequently, of able Englishmen of his profession — is that apparently there has never been any tentative period in his career, but that he has always been writing soundly, cautiously, and acceptably.

THE VARIATIONS OF "SAID."

Some writers of fiction habitually repeat the word "said" in recording conversation until it becomes monotonous and wearisome. On a single page of a volume by a famous woman the word occurs twenty times. By reason of its commonness, the frequent repetition may be unnoticeable to the interested reader, but the critic is led to suspect either hasty composition or a wofully meagre vocabulary. Why not, by way of variation, employ a synonym occasionally? Why not use a word that conveys not only the idea of simple utterance, but that is expressive of the tone of the utterance, of the action accompanying it, of the emotion that fathers it?

The intelligent use of such words materially emphasizes a situation, lends naturalness, vividness, and force to the narrative, and evinces a mastery of the true art of story-telling, a prime principle of which is the expression of much meaning in a few words.

I have been at some pains to compile a list of words for quick reference, which comprises, I think, most of the terms which may be employed as variations of "said," and having found it helpful in my work, I venture to print it for the possible benefit of those who have no list of their own. All the words below are sanctioned by the usage of standard writers. For obvious reasons, the past tense is used.

	A	
Added.	Asserted.	Avowed.
Acknowledged.	Asseverated.	Apologized.
Admonished.	Asked.	Alleged.
Advised.	Assured.	Adjured.
Agreed.	Assented.	Attested.
Affirmed.	Acquiesced.	Accounted.
Admitted.	Announced.	Approved.
Argued.	Amended.	Alluded.
Averred.	Answered.	Assumed.
	B	
Beseeched.	Besought.	Bandied.
Begged.	Boomed.	Boasted.
Began.	Broke in.	Breathed.
Bellowed.	Blustered.	Babbled.
Barked.	Bragged.	Blubbered.
Blurted.	Bantered.	Burst out.
	C	
Certified.	Cried.	Corrected.
Chattered.	Cogitated.	Confirmed.
Crowed.	Concluded.	Confessed.
Cackled.	Consulted.	Commanded.
Counselled.	Consoled.	Chuckled.
Called.	Continued.	Communed.
Cautioned.	Commenced.	Claimed.
Coincided.	Complimented.	Cooed.
Complained.	Contended.	Chided.
Commented.	Consented.	Confided.
Croaked.	Communicated.	

D

Declared. Denounced. Dissembled.
Decided. Directed. Determined.
Debated. Drawled. Described.
Demanded. Declaimed. Derided.
Doubted. Disagreed. Deposed.

E

Ended. Ejaculated. Enunciated.
Enjoined. Explained. Enumerated.
Echoed. Exclaimed. Expostulated.

F

Faltered. Finished. Fumed.
Flashed. Flattered. Followed.

G

Grated. Grumbled. Granted.
Gurgled. Groaned. Growled.
Gibbered. Greeted. Grunted.
Gasped. Gushed.

H

Hissed. Hooted. Hastened.
Howled. Hinted. Hallooed.
Hurled. Hazarded. Hummed.

I

Insisted. Implied. Informed.
Invited. Imprompted. Inferred.
Interjected. Illustrated. Indulged.
Insinuated. Iterated. Imputed.
Interrogated. Itemized. Importuned.
Interrupted. Interceded. Illuded.
Implored. Instigated. Ignored.
Inquired. Incited. Interpolated.
Interposed.

J

Jabbered. Jeered. Joined in.
Jangled. Jerked out. Judged.
Jewed. Jested. Juggled.

L

Lauded. Lisped. Lied.
Laughed. Lectured. Located.

M

Mentioned. Meddled. Murmured.
Muttered. Mimicked. Mumbled.
Meditated. Modified. Multiplied.
Moaned. Moved. Marvelled.
Mused. Moralized. Maintained.
Magnified.

N

Notified. Numbered. Nominated.
Named. Narrated. Noted.

O

Offered. Opposed. Objected.
Ordered. Owned.
Observed.

P

Proceeded. Put in. Perused.
Promised. Pursued. Persisted.
Parleyed. Piped. Propounded.
Proposed. Purred. Predicted.
Proclaimed. Panted. Palavered.
Protested. Pledged. Prated.

Q

Quoth. Questioned. Quavered.
Queried.

R

Replied. Remarked. Rejoined.
Repeated. Recited. Resumed.
Retorted. Recanted. Resisted.
Reflected. Roared. Resented.
Reiterated. Reproved. Refused.
Reasoned. Reminded. Reported.
Responded. Reassured. Railed.
Rebuked. Returned. Ranted.
Recounted. Requested. Remonstrated.

S

Said. Stuttered. Suggested.
Swore. Sobbed. Saluted.
Speculated. Supported. Squeaked.
Scolded. Sibilated. Squealed.
Spoke. Spluttered. Snickered.
Spoke up. Snorted. Sneered.
Spoke out. Seconded. Swept in.
Snarled. Soliloquized. Stated.
Snapped. Sang out. Stammered.
Supplemented. Smiled. Spouted.
Shouted. Supplied.

T

Thought. Threatened. Taunted.
Thundered.

U

Urged. Uttered.

V

Vowed. Vociferated. Ventured.
Vilified. Volunteered. Vouchsafed.

W

Whispered. Warbled. Went on.
Warned. Wondered. Whined.
Whimpered.

Y

Yowled. Yelled.

The list is essentially incomplete, and may be added to from time to time. By cutting it from the magazine and pasting it neatly on a piece of cardboard, and then hanging it near the desk or writing table, writers may make it very convenient and valuable for reference.

Arthur C. Grissom.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DON'T BE A COWARD.

Mayhap you remember the story: A seedy-looking fellow, with shiny Prince Albert coat, suspicious linen, and bag-kneed trousers, enters the office of the managing editor of a great New York daily.

"I want a place."

"What have you been doing?"

"I was a minister, and I fell from grace; I was in business, and I failed; I was married, and my wife left me; I want to go to work on your newspaper."

The managing editor taps his table with his pencil a moment; then he says, as he looks his visitor over: —

"You are at outs with the world?"

"Yes."

"You feel bitter toward everybody?"

"Yes."

"You'd like to get even with the world?"

"Yes."

"All right; we want a book reviewer. Report for duty to-morrow."

To the conscientious and capable reviewer and critic — critic, whether of books, or plays, or music — the story has no application, and in the head of the man whose pen is feathered with malice, tipped with ignorance, and dipped in gall it may have no lodgment, but it serves to introduce a few words on the critic, and it is worth remembering.

The man who fears a critic is a coward. He may not think so; he may think he is only super-sensitive, but he is a coward, just the same, in the last analysis. If the critic be just, he should be hailed as a saving friend. If he be unjust, he is no more to be noticed than the indolent donkey, whose worst feature is his braying.

And above all, a young writer, whose work may come sometime within the range of the critic's arrows, should remember that each critic is but one man with only one set of mental apparatus, not infrequently sadly out of repair at that. The critic is the critic, and the mighty world is the critic's critic. The man who thinks he can kill a book, or a play, or a symphony with his pen is the gambolling jester, in cap and bells and grotesquerie of garb, who pleases some, imitates others, and disgusts the many. The only thing in this world that can kill a book is the book itself.

Do you, in your writing, as you come more and more into public notice, shrink from criticisms? Do you cherish, if you will allow the word so to be used, a sharp pain in your heart, reminder of some wanton wound? Do you, if you have not yet crossed the line, and are still among the unobserved, dread the time which you long for — the time when your name shall be both arrow and target?

Then take it to heart — you are more or less a coward. The brave man or the brave woman welcomes the honorable critic as one who comes with surgeon's case in hand, ready for any emergency. The brave man or the brave woman looks upon the pretentious quack with due scorn.

Let me make two brief quotations, not for the

sake of passing judgment upon the authors of them, or of attempting to influence any one else. I make them to enforce the point, the central point, that the critic is the critic, and the critic alone. The first quotation is from THE WRITER, from the book reviews of the December number, excerpts from the review of "The Art of Playwriting," by Alfred Hennequin: —

"The book is an excellent one; it is a 'practical treatise on the elements of dramatic construction, intended for the playwright, the student, and the dramatic critic.' . . . In succinct, clear, exhaustive English, he [the author] has summed up in his twenty-five chapters a great deal of information. . . . The author shows, what so few young writers understand, why a play must be wholly different from what might make a good novel, and how the exigencies of the stage itself hem in and restrain the dramatist. The book is eminently practical; though it may not make a Shakespeare out of a Harvard student, still it will teach the latter what not to do. The young novelist, too, can find many good hints for plot-construction and dramatic action. . . . 'The Art of Playwriting' is practically a new book, filling a niche hitherto unoccupied."

Well and good: a kindly, and to all appearances a most judicious, critique.

But now read this from the *Critic* of current date — a criticism of the same book: —

"As a matter of fact, the information contained in it [the book under consideration] will be of very little service to anybody except the veriest novice, although most of it is accurate so far as it goes. . . . His [the author's] definitions of theatrical phraseology, although correct in the main, add very little to the knowledge to be derived from any ordinary dictionary, and must be accounted rather a waste of energy; while in the attempt to provide a sort of formula for the construction of tragedy or comedy that might be of practical benefit to the budding dramatist, he set himself an almost hopeless task, of which he cannot be said to have acquitted himself very satisfactorily. . . . It is scarcely worth while to enter upon a discussion of the somewhat vague definitions of tragedy and comedy, and their subdivisions, which Mr. Hennequin has adopted, and it is not likely that they will meet with universal acceptance. . . . In any event, he only touches the outside of his subject. The rules which he prescribes are elemental, and deal chiefly with things that for obvious mechanical and other reasons ought to be avoided. This is all well enough, but there is very little inspiration or assistance in it. The only way to learn how to write good plays is to study the best of those already in existence, in the library, and, when possible, on the stage."

No; the critic is not to be feared. He may be a splendid friend, or he may be a fat adder, robbed of his poison sac, but still seriously striving to be venomous, succeeding only in wriggling out his life a little sooner than nature intended.

W. S. Harwood.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

A WORD ABOUT QUOTATIONS.

I note that on Page 277 of the December WRITER some one asks whether there is such a phrase as "Death is preferable to a miserable existence," to which it is replied that it is not to be found in Bartlett's "Dictionary of Quotations." Of course, this does not imply that it is not quoted in some of the other dictionaries.

Speaking of that excellent work, my attention was some time ago called to the fact that, monumental as it is as a mine of research into the literature of many languages, it failed to note the existence of sundry quotations that were familiar even to so limited a reader as myself.

Having occasion to correspond with Mr. Bartlett on another subject, I suggested this shortcoming, and he kindly replied that if I would make a list of the omitted phrases, he would discuss the matter with me.

A press of other engagements has prevented my taking advantage of his offer, but I will mention two that now occur to me.

Turning to the following page of THE WRITER, I find that "J. L. V." has made a

quotation that I should be glad if any of your readers would trace for me. As "J. L. V.' renders it, the sentence stands thus: "Fly quickly on, ye wings of Time, and bring that welcome day"; but as remembered by me it reads, "Roll swiftly round, ye wheels of Time, and bring the happy day." I seem to recollect it as occurring in a verse of one of the ancient New England hymns, or songs, sung by an "Old Folks' Concert Troupe" that pervaded the country during the days of my boyhood — say, 1855–60.

The other quotation refers to a parvenu, whose wife dragged him to Paris (during the Second Empire) and insisted, so the quotation as I now remember it says, on

"Waddling through the Tooleries."

This, I believe, was the second line of a couplet, or the fourth of a quotation.

While an over-fondness for quotations may betray a superficial rather than a thorough reader, — as if one had been, so to speak, at a literary banquet and brought away only the scraps, — a point can often be best enforced by such illustrations; but if a law could be passed imposing a penalty on platform-speakers for indulging in their favorite pastime of misquotation, none would rejoice more heartily than the writer of this paragraph. *J. Henry Hager.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE BRADDON-MAXWELL BOOK-MAKING FACTORY.

A Philadelphia newspaper's London correspondent records that "a bureau of skilled literary craftsmen, under the charge of John Maxwell, the husband of Miss Braddon, evolves those interminable novels of hers" for English libraries and American syndicates. This is a fabrication out of the whole cloth, with only a thread of fact.

Miss Braddon writes her works without extraneous aid, certainly in recent years, which may or may not account for her being, by the evidence of the sales-book, the premier English novelist of her sex, since the death of her only rival, Mrs. Henry Wood. It is a mercenary test, but one most used in our age. Her "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Aurora Floyd" sell yearly to figures equal to those of any ephemeral hit. The man of the world asks no better evidence than her two residences, comparing insurpassably with the suites and villas of her contemporaries, the old Bishop's palace in Richmond — often described by the Joseph Hattons — and the Lyndhurst Bank Cottage at the New Forest — out of whose piney woods and Viscount Milton's Northwest book she evolved "Lucius Davoren" and that Indian who carried a barrel of flour (!) through the snow.

About 1850 palaces purchased by the pen were non-existent. Miss Braddon was renouncing hopes of gratifying an ambition for fame on the stage. Her dramatic pieces have failed there, but her scenic and "effective" powers show in her stories; her "chum" is the excellent actress, Miss Hodson, whose father, the Irish comedian, delighted our fathers in 1830–40, and her son Gerald is a notable actor of the Barrett-Willard school. She herself, reduced to walk on in burlesque at the Strand Theatre, a strapping, robust girl, striking in page's dress, saw that the rage for pertness, as exemplified in Marie Wilton's (Bancroft) triumph, left no opening for serious talent.

Luckily, the Tory repression of literature for the masses was just dying out. Most of the weeklies dropped from six or eight pence to the popular penny, and a host of new publishers began to supply the populace with dirt-cheap fiction. The educational solid pudding had no chance against light flummery — the *Penny*

Miscellany walked upon the *Penny Magazine.*

Foremost of the innovators was John Maxwell. Son of a Waterloo hero, full of fight, of massive build, allying Irish suavity with Scotch shrewdness and tenacity, he was a typical originative publisher. He anticipated the American colonel who created the *London Telegraph* at one penny, by running the *Standard* on lines so broad and popular that, though anti-liberal, it was read widely by all comers. Then, perceiving that several "wants" were crying to be attended to, he turned into the periodical world and revolutionized it. All his ventures were the pilot-balloons showing the course to more durable ones; his *Belgravia Magazine* has survived *Mayfair*, *Dark Blue*, etc.; his *St. James'* lived long; his *Sixpenny Magazine* led the way for the *Argosy*, and the later ones at "the smallest coin in the realm," — *i. e.*, for gentlemen who ignore "threepennies" and "joey's."

Almost all the penny weekly story papers preyed on the Americans. As far back as 1836, a London *Thief* (imitating the Paris *Voleur*, 1828) was composed of American matter. These freebooters of 1850 liked the saving in "reprint copy," as less costly, and requiring no editorship. The Man with the Scissors, at twenty dollars a week, reigned. Unfortunately, Mrs. Stephens', Mrs. Southworth's, etc., novels so suited the English taste that it justified the *London Journal* proprietor's paying for advance sheets. The English law enabled him to copyright them by publishing "without publicity" in pamphlets. Thus he would wait till the pirates began *their* reprint from the subsequent American issue, and fall upon them. These results caused a panic.

Mr. Maxwell laid his *Welcome Guest* on other and safer lines. He purchased from leading Parisian printers some cartloads of pictorial electrotypes, by such afterward celebrated artists as Neuville, Philippoteaux, Bayard, etc., thus showing his foresight, and formed a staff of ready writers, young but promising, to "write them up." The selection of these also did him credit.

For original matter he employed well-known authors, the Broughs, Sala, Archer, Halliday, Greenwood, Gibbons (he backslanged his name as "Nobings"), etc.; but the Braddon-Maxwell factory comprises more particularly Russell (not the *Times'* Doctor, but "Waters"), John Bennett (not the poet, but the author-husband of the writer of the undying "Cottage-girl," and himself inventor of "Inquire Within," that profitable family encyclopædia), the St. Johns, and the London Dumas, "W. Stephens Hayward."

Miss Braddon was the sole lady in the corps — always excepting a Miss Brown, whose translations are innumerable, and reprinted here, and Miss Robinson, "the female G. P. R. James," whose neat, historical romances of "Whitehall" and "Whitefriars" are usually published here as by F. W. Robinson; while, to improve the imbroglio, when Dr. J. H. Robinson's "Nick Whiffles" *made* a New York weekly, the London publishers, eager to "do" it, held back for fear it was *their* English Robinson's. The prejudice against bluestockings caused Miss Braddon to masquerade as "Gilbert Forrester," but, after a while, the demand for fashionable titles never ceasing in snobocratic England, she wrote as "Lady Caroline Lascelles."

The Lascelles arose naturally, as in the factory was Sir Lascelles Wraxall, a genuine aristocrat by birth, but a hard-working littérateur. Readers of Miss Braddon's maiden efforts, "The Black Band" and "The Factory Girl," may recall that the hero bears that name, and — singular anticipation of Sardou's Ziska in "Dora" — permeated the rooms where he entered with an aroma of musk. These two novels, like most of the Braddon-Maxwell's, were written to cuts — and such a miscellaneous lot to set in a coherent story! Of the same construction are "The Octoroon" and "The Colleen Bawn," dimly reflecting Boucicault's plays, and others about the authenticity of which, in after years, Miss Braddon — who either forgot them, or gladly would do so — had an epistolary war with the *New York Mercury*, as she did the other day over her "Missing Witness" play, converted into a novelette.

"Lady Audley" made its furore; it was translated into all European tongues, and produced on all stages — with "Pepper's Ghost" in Paris. Henceforth there was no necessity to "write up electros." But the critics remem-

bered the French pictures which suggested "The White Phantom" and its fellows. It is perfectly well known that Miss Braddon is a devotee of French fiction, and, time and again, imputations crop up. Her "Doctor's Wife" is ascribed to Flaubert, her "Outcasts" has a scene lifted from the French play known to us as "The Poor of New York," and the *Athenæum* contains an accusation that the late Feuillet's "Delilah," brought out "adapted" as "'Circe,' by Babington White," was executed by the head of "the factory." Well, "White" was one of them; he was probably "Brown"; the personalities in the book indicate that one alone who intermingled with society, as Miss Braddon did then, must have given the finishing touches.

Mr. Maxwell was not literary; he never wielded the pen in these disputes except in the business work, which gave his able wife the more leisure. Both were indignant when *London Life*, last year, used the rough expression in a Braddon paragraph that Mr. Maxwell did her "dirty work"; but the world smiled at their joint letter. Always before Miss Braddon launches a new novel some *réclame* appears. "Mistress of the Circulating-Library" is not position enough — "Queen of the Art of Gratis Advertising" is the supplementary title. Still, expensive as advertising has become, that shows cleverness.

They say Thackeray inaugurated the fair evil heroine, but Miss Braddon is generally credited with mothering the Girl with the Yellow Hair, whom "Ally Sloper" Ross and the flippant writers kept alive for thirty years. "Lady Audley's" tresses drew Miss Braddon from hackwork, but the factory went on. Her confrères, however, also soared.

Then William Sawyer, one of the meekest of "the Savages," after writing gory and muddy realistic romances, "Jessie, the Barmaid," for example (by the way, his "Dora Thorne" originated the name recently become valuable), started *Funny Folks* in the teeth of *Punch* and *Fun*, and died in easy circumstances therefrom.

Russell had the knack of masquerading under *noms de guerre*. As "Waters" he wrote detective stories before Gaboriau was heard of, and "Custom House Officer's" revelations which deceived the revenue sharks themselves. His sea stories are accredited to a "Lieutenant Warneford, R. N.," after the free and easy home publishers' method of the "Captain Marcy Hunters," and "Col. Carson Boones" on dime-novel covers.

Wraxall translated French with facility. Critics say he was faulty, although his "*Les Misérables*" was lately qualified as "the best English version." A London publisher is almost bound to have a Sir or a Lady on his staff; and the title procures them work. When Lascelles was bantered, he would modestly counter-query: "How about *Sir* Walter?" Great Scott! what a comparison!

Bracebridge Hemyng — fresh from college, eager to know London life like a Corinthian Bob — was in the fellowship. In three or four days he would write a novel or a play, such as "The Orange Girl." Maxwell saw his abilities, but did not divine the future "Jack Harkaway," who would make the fortune of Brett's boys' papers in London and induce "Frank Leslie" Carter to allure him to New York. The New Zealand Tacitus will draw his material for the Brazen Lining of the Victorian Realm from Hemyng's "Skittles" series.

The two St. Johns, Vane and Percy, produced largely under the B.-M. wand. Vane, an indefatigable purveyor to the *Young Ladies' Journal* kind of paper, wrote thousands of lines in the *Halfpenny Journals* of Maxwell's. He translated freely such sanguinary "*romans à trois-s-s!*" as "The Giants of the Sea," — a sort of antetype of Pyle's "Buccaneers," — by Louis Noir, brother of the Bohemian whom Prince Bonaparte shot. The joke in Paris ran that if Boney had slain Louis, and not Victor, a grateful public, escaped from endless "Brides of the Guillotine," would have "ovated" him! Vane St. John also had a try at Bellamare's "Woodrangers," which Mayne Reid Englished, and which "Dick-and-Fitz," about '55, issued in another version as the lengthy "Ranger's Rifle" series. Vane's society novels are true to the ancient lines, governess heroine, baronet villain, stolen marriage certificates, etc.

His senior, Percy, wrote at first pseudo-American-Indian tales, on the strength of a visit to "the States." Cockney legend attrib-

utes to him and Mayne Reid the Capture of the Halls of the Montezumas — with a little assistance from Old Zach Taylor and Captain Bragg. Percy's stories are of the Emerson Bennett-and-flat-beer type. He edited Aimard for Maxwell, and his minute knowledge of the wild and woolly may be conjectured from his letting the chapter pass in "Prairie Flower" where the hunters go *ostrich hunting* about where Seattle is now booming. I remember one old trapper writing in to the New York reprinter on this score; he had "scouted about considerable thar, and never seed a horstridge" until he settled in Louisville to live — and that was in a show! However, Percy's "Arctic Crusoe" is a standard boys' book. An old hand, his early copyrights were falling in when he died; he passed his latest years trying to sell them. Some of his popular novels, "The Blue Dwarf" (called "The Blue Bard" here, and assigned to Miss Braddon), for example, continue in inexplicable demand. Spite of fifty years' experience, he wrecked himself with a popular reprinting house. Miss Robinson, before mentioned, has been strangely silent since her epoch of fame, when "Cæsar Borgia" was hailed as grand. Percy jumped to the conclusion that no living woman could hold her peace for twenty years, and edited her "Whitefriars" for a series. Down came Miss R.'s lawyer and out came five hundred dollars rather than stand a useless trial. Percy, dismissed, never held his head up again; he took to "the rosy," which a crony pathetically informed me he tossed off without tasting! His son Horace, too young to have been in the factory, is a novelist in the minor field.

Another Percy was Boyd — a man of good family, who had hobnobbed with the eminences of throne, bench, and bar, and supported the fag end of life by hawking reminiscences of them. He "took in" Maxwell, though no dullard. Sidling into *Belgravia* office, he flourished a roll of foolscap, tied up with red tape, and expatiated on the excellence of his contribution supposedly therein. Still holding the publisher under the spell of conversational eloquence, he "drew" the check, and while the unopened roll was tossed into the "copy for printer" box, he vanished into "Dr. Johnson's Tavern." Poor Percy! only a day or two after his begging the writer to intercede at the National Library for his readmission, he was found dead in a low lodging-house. In such resorts — a true Bohemian — he had caught psoriasis, and, of course, was scratched off the library readers' list. (The pun is of the period.) He was a *bon compagnon* of the emperor's set in Paris in the halcyon days, when, at an historic supper of wits and politicians, the late Celine Montaland, dishevelled and fiery red with running through the streets, urged the guests to rise in revolt, but succumbed to the cool head, who said: "Don't be a fool, girl! this is a time to spill wine, not blood. Have some champagne, and let it pass!" Oh, to trace those guests! The politicians secured fat offices then, or under the republic; some fled after the commune; Boyd petered out in a St. Giles' cellar; and "Little Celine," the Parisian Lydia Thompson, after crossing the Atlantic to lead the "Prince of Erie" by the nose, expires in what is old age to a Parisienne. Read Gautier's rhapsody on her as an infant phenomenon.

But "W. Stephens Hayward" was the backbone of the literary anaconda. Like May Agnes Fleming, his name covers posthumous works and some he never beheld, if he ever existed I have been assured by roisterers of the Mark Lemon era that he was a barrister without practice, except in selecting cigars. Some fifty novels form the Hayward Series, but what audacious feats of "conveyance" several cover! "Bel Demonio" all know to be Féval's, but not that Duplessis' "Boucaniers" is Hayward's "Black Flag," Goncourt's "Renée Maupérin," his "Colonel's Daughter" (an American war story, title, too), etc. Probably the name is but a trade-mark and screens the débutant and "ghosts," who preferred the Maxwell cash to fame. Is "Hayward" Miss Braddon? Some of her early essays are still hidden, but not under that head. If worthy of editing, the lady will do it herself, and we shall see the syndicates trampling on one another to secure what they might take for a trifle, if they knew all about the Braddon-Maxwell factory.

Henry Llewellyn Williams.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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VOL. V. FEBRUARY, 1891. NO. 2.

The use of typewriters by authors is growing more general, but it is astonishing that it has not grown to be universal long before now. When the first typewriting machines were put upon the market they made only capital letters, and their copy was so hard to read that among editors there was a natural prejudice against them. Now, however, the typewriter has been perfected so that a page of copy written on one of the best machines is almost as handsome and quite as legible as print. That being so, the author who submits his manuscript to an editor in handsome typewritten copy has almost the same advantage as if he were able to put before the editor the proof of his article as it will appear in the magazine. No one who has handled manuscript at all can fail to see how great such an advantage is. It is not too much to say that a typewritten manuscript has three times as good a chance of acceptance as the same manuscript written by a penman of ordinary skill. It can be read so easily that the busy editor to whom it comes naturally gives it preference in examination; its quality is easily determined, and, if it is good, its merits are quickly discovered; defects are less noticeable, and in every way the typewritten article has an advantage over its pen-written competitors. It is very hard to judge a manuscript fairly if the handwriting of the author is bad. This is particularly true in the case of poetry, and some editors, if a poem at first glance looks good, make it their rule to have it put in type before reading it carefully, and give their final judgment on a printed proof. If a manuscript is typewritten, the author gives to the editor the same facility for just examination without trouble or expense. In at least one magazine office all manuscripts that remain after the first winnowing are given to typewriters and neatly copied before they are read by the editor who finally passes upon them. If one of them is accepted, it is edited and revised as the editor desires, and a second typewritten copy is made which is submitted to the author as a proof of his article as it will appear in the magazine. He has the advantage of seeing beforehand how his contribution will appear in print; and if he desires to make any changes or corrections, the work can be done at much less expense than if the matter were already in type. Altogether, typewritten copy nowadays is the proper thing, and the author who owns a typewriter is at least fifty per cent. better off than the writer, no matter how good a penman he may be, who depends on the old-fashioned pen.

* * *

It is pleasant to notice that the newspapers, which have done so much both to corrupt the English language and to enrich it by the coinage of new words, occasionally protest against the worst of the corruptions for which the newspapers are responsible. The *Cambridge Tribune*, for instance, says: "A Boston Sunday paper spoke of a woman as being 'superbly

gowned'! How far away is the time when we shall read, 'Mr. So-and-so was magnificently trousered'? Or, better yet, from the 'Plymouth Rock' standpoint, 'Mr. de Thingumbob was very becomingly panted'?"

* * *

"I liked that story ever so much until I got to the very end; but the ending was so miserable that I am simply disgusted with it," said a bright girl recently, speaking of a new novel. This suggested the question: "Why cannot stories be written with two endings, so as to suit every reader's taste?" We have all of us read books that provoked us because the author left his characters in gloom and misery, when he might as well have left them in peace and joy, or killed off the heroine in the last chapter instead of marrying her to a rich gentleman from Oklahoma as he might have done. Some readers like tragic endings that will leave them with pearly tears beneath their lashes when the book is laid down; others protest that there is too much sorrow in real life, and that unnecessary trouble should be banished from fiction intended to amuse. To gratify both, why could not each author write two closing chapters to his novel, one designed to start the ready tear and the other as cheerful and inspiring as a final chapter can be made? Then the novel-buyer could order from his bookseller a copy of "'Detmold' with," or a copy of "'Detmold' without," the "with" and "without" signifying with grief or without it, according to the reader's taste.

* * *

Without exactly following this idea, that youthful and rather erratic genius, Rudyard-Kipling, has placed himself on record as the author of the first book published in two editions each with a different ending. His first long story, "The Light That Failed," was sold to three different American buyers: first, for "syndication" in the newspapers; second, for publication in *Lippincott's Magazine;* and third, for publication in book form by the United States Book Company. The story had already appeared in all three forms when a cable message was received from the author saying that he was dissatisfied with the ending of his story, and that he had accordingly written a new ending, including some important amplifications and additions, which he had shipped to America by steamer that day! The magazine, the newspapers, and the publishers that had "pirated" the story could only say "Well! well!" but the authorized publishers immediately on the arrival of the steamer got out an enlarged edition of the story including the 18,000 words of new matter which Kipling had forwarded. The incident is interesting, not only as an example of an author's freak, but as an illustration of the pleasing occurrences made possible by the present lack of international copyright law—a lack which authors and publishers devoutly hope the present United States senate is going to supply.

W. H. H.

SLIP-SHOD WRITING.

It is surprising to notice how many slip-shod movements there are in committing thoughts to paper.

Not long ago, a leading newspaper in one of our large cities reported the proceedings of a prominent ecclesiastical convention. When the concluding paragraph was reached, the reporter made the statement that the body adjourned *sine die;* and yet in a preceding paragraph he had noticed the result of an election which had determined the time of the next meeting. I doubt if in that case either the reporter or the proof-reader knew the meaning of *sine die.*

Again, I myself heard a learned doctor of divinity, and president of a college of high standing, making annnouncement to the same effect on adjourning a similar church convention, whose decision he had previously declared to meet again on a certain day of a certain year. Perhaps in some instances the disposition to be a little verbose may becloud the sense for the moment.

It may be in place here to refer to a different case of writing at random, or without proper knowledge, and without making proper effort to secure it. One of the most influential religious papers in the country noticed, a few years ago, a certain book issued from the press of a denominational house. The book discussed some doctrinal points. The reviewer said that

it presented a satisfactory exhibit of the views held by the Moravians, who often speak of themselves as *Unitas Fratrum;* whereas, the fact was that the book was sent out from the press of the United Brethren, a prominent body, whose publication house is at Dayton, O., — a body having no relation whatever, organically, with the Moravian United Brethren, whose headquarters are at Bethlehem, Penn. It can hardly be conceived that the reviewer did as much as read the title-page to the bottom, much less read ten sentences of the book: consequently his reckless dash — and would it were the last one.

M. Sheeleigh.

FORT WASHINGTON, Penn.

QUERIES.

I have just read in the December WRITER an article entitled "One Duty of a Writer." Referring to the author's criticism of Joaquin Miller's lines: Would not "their" and "there" in the same line be objectionable? Is "did" in the verb "did lay" correct when used for emphasis or in verse? C. M.

[The use of both "there" and "their" in the same line of a poem would ordinarily be objectionable. Good writers of verse avoid the use of "did" in such phrases as that quoted. — W. H. H.]

—

Can you tell me something about photo-engraving processes? How should drawings for photo-engraving be prepared?

[Photo-engraving plates are made by photographic processes, as their name implies. They are made of hard, durable metal, and are mounted on wood, so that they are exactly the height of type, and may be printed in connection with type or without it. Photo-engraving is least expensive when prints from wood-cuts, or pen-and-ink or crayon drawings are furnished. Then all that the engraver has to do is to photograph the subject without re-drawing. The subjects may be reduced or enlarged to any size desired by changing the focus of the camera. When drawings are furnished they should be made with jet black ink on white paper; India ink is preferable. All shading should be made by means of lines or dots. There are two methods of making cuts from photographs — one, by making line-drawings; the other by the half-tone process. Line cuts may be made in simple outline, after the style of newspaper cuts, or may be full of the most delicate shading, examples of which may be seen in any of the leading magazines. By the half-tone process plates are made directly from photographs without re-drawing. As these plates are made by mechanical processes, they are more faithful reproductions of photographs than can be made by any other means. They may be printed on any printing press, but owing to the fineness of their texture, they must be well printed on a hard paper of fine quality. Also, to get the best results, the original photographs must be sharp and clear, and first-class in every respect. — W. H. H.]

—

Will you please be kind enough to tell me the address of Mr. M'Clure, of the M'Clure syndicate? L. A. H.

[Yes, — when you send your name and address. Anonymous queries are not answered by THE WRITER or by any other properly conducted publication. — W. H. H.]

—

Will you kindly tell me if in making a compilation on a certain subject it is customary to ask the authors selected from for permission to cull from their works? S. A. R.

[If a compiler wishes to make extended extracts from copyrighted works, he must first get permission from the owners of the copyright. — W. H. H.]

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"Over" for "More Than." — If newspaper writers would remember that it is better to say "more than 10,000 people were present," instead of "over 10,000 people were present," they would save wear of the editor's blue pencil. "Over" may be briefer than "more than," but

that "more than" is preferable all the authorities agree. R. F.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Since" for "Ago."—It is a common error for writers to say "some years since" when it would be better to say "some years ago." The latter phrase is better because it is not ambiguous, as the first phrase often is. L. W.

LOS ANGELES, Calif.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE LATEST TIMES. By William Echard Golden, A. M. 227 pp. Cloth. New York: Welch, Fracker Company. 1890.

Mr. Golden's book gives a brief historical and literary account of the origin, development, and present state of the drama. The book is cursory in character, marked by neither the scholarship nor wide reading that distinguish the dramatic criticism of English college-bred men like Mr. Moulton. Despite some typographical errors, as "Shaugran," and an involved and mispunctuated sentence on the top of page 217, the book is well printed on good paper. E. A. T.

ENGLISH AUTHORS: A HAND-BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE FROM CHAUCER TO LIVING WRITERS. By M. Rutherford. 728 pp. Cloth. Athens, Ga.: The Constitution Book & Job Print. 1890.

This hand-book of English literature covers a wide field, which has been covered also by some of the greatest authors, both living and dead. Any book which will lead an American thoughtfully to take up the lives, and read the works of the great poets and prose writers is to be commended. But the work in question is written in crude style, and shows neither the critical scholarship nor the trained pen which mark the highest work. E. A. T.

CIVILIZATION: AN HISTORICAL REVIEW OF ITS ELEMENTS By Charles Morris. Vol. I. 510 pp. Vol. II. 490 pp. Cloth Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 1890.

"Civilization" is a world-wide topic, and the author who undertakes to treat the subject fully, even in two volumes, has no small task. Mr. Morris does not pretend to give a history of civilization, but rather an outline view of its elements. He attempts to set forth the philosophy of the progress of humanity, and to indicate the evolutionary processes by which the primitive savage has grown into the modern man. The book begins with man's primitive condition, or the earliest seats of civilization. The Aryan and the Semitic types of empire are contrasted, and the development of the modern state from the former is shown. Religious thought and morality from their beginnings and the evolution of law are then discussed. In the second volume commerce, wealth, ancient and modern literature, the development of the fine arts and the sciences are logically treated. The author's mind is philosophical and scientific, rather than imaginative and poetical; his style is strong, vigorous, and has an onward sweep, though it is deficient in picturesqueness. Chapters XIX. and XX., on "The Evolution of Ancient Literature" and "Modern Literary Development," will be the most interesting to the student of literature. The book is logical and scholarly, showing reading and research. It is well printed on good paper, with clear type, and is carefully indexed. E. A. T.

AN IRISH CRAZY-QUILT. By Arthur M. Forrester. 288 pp. Cloth. Boston: Alfred Mudge & Son. 1890.

"An Irish Crazy-quilt" is written by an enthusiastic Irishman, and dedicated "To the 'Felons' of Ireland, who have been exiled, or imprisoned, or executed because they loved their native land more than home, or liberty, or life." We can imagine warm-hearted John Boyle O'Reilly embracing this young Irish poet, forgetting in the warmth of his subject that the verse was not always of the first quality. "Pat Murphy's Cows" is perhaps as good a lyric as the book contains; it is full of sympathy for the poor and the oppressed. E. A. T.

THE STRANGE FRIEND OF TITO GIL. By Pedro A. de Alarcon. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. Francis J. A. Darr. Illustrated. 133 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: A. Lovell & Company. 1890.

"The Strange Friend of Tito Gil" is death; the novel ends with the judgment day. In the Spanish the story is probably strong and dramatic, but it needs a translator of unusual power to reproduce the weirdness, originality, and dramatic force of this strong conception. Mrs. Darr may be accurate, but her style is neither poetic nor correct. E. A. T.

A COUNTRY BOY'S CENTENNIAL AND "LITTLE BUTTONS." By S. McAllester Osborne. Illustrated. 71 pp. Boards, $1.00. New York: Belford Company. 1890.

It is a pleasure to notice the improvement in the quality of books published by Belford Company. Of the two stories contained in "A Country Boy's Centennial," "Little Buttons" is unmistakably the better; it is a sweet and pathetic story of a little boy who did his best in the humble position of a door-opener, and by his braveness and gentleness came into his birthright. E. A. T.

HONDURAS: THE LAND OF GREAT DEPTHS. By Cecil Charles With map and portraits. 212 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1890.

The story of an unexplored country has always a fascination, and "Honduras: The Land of Great Depths" is interesting reading, despite a slip-shod literary style. Chapter V., "How to be Comfortable," gives an insight into the native life, and shows how an American

may live cheaply and pleasantly after the native fashion. Although this book does not possess the literary charm and interest of "A Lady's Ride through Spanish Honduras," published in *Blackwood's* some years ago, it is novel and picturesque. E. A. T.

A STUDY OF GENIUS. By N. K. Royse. 312 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

Genius is always interesting, and this "Study of Genius," although containing nothing strikingly new, collates a number of scattered facts and anecdotes about great men, which make good reading. Perhaps the most interesting chapter to a literary worker is Chapter VII., "Genius and Labor," wherein the question whether the creations of Genius involve labor is discussed pro and con, and illustrated by examples from the great writers of the world. E. A. T.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES. By Brinton W. Woodward. 312 pp. Cloth. Lawrence, Kan.: Journal Publishing Co. 1890.

"Old Wine in New Bottles" is a happy title, and Mr. Woodward disarms his critics at once — if such there were — by saying that his essays do not pretend to be original. The book contains observations "on people and places, pictures and books." Books, or the writers of books, usurp the greater part of the volume. Some of the author's remarks, notably in "Two Schools of Fiction," are very bright and to the point, as when he likens the doubting Thomas of an editor who buys a poem nowadays to the hesitating lady whom he met in a picture store. She wanted to buy an etching, but she was afraid they would "go out!" "Was Burns Color-blind to the Sea?" is a striking and original essay, and the essay on "Balzac and Thackeray" shows real feeling and appreciation of these two great writers. E. A. T.

GOOD-NIGHT POETRY. Compiled by William P. Garrison. 143 pp. Cloth, 70 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

The poems contained in "Good-night Poetry" are designed to be read to children just before going to sleep. Some of the poems are rather above children's comprehension, but the author evidently does not consider that a fault, for, by frequent recitation, he says, these portions "'will stick' till comprehension overtakes the idea." The purpose is didactic, and some of the poems contain more morality than beauty, — still, the authors are, for the most part, well-known. E. A. T.

THE FRUITS OF CULTURE. A Comedy in Four Acts. By Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated by George Schumm. 185 pp. Cloth. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker. 1891.

"The Fruits of Culture" is a comedy unfitted for stage representation; the style of the translator is poor, and the stage directions are laughable. The story is strong, but confused, and action is frequently wanting. The story turns on mediumistic manifestations, but the long, pedantic speeches of the Professor are wearisome and undramatic. It is a pity that a man of Tolstoï's genius should descend to what seems like claptrap. E. A. T.

WYCH ELM. By Belle Bremer. 99 pp. Cloth. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1891.

"Wych Elm," a collection of poems, has picturesque touches here and there, as in "The Haunted Battlefield." The author shows a command of varied metres, and her rhymes, although not unusual, are usually perfect. Among the best poems are "Hide the Scars," "The First Kiss," and "When My Ship Comes In."

E. A. T.

ANALOGICAL SYLLABIC SHORTHAND. Based on the Benn Pitman alphabet. By Francis H. Hemperley. 33 pp. Leatherette, 50 cents. Philadelphia: The Philadelphia Stenographer. 1890.

"Of making many books" on shorthand there seems to be no end. While systems as good as those of Pitman and Munson exist, there does not seem to be any adequate reason for attempting to improve upon them. The chief merit of this work is that it is modelled upon the Benn Pitman system, which has long been a standard. E. A. T.

READING AND THE MIND, WITH SOMETHING TO READ. Fourth edition. By Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J. 58 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: D. P. Murphy, Jr. 1890.

Although this work, written by a Roman Catholic, is limited by the author's religion, it contains some useful hints regarding the selection of proper reading matter. The author speaks highly of Ruskin's style and enthusiasm: he shows wide reading and fair taste.

E. A. T.

ARCADE ECHOES. Selected Poems from the Virginia University Magazine, 1859–1890. Collected and arranged by Thomas L. Wood. 125 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1890.

"Arcade Echoes" is a daintily-bound little book containing a number of short musical poems. "The Dog of the Louvre," a translation, is pathetic and well rendered. The lines "To a Mosquito" form a bright parody of Burns, while "On a Picture of M——" has imaginative beauty and fine form. The students of the University of Virginia are to be congratulated upon this dainty little volume.

E. A. T.

THE SPIRITUAL SENSE OF DANTE'S "DIVINA COMMEDIA." By W. T. Harris. 216 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1889.

Dante's great epic has had many commentators, but this attempt of Mr. Harris to give "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's 'Divina Commedia'" is founded upon an ethical basis. The commentator attempts to explain the allegory in terms of morality, to show just why

Dante pictured these particular sins and their punishments, and to point out what relation the allegory bears to the life and times of the poet. The book is ethical in character, thoughtful and philosophic, but too didactic. As in Doré's illustrations, the poetic charm and beauty of the wonderful poem are lost, "the light that never was on sea or land." Instead, we have pictures of the horrors and sins of the "Inferno," unrelieved by poetic fancy. Nothing is left to the imagination; to try to analyze the beauty of the poem is like plucking out the heart of a flower. The most delightful parts of the book are the poetic translations of the "Purgatorio," by T. W. Parsons. E. A. T.

THE JUDGE. By Elia W. Peattie. 286 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1890.

THE MARRIAGE OF GABRIELLE. By Daniel Lesueur. 278 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1890.

THE CHOUANS. By H. De Balzac. Illustrated. 423 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1890.

It is a matter of regret to the lovers of good literature that such a sensational story as "The Judge," written in melodramatic style, with horrible details of murder, should have won the "first prize" offered by the *Detroit Free Press.*

Much better, because constructed with French ideas of form, is "The Marriage of Gabrielle." The story is pleasantly told, the tone of the love-story is good and pure, and all ends happily.

It is scarcely necessary to praise "The Chouans," one of Balzac's most dramatic works, founded on historical facts. Those who have seen Modjeska act the striking part of the heroine, Mlle. de Verneuil, know how tragic and interesting a part she plays. The translator of "The Chouans," George Saintsbury, is well known as an eminent English scholar and literary critic, so that the book is not slip-shod in style. It is admirably printed with clear type, on good paper, with careful proof-reading, and characteristic illustration. It is to be hoped that Rand & McNally will issue more French novels of this style. E. A. T.

JOURNAL OF WILLIAM MACLAY. Edited by Edgar S. Maclay, A. M. 438 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1890.

The careful student of American history will be much interested in this "Journal of William Maclay," which begins with the 24th of April, 1789, and ends on the 3d of March, 1791. During this period, while history was making itself, Mr. Maclay, a pronounced Democrat, was in the senate, bitterly opposed to the Federalists. Every evening he wrote in his private journal, while hot from the debate, the scenes and events of the day, writing the more vividly and frankly, perhaps, because he did not expect his journal to be published. For the first time this journal is given to the public in its entirety. The stalwart strength and integrity of the author are clearly shown, as well as his resolute will. Severe illness, even, will hardly confine him to bed or prevent him from studying or speaking on questions of public polity. Vivid pen-pictures are given of Hamilton, Morris, Jefferson, and other leaders, and the frankness of the Pennsylvania senator adds charm to his story. E. A. T.

FOUR IMPORTANT FACULTIES AND HOW TO DEVELOP THEM. By Lucy Lee Ewing. 32 pp. Paper, Philadelphia: Published by the Author. 1891.

The "Four Important Faculties" are Perception, Memory, Reason, and Understanding. How to develop them is an important subject, which properly treated would include a whole work on psychology, like the massive and master-work of Professor James, of Harvard. The author has given a few hints which may be of value to those who have not time or patience to go carefully into the subject. E. A. T.

FROM COLONY TO COMMONWEALTH. By Nina Moore Tiffany. 180 pp. Cloth, 70 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

The beginnings of the American Revolution are taken up in "From Colony to Commonwealth," which is designed for children of perhaps ten years of age. The book is written in simple and pleasant style, the illustrations are good, and the authorities consulted are standard. Good maps, too, make the work more valuable. E. A. T.

SOCIALISM OF CHRIST. By Austin Bierbower. 202 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago. Charles H. Sergel & Company. 1890.

This book attempts to prove that Christ was a socialist, and that he, or at least his followers, contemplated force in their proposed revolution, but that the later apostles veered from their earlier uncompromising democracy, and upheld the social systems of the day. E. A. T.

DIANE. By Prosper Mérimée 293 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Company. 1890.

"Diane" is a strong story of love and war, written by a Frenchman, who has been pronounced the greatest master of style in this century. Mérimée is better known for his short stories and his charming letters "*A une inconnue*," but in this historical romance, which has been pronounced the best historical novel in France, he exhibits the strength which has led critics to compare him to Balzac and Théophile Gautier. The book may lack unity and forward movement in the earlier chapters, but the scene at midnight in the chamber of Diane, where her lover is surprised by the horrible noise of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and where the beautiful Catholic heroine hesitates between her love and her religion, is powerful and dramatic in the extreme. The

beauty of Mérimée's style is well reproduced by the translator, Mr. Saintsbury, who has also added to the interest of the romance by prefixing an admirable critical and biographical essay on the cynical, but talented, Frenchman.

E. A. T.

IPHIGENIA, A LEGEND OF THE ILIAD, AND OTHER POEMS. By A. R. Darrow. 97 pp. Stiff paper. Buffalo: The C. H. Sherrill Company. 1888.

"Iphigenia" is unfortunately written in the classic, heroic couplet, which is now quite out of favor. Though Pope selected it for his translation of "The Iliad," nothing could more poorly reproduce the simplicity and free, flowing sweep of Homer's onward lines. By the selection of the same medium, Mr. Darrow has lost the breadth of form and beauty of the Greek tale he tries to reproduce, though the couplet is well handled. E. A. T.

A SENSITIVE PLANT. By E. and D. Gerard. 422 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

"A Sensitive Plant," by Dorothea Gerard and her sister and co-laborer, Mrs. Lazonska, is a strong novel, powerfully written in good English, with vivid situations and masterly character-drawing. Those who have read the authors' former thrilling story, "The Waters of Hercules," which appeared, together with "Reata," in *Blackwood's* some ten years ago, will need no reintroduction to the authors, whose touch is delicate but firm, and whose style is picturesque and interesting. E. A. T.

THE HUMBOLDT LIBRARY. Nos. 130 and 131. The Origin of the Aryans. By Dr. Isaac Taylor. Illustrated. 498 pp. Nos. 132 and 133. The Evolution of Sex. By Professor Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson. Illustrated. 295 pp. No. 134. The Law of Private Right. By George H. Smith. 92 pp. Nos. 135, 136, 137, and 138. Capital. By Karl Marx. 506 pp. Paper, 30 cents each. No. 139. Lightning, Thunder, and Lightning Conductors. By Gerald Molloy, D. D., D. Sc. Illustrated. 62 pp. No. 140. What is Music? With an Appendix. By Isaac L. Rice. 60 pp. No. 141. Are the Effects of Use and Disuse Inherited? By William Platt Ball. 58 pp. Paper, 15 cents each. New York: The Humbolt Publishing Company. 1890.

"The Humboldt Library," which is to be commended for its careful selection of good scientific literature carefully printed, comes out in a new and pleasing cover. Perhaps the most popular of the works above-named is "The Origin of the Aryans," by Dr. Isaac Taylor. The origin is traced by ethnology instead of the evidence of language, which Max Müller employs, and, guided by this evidence, a European origin is traced for the Aryan race. "The Evolution of Sex" is a thoughtful biological essay founded on the latest facts relating both to the vegetable and animal kingdom. In "What is Music?" is found an interesting discussion of Herbert Spencer's theory set forth in "The Origin and Theory of Music." "*Das Kapital*" of Karl Marx, which has been ably edited by Frederic Engels, is often called on the Continent "The Bible of the Working Class." The author has made a life-long study of the economic problems and conditions of England. Startling light is thrown on child-labor, on the "prolongation of the working-day," and the contrast between time-wages and piece-wages. Marx's book is that of a careful thinker; his conclusions seem forced by the logic of inevitable facts, and the emotions do not dominate the brain. It is a book well worth study by those who are interested in the struggle between labor and capital. E. A. T.

A WASHINGTON BIBLE-CLASS. By Gail Hamilton. 303 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

With Gail Hamilton as chairwoman, Bible talks were held in Washington before a Bible-class first composed of the daughters and wives of cabinet officers and senators, and finally of the men themselves, as well as their families. Much interest was shown, and "A Washington Bible-class" is merely the bright report of the talks and discussions over the interesting questions of theology. The miracles are explained, and difficult questions are discussed in Miss Dodge's spicy and decided way. Though it is a theological work, there is not a dull page in the book. E. A. T.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

JUST LANDED. Puck's Library, No. 41. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1890.

CHOW CHOW. Puck's Library, No. 42. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

COLD DAYS. Puck's Library, No. 43. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

DREAMY HOURS. By Franklyn W. Lee. 80 pp. Stiff paper. St. Paul, Minn.: Sunshine Publishing Co. 1890.

MACAULAY'S SECOND ESSAY ON THE EARL OF CHATHAM. With Notes and a Sketch of Macaulay's Life. By "D. H. M." 91 pp. Paper. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1890.

HER BROTHER DONNARD. By Emily E. Veeder. Illustrated. 274 pp. Cloth. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1890.

A. D. 2000. By Lieutenant Alvarado M. Fuller. Illustrated. 415 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1890.

OLIVER CROMWELL. A Drama. By Thomas Nield. 168 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: The Argyle Press. 1890.

A FLUTTERED DOVECOTE. By George Manville Fenn. Illustrated. 284 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1890.

MARGUERITE. By George De Peyrebrune. Illustrated. 258 pp. Paper, 75 cents. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Belford Company. 1890.

THE THREE SCOUTS. By J. T. Trowbridge. 383 pp. Paper, 60 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1890.

THE AMERICAN PRINTER. A Manual of Typography. By Thomas MacKellar, Ph. D. Seventeenth edition. 983 pp. Cloth, $2.00. Philadelphia: The MacKellar, Smiths, & Jordan Company. 1889.

RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD. By James Whitcomb Riley. 186 pp. Cloth. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. 1891.

UNDER ORDERS: THE STORY OF A YOUNG REPORTER. By Kirk Munroe. Illustrated. 348 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

OPEN SESAME. Edited by Blanche Wilder Bellamy and Maud Wilder Goodwin. Volume III. 361 pp. Cloth, 90 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

How Clipping Bureaus May Serve Authors. — In re-reading the October WRITER to-day, I for the first time noticed one point in Fannie Edgar Thomas' article on "Unbusiness-like Methods of Editors." She very justly complains that "some papers have a habit of printing articles without one word of advice to the writer, who is expected to watch every copy published and use the printed article as a bill," failure to present which means failure to receive payment; she further animadverts on "the tax of watching the daily columns of half a dozen papers all over the states." But there now exist several clipping bureaus, which offer to supply notices and items on any subject, gathered from thousands of papers and magazines, with name and date of publication attached, for an average price of five cents a clipping. Why should not an author, pending the happy time when editors shall live by the golden rule, instruct one of these bureaus to send to him or her everything printed by him or her in certain papers? Any business-like person knows that it is the commonest of things to have to pay for the collection of just debts, and five cents is surely not a heavy tax. I own I have never tried this plan, but I shall — if ever I write for enough papers to make it worth while.

G. L. H.

FORT SCOTT, KAN.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE USES WOMEN MAKE OF THEIR KNOWLEDGE. T. W. Higginson. *Harper's Bazar* for January 31.

A TYPICAL NEWSPAPER MAN (Allan Forman). *Printers' Ink* for January 7.

WILLIAM BLACK. With Portrait. *Book News* for January.

TWELVE GOOD RULES FOR REVIEWERS. Brander Matthews. Reprinted from *Christian Union* in *America* for January 1.

BOOK ILLUSTRATION. Charles C. Marble. *American* (Philadelphia) for January 10.

JACOB A. RIIS. Reprinted from *Christian Union* in *American* (Philadelphia) for January 10.

METHODS OF LITERARY CRITICISM. Arlo Bates. Reprinted from *Book Buyer* in *American* (Philadelphia) for January 10.

GEORGE MEREDITH. *Newsdealer* for January 15.

AUTHORS' BLUNDERS. Reprinted from *London Society* in *Public Opinion* for January 10.

FORMATIVE INFLUENCES. President Timothy Dwight *Forum* for January.

IS VERSE IN DANGER? Edmund Gosse. *Forum* for January.

AMERICAN HYMNOLOGY.—II. *American* (Philadelphia) for January 3.

THE LOTUS SYMBOLISM IN HOMER, THEOCRITUS, MOSCHUS, TENNYSON, AND BROWNING. *Literary Digest* for January 3.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JOURNAL. W. Fraser Roe. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Toronto Week* for January 2.

HENRY SCHLIEMANN DEAD. *Kate Field's Washington* for January 7.

AN OPENING FOR A NEW PERIODICAL (The Waste Basket). Edward Ingle. *Kate Field's Washington* for January 7.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES IN WINTER. Justin Winsor. *Nation* for January 8.

MOULTON'S ANCIENT CLASSICAL DRAMA. *Nation* for January 8.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE (De Musset and Geoffrey of Monmouth). Hamilton N. Mabie. *Christian Union* for January 8.

CHAUCER. Blanche Wilder Bellamy. *Christian Union* for January 8.

THE EDUCATION OF GENIUS. James Sully. *English Illustrated Magazine* for January.

BOOK-BINDING. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. *English Illustrated Magazine* for January.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S POEMS. *Literary World* for January 3.

CARAN D'ACHE. Charles Seymour. *Epoch* for January 2.

THE FIRST SONNET IN ENGLAND. "Sarepta." *Queries Magazine* for January.

SIDNEY LANIER. G. D. Black. *Belford's Magazine* for January.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE. Junius Henri Browne. *Belford's Magazine* for January.

OMAR KHAYYAM. Richard H. Stoddard. *Belford's Magazine* for January.

THE LITERARY DEVELOPMENT OF CALIFORNIA. Gertrude F. Atherton. *Cosmopolitan* for January.

TEACHING GOOD POETRY. Annie J. Willis. *Journal of Education* for December 25.

CALL OFF RUDYARD KIPLING. *America* for December 25.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. Maurice Thompson. *America* for December 25.

THE DECAY OF AMERICAN HUMOR. Reprinted from *Philadelphia Press* in *Public Opinion* for December 13.

A PLEA FOR RHYMED VERSE. James McCarroll. Reprinted from *Belford's Magazine* in *Public Opinion* for December 27.

THE VANITY OF AUTHORS. Reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine* in *Public Opinion* for December 27.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. Robert Underwood Johnson. *Critic* for December 13.

WALTER SCOTT'S GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER. Reprinted from *New York Tribune* in the *Critic* for December 13.

THE ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN ESTRANGEMENT. Reprinted from *Leisure Hour* (London) in the *American* (Philadelphia) for December 27.

THE STORY AS AN EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE. Kate Douglas Wiggin. *American* (Philadelphia) for December 13.

JOURNALISM IN JAIL. An ex-Convict. Reprinted from *North American Review* in *Printers' Ink* for December 24.

THE ART OF AUTHORSHIP. M. W. Hazeltine. *New York Ledger* for January 3.

SIR THOMAS WYATT AND HIS POEMS. George Lyman Kittredge. *Modern Language Notes* for January.

SOME LATER TRANSLATIONS OF GOETHE'S FAUST. W. P. Andrews. *Christian Register* for January 15.

EARLE'S ENGLISH PROSE. *Nation* for January 15.

SONG-WRITING. Reprinted from *London Athenæum* in *Public Opinion* for January 17.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE (Boileau *vs.* Carlyle.) Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for January 15.

SERGIUS STEPNIAK. *Harper's Weekly* for January 17.

A TALK ABOUT SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Churchman* for January 17.

SHAKESPEARE'S UNCANNY CHARACTERS. Louise E. Francis. *Education* for January.

HERBERT HOWE BANCROFT'S WORK. Reprinted from *New York Tribune* in *Literary News* for January.

HORACE GREELEY. Reprinted from *The Congregationalist* for January.

IMPRESSION OF MR. KIPLING. Hugh McCulloch. *Harvard Monthly* for January.

THE GOOD GRAY POET (Walt Whitman). Reprinted from *New York Star* in *Newsdealer* for February 1.

FRANK LESLIE. *Newsdealer* for February 1.

THE HISTORIAN BANCROFT. *The Christian Register* for January 22.

THE STORY OF CÆDMON. "K. F. J." *Churchman* for January 24.

IDEAS AND EDITORS. *National Journalist* for January.

ORIGINAL COVER DESIGN BY ALICE C. MORSE. *American Bookmaker* for January.

A PRINCE OF CRITICS (Georg Brandes). H. H. Boyesen. *Christian Union* for January 24.

GEORGE BANCROFT. *Nation* for January 22.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH.—Part I. Professor William Minto. *Chautauquan* for February.

HEROES AND HEROINES IN FICTION. Maurice Thompson. *America* for January 15.

GETTING OUT A PAPER. Charles Matthews. Reprinted from *Chicago Daily News* in *Printers' Ink* for January 21.

MR. H. O. HOUGHTON ON AMERICAN LITERATURE. *Publishers' Weekly* for January 17.

THE BRAYTON IVES COLLECTION. *Publishers' Weekly* for January 17.

TEN YEARS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. *Critic* for January 17.

MR. HAGGARD'S ROUTE TO MEXICO. *Critic* for January 17.

THE PRESENT ERA OF THE DRAMA. William Gillette. *Kate Field's Washington* for January 21.

GEORGE BANCROFT. With Portrait. "F. B." *Harper's Weekly* for January 24.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF PERSIAN POETRY. James Buckham. *Poet-Lore* for January 15.

LITERARY FACTORS IN TENNYSON'S "ST. AGNES' EVE." Albert L. Cook. *Poet-Lore* for January 15.

SONNETS OF SIR THOMAS WYATT. E. B. Brownlow. *Poet-Lore* for January 15.

BOSTON. *Toronto Week* for January 16.

THE HISTORY OF HISTORICAL WRITING IN AMERICA. James F. Jameson. *New England Magazine* for January.

STATE COPYRIGHT LEGISLATION. *Nation* for January 1.

PEN GOSSIP OF AUTHORS. *American Young Folks* for November.

LOWELL FOR POSTERITY. Melville B. Andrews. *Dial* for January.

CHANCES IN JOURNALISM. Allan Forman. *Louis Lombard* (Utica) for February 15.

ALICE KINGSBURY (Mrs. F. M. Cooley). Di Vernon. *San Francisco News-Letter* for January 24.

NEWS AND NOTES.

An able article on the life and work of the late George Bancroft appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for January 21. A portrait of the great historian, from the painting by Gustav Richter, accompanied the article.

Miss Natalie L. Rice, whose bright story, "A Crack in a Window," appears in the New Year's *Youth's Companion*, is the daughter of Rev. Charles B. Rice, the pastor of the historic First Parish Church in Danvers, and is an artist of some ability.

Jessie C. Glasier, whose "Gaining the Heights" is winning favor with critics and reviewers, is a young girl but little out of her teens, as well as the youngest member of the Woman's Press Club of Cleveland, her home. Inheriting a literary taste and tendency both from her father, a young minister, long since dead, and her mother, herself a well-known writer, Miss Glasier has already made her name familiar to the readers of *St. Nicholas* and numerous other periodicals in which her stories and sketches have from time to time appeared. A residence of seven years in Washington and the friendship of such writers as Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnet have removed all trace of provincialism from her style, and supplied her with the local color she has so effectively made use of in this her first book, concerning which the *Boston Traveller* says: "It is not overpraise to say that it takes high rank among the publications of the present time."

An illustrated paper on "The Portraits of John Ruskin" opens the February number of the *Magazine of Art* (Cassell Publishing Company, New York). Harry Furniss contributes a paper on "The Illustrating of Books," from "the Humorous Artist's Point of View." Drawings by the author illustrate the text most amusingly.

All lovers of art will be interested in *Sun and Shade*, which is issued monthly. No. 27 opens with an engraved portrait of Henry M. Stanley. The best of the photogravures in this number are entitled "Moonlight," "'Twixt Love and Duty," and "On Benner's Hill."

Richard Harding Davis, son of L. Clarke Davis and Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, of Philadelphia, is to be associated with George William Curtis in the editorship of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Davis is only twenty-six years old. He studied at Lehigh University and at Johns Hopkins, and was a journalist in Philadelphia for three years. Since his return from a trip to Europe in 1889 he has been a special writer on the *New York Sun*. He has written for the magazines stories that have made him prominent.

Hon. E. Firmin is the author of "Last Follies," an anti-prohibition drama published under the pseudonym, "George Maskoff."

Essays offered in competition for the two prizes offered by the American Economic Association must not exceed 25,000 words, and must be in the hands of the secretary before November 15, 1891. The prizes are $300 and $200, and the subject is "The Housing of the Poor in American Cities." While attention is to be confined chiefly to American cities, foreign cities and their experience may be treated, and any lessons derived therefrom pointed out.

The short story prizes offered by the *Toronto Week* were awarded as follows: First prize, $50, to Alice Jones, Halifax, N. S.; second prize, $30, to Christina R. Frame, Selma, N. S.; third prize, $20, to Emily McManus, Odessa, Ont.; fourth prize, $10, to Jessie M. Freeland, Brockville, Ont.

The cleverest designer of book covers in this country is said to be a Miss Morse, of Brooklyn. She is the designer of the finest work in this line for Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., the Harpers, the Putnams, and others, and her taste is held to be as exquisite as her skill is great.

The *Critic* of January 24 contains a sketch of the life of Bancroft, an account of his funeral, and a criticism of his history. In its issue of January 31 there is a considerable amount of Bancroftiana, including Professor Sloane's account of the late historian's interview with Goethe and Byron, as recorded some time since in the *Century*, the facts having been obtained from Mr. Bancroft's own lips.

Mrs. Alden — "Pansy" — is wintering at her usual cold-weather home, Winter Park, Fla.

William O. Stoddard, the successful writer of boys' books, was at one time private secretary to President Lincoln.

The vigorous, intellectual, and practical character of the *Popular Science Monthly* is well shown in the contents of the February issue. In the opening article, entitled "From Babel to Comparative Philology," Dr. Andrew D. White tells how science has compelled the gradual abandonment of the belief that Hebrew was the first language of man. Another article of special interest is "Greeting by Gesture," by Colonel Garrick Mallery. The editor makes a strong plea for international copyright on the ground of common honesty.

With the January (1891) number of the *Magazine of Poetry* (Buffalo, N. Y.) was published a complete bibliographical list of all poetry published in book form during 1890 in the English language.

Fifteen minutes before midnight after the Fitzsimmons-Dempsey prize fight the *New York Evening Sun* issued and sold a special edition of 14,000 copies containing a description of the encounter.

Miss Josephine Roache, whose thoughtful paper on "The Workingman in the Modern Novel" was recently delivered at a meeting of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, is teacher of English literature in the Lynn High School, and has written some pleasant poems.

In its usual valuable review of the books of the year, the *Publishers' Weekly* shows that there were 4,559 books published in the United States in 1890 — within 117 of the number published in 1886, the largest on record. Of these, 3,080 are new books; 2,800 were by American authors, and 733 were reprints, 500 of these being paper-bound novels. The 4,559 books were divided among these classes: Fiction, 1,118; theology and religion, 467; law, 458; juvenile, 408; education and language, 399; biography and memoirs, 218; literary history and miscellany, 183; political and social science, 183; poetry and the drama, 168; description and travel, 162; history, 153; fine arts and illustrated books, 135; useful arts, 133; medical science and hygiene, 117; physical and mathematical science, 93; sports and amusements, 82; humor and satire, 42; domestic and rural, 29; mental and moral philosophy, 11.

F. G. Barry has sold his monthly magazine, *College and School*, to Louis Lombard, of Utica, N. Y. The next number will appear February 15, with its name changed to the *Louis Lombard*. The literary character of *College and School* will be maintained, but it will no longer be an exclusively educational journal.

General Mortimer D. Legget, ex-commissioner of patents, whose "A Modern Prophet" is the latest contribution to the world-as-it-might-be-improved literature, brings to his new field of authorship, not the mere enthusiasm of a visionary, but the ripeness of years and experience, the trained and balanced mind of a practical man of affairs, and an unusually wide acquaintance with men and events, gained along his successive successful lines of work as a teacher, lawyer, soldier, and government official. Of Quaker ancestry, the influence of which may be seen in his picture of the religion of Mars, — whereon he has located his improved social condition, — and a graceful speaker as well as writer, he has written a book which is the result of no sudden impulse, but the slow growth of thoughtful years, during which it has been his companion on many a railway journey, as well as the occupation of the leisure moments in his busy life.

Bowen & Son, Springfield, Mass., have bought of Clark W. Bryan & Co., the original publishers, all interest in the edition and plates of "Massachusetts in the War," by James L. Bowen, and are henceforth to publish the work.

The first original article by Count Tolstoï ever published in an American magazine appears in the February *Cosmopolitan*, with a number of interesting photographic reproductions, one of them being a picture of Tolstoï guiding a plow in his Russian fields. Brander Matthews appears with his first article upon "Some Latter-day Humorists."

The publication of the *American* (Philadelphia) has been suspended. The last number issued was dated January 10, 1891. The *American* was in its twenty-first volume and its suspension has caused general surprise.

Harper's Bazar for January 30 contained a comedy in one act, entitled "The Reporter," written by W. G. van Tassel Sutphen, which will exasperate all newspaper men who take pride in their profession.

R. H. Stoddard contributes to *Lippincott's* for February a delightful paper upon the poet-painter, Thomas Buchanan Read. This article is one of a most valuable series of papers upon American authors, which Mr. Stoddard is contributing to this magazine.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for February contains the conclusion of Dr. Andrew D. White's paper, "From Babel to Comparative Philology"; also that of Professor Huxley's discussion of "The Aryan Question and Prehistoric Man." "Iron Smelting by Modern Methods" and "Greeting by Gesture" are two other especially interesting articles in this number. The *Popular Science Monthly* always contains articles of immediate interest and permanent value.

The living corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac and its chief of staff have written for the *North American Review* a series of articles, giving their reminiscences of the Battle of Gettysburg. The contributors are Generals Howard, Slocum, Sickles, Butterfield, Wright, Newton, Gregg, and Doubleday, and His Royal Highness the Count of Paris.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. V. BOSTON, MARCH, 1891. No. 3.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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GETTING INTO PRINT.

Doubtless, there are among the readers of THE WRITER many persons to whom a plan of campaign for "getting into print" would prove interesting reading.

Taking it for granted that journalism is a school of literature, it would seem advisable for the young aspirant to literary fame to enter that field before looking elsewhere. Certain it is that there he will stand more chance of success. Metropolitan daily papers are always willing to pay for well-written "specials" of local interest, and to an observant person it is no difficult matter to procure material for such articles, as there is always something going on in large cities to inspire him with ideas.

A "special" writer, or "space worker," should be well informed on all local matters. He should read the daily papers carefully, spend a great deal of his time in the street, visit parks and public institutions, attend police court trials, in fact be everywhere and see everything that is likely to be useful in writing his sketches. Such writers carry note-books, and never fail to record anything that may be of future service to them.

When the novice has found something that he thinks suitable for an article or sketch, he should get to work at once and put his ideas together. The introduction to his article should be short and to the point, giving a good idea of what is embodied in the remainder of it. The editor of a daily paper has no time to waste on "long-winded" introductions, nor will he do so; and unless an article is from a regular contributor, if an introduction does not lead him to believe that it is of interest to his readers, he will decorate it with his initials ("N. G.") forthwith. But if he reads on, using his blue pencil the while, your "copy" will stand a fair chance of being sent to the composing-room.

On whatever subject you may be writing, not a single sentence should be lacking in interest. Regarding the length of the article, you must use your own judgment, and that must be good. Don't waste your time in "coloring" your article, and do not moralize. People who like

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this kind of reading do not look for it in daily papers.

Another point to be considered is the closing of your article. When you have said all you have to say, close your article as quickly as possible, being careful, however, not to do so abruptly, or the article will seem unfinished.

Preparing copy for the daily press is also attended with its peculiarities. It makes little difference what quality of paper is used; the cheapest kind of print paper is used by most reporters. Neither does the size of the paper make any material difference, about 6 x 9 inches, however, being preferable to other sizes. Begin your article about half way down the page, thus leaving ample room for headings. Most newspaper men number the first page as well as the succeeding pages of their copy. This should always be done when more than one article is submitted at the same time. Write with a pencil, and do not be particular about using an eraser every time you make a mistake. Cancel wrongly-written words with your pencil, and go ahead. Newspaper copy need not be as dainty as a maiden's love-letter.

When your manuscript is ready for the editor, write your name and address on the first page, and send it to the editor's office by a messenger or take it yourself. If you do take it yourself, don't bore the editor by telling him what it is and who you are, but place it on his desk, saying that it is offered for sale, and depart. Leave a stamped and addressed envelope for the return of the article if it is not accepted; and if it comes back to you, try it somewhere else. Keep on writing.

After you have had, say, half a dozen "specials" published, your name as well as your ability will be known to the editor, and that would be the time for you to apply for a position on the regular staff. At any rate, you will probably be assigned to some extra work, and if you prove competent, you will be called upon to fill the first vacancy. After that everything will be easy sailing.

It is not the intention of this article to encourage young men to enter into the already over-crowded field of literature, but simply to point out one of the many paths which lead to the pinnacle of literary fame and fortune.

John H. Reed.

CHICAGO, Ill.

SOME NOTES ON THE SONNET.

One of the most enduring and interesting, yet one of the most difficult, forms of English verse in proportion to its length is the sonnet. Hundreds of would-be poets have essayed it, and yet very few, outside of those who make poetry their vocation, have achieved any measure of remarkable or lasting success in its composition. I have lately become interested in the technical side of sonnet making, and a list of the books that I have consulted may perhaps prove of value to some readers of THE WRITER.

Perhaps one of the most interesting books, — interesting because written by a poet who had considerable success in writing sonnets, and whose beautiful little sonnet on "The Grasshopper and the Cricket" was pronounced by Keats to be superior to his own sonnet on the same subject, both being the result of a friendly wager, — a book which is written in a pleasant, chatty style, and yet conveys a vast amount of information, is Leigh Hunt's "Book of the Sonnet," with an addendum by S. Adams Lee, containing numerous sonnets by American authors. Hunt's "Book" has a prefatory essay on the sonnet, 131 pages in length, including the preface on "American Sonnets and Sonneteers," to which about thirty-five pages are devoted. Hunt's book is particularly valuable on account of the author's wide acquaintance with Italian literature, which enables him to

trace the growth and development of the English sonnet from its Italian sources, and to show how the former differs in its development from its parent stock. Hunt's rules, too, for writing sonnets are well worth the attention of young poets.

Of course, it is understood that every sonnet must contain fourteen decasyllabic lines. A few sonnets have been composed in Alexandrines, notably that beautiful one by Sir Philip Sidney that begins the "Astrophel and Stella" series, and the conclusion of which contains that striking and often-quoted sentiment, which is particularly applicable to young authors: —

Fool! said my Muse to me, look in thy heart, and write.

But, as a rule, a final Alexandrine is as much license as the poet should permit himself to take. A few beautiful sonnets, remarkable for lightness and rapidity of effect, have been composed in the tripping octosyllabic metre, the same as Milton used in his "L'Allegro." Perhaps John Payne's

Bring wreaths and crown the golden hours,

quoted in Samuel Waddington's "Sonnets by Living English Writers," is the most successful. Another unusual variety of the sonnet, which Edmund Gosse has used with beautiful and striking effect, is the dialogue sonnet "Alcyone" contained in his "New Poems." A sonnet composed according to the usual rules, but having feminine rhymes, and thereby coming into closer affinity with its parent form, often produces a beautiful, and, in English, a somewhat unusual melodic effect. Perhaps one of the most striking in its classic thought and haunting melody is Andrew Lang's sonnet "Bion," which Waddington quotes: —

The wail of Moschus on the mountains crying.

This sonnet, however, does not adhere to the strict Italian form.

It may be worth while to inquire what is the strict form of the sonnet and what are the laws that should govern its composition. Leigh Hunt's rules are direct, and, although they do not cover the whole ground, are very valuable as far as they go. They are as follows: —

I. The sonnet, in order to be a perfect work of art and no compromise with a difficulty, must be a legitimate sonnet after the proper Italian fashion; that is to say, with but two rhymes to the octave (the first eight lines) and not more than three in the sestet (the last six).

II. It must confine itself to one leading idea, thought, or feeling.

III. It must treat this one leading idea, thought, or feeling in such a manner as to leave in the reader's mind no sense of irrelevancy or insufficiency.

IV. It must not have a speck of obscurity.

V. It must not have a forced rhyme.

VI. It must not have a superfluous word.

VII. It must not have a word too little; that is to say, an omission of a word or words, for the sake of convenience.

VIII. It must not have a word out of place.

IX. It must have no very long word or any other that tends to lessen the number of accents, and so weaken the verse.

X. Its rhymes must be properly varied and contrasted, and not beat upon the same vowel.

XI. Its music, throughout, must be as varied as it is suitable; more or less strong or sweet, according to the subject; but never weak or monotonous, unless monotony itself be the effect intended.

XII. It must increase, or, at all events, not decline, in interest to its close.

XIII. The close must be equally impressive and unaffected; not epigrammatic, unless where the subject warrants it, or where point of that kind is desirable; but simple, conclusive, and satisfactory; strength being paramount, where such elevation is natural, otherwise on a level with the serenity; flowing in calmness, or grand in the manifestation of power withheld.

Some other additional rules for the composition of the sonnet are given by William Sharp in his charming little compilation, "Sonnets of This Century," published by Walter Scott, of London, in 1886. In his "Critical Introduction," which occupies about eighty pages, Mr. Sharp considers the characteristics and history of the sonnet, and gives what he calls the "Ten Commandments of the Sonnet," as follows: —

I. The sonnet must consist of fourteen decasyllabic lines.

II. Its octave, or major system, whether or not this be marked by a pause in the cadence after the eighth line, must (unless cast in the Shakespearian mould) follow a prescribed

arrangement in the rhyme-sounds — namely, the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines must rhyme on the same sound, and the second, third, sixth, and seventh on another.

III. Its sestet, or minor system, may be arranged with more freedom, but a rhymed couplet at the close is allowable *only* when the form is the English, or Shakespearian.

IV. No terminal should also occur in any portion of any other line in the same system; and the rhyme-sounds (1) of the octave should be harmoniously at variance, and (2) the rhyme-sounds of the sestet should be entirely distinct in intonation from those of the octave.

V. It must have no slovenliness of diction, no weak or indeterminate terminations, no vagueness of conception, and no obscurity.

VI. It must be absolutely complete in itself — *i. e.*, it must be the evolution of *one* thought, or *one* emotion, or *one* poetically-apprehended fact.

VII. It should have the characteristic of apparent inevitableness, and in expression be ample, yet reticent. It must not be forgotten that dignity and repose are essential qualities of a true sonnet.

VIII. The continuity of the thought, idea, or emotion must be unbroken throughout.

IX. Continuous sonority must be maintained from the first phrase to the last.

X. The end must be more impressive than the commencement.

It will be readily seen that if all these rules are followed by the young poet, the practice of sonnet-writing is a valuable one, whether the product be worth little or much. Unity is demanded; there can be no straggling; logical development of thought is called for, leading from the less to the greater, from the symbol to the thing signified. An ample and sonorous vocabulary is required; every word must be picked and chosen, a gem carefully set. A musical ear is also requisite, for the rhymes are few and must be pleasing. Then, too, dignity of motif is an essential feature, for the sonnet does not readily lend its music to anything trivial. Above all, brevity, the soul of wit and of good writing, is an absolute necessity. Add to this a cultivated mind continually refreshed by the "springs that from old Parnassus flow," and, if possible, refreshed from the fountain-source of the sonnet, the love-poems of Dante, Petrarch, Michael Angelo, and Tasso, and it is readily seen that sonnet-writing is no mean task.

Besides the books already mentioned, some of which are most likely to be helpful to the lover of this form of verse, are the following: —

David M. Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets." Extends from Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503–1542) to the death of Oliver Madox Brown in 1874. This is the most complete anthology of English sonnets, and its value to the student is very great, both on account of the great number of sonnets contained (more than 500), their careful chronological arrangement, by which the development of the sonnet form can be traced, and their copious notes.

T. Hall Caine's "Sonnets of Three Centuries." Very highly recommended by the Professors of the English Department at Harvard. A careful chronological arrangement, covering about the same period as Main's book. The prefatory essay is especially devoted to the Shakespearian and Miltonic sonnets, and contains a strong plea for the legitimacy of the English sonnet with couplet ending. This sonnet Mr. Caine believes to be indigenous.

Charles Tomlinson's "The Sonnet, its Origin, etc., with Original Translations from the Sonnets of Dante, Petrarch, etc." This work is a careful and delightful treatise on the Italian sonnet, written in scholarly style, and gives the best statement of what the "Petrarchan," or strict Italian, sonnet is. Published in London by John Murray, 1874.

Capel Lofft's "Laura: an Anthology." Five volumes. Published in England in 1813. These volumes are not very carefully edited, but contain many sonnets, both English and translated from the Italian.

Dennis' "English Sonnets" and Dyce's small volume have also some interest.

The most exhaustive book on "English Metres," written with the thorough care of a German scholar, is Dr. A. G. Schipper's "*Englische Metrik*." The English sonnet, with numerous illustrative examples, is carefully discussed in the second portion of the last volume. This book has never been translated,

and probably never will be, on account of its technical character, which makes it appeal to a small audience of cultured scholars, but it is well worth careful study in the original. Since the duty is removed on foreign books, it can be imported for $7.50.

Gilbert Conway's "Treatise on Versification," published in London about ten years ago, has a few valuable pages devoted to the sonnet, and Tom Hood's "Rhymester," edited by Arthur Penn and published by the Appletons, has a pleasant, though not very exhaustive, chapter devoted to this form of lyric poetry.

Numerous magazine articles also have been devoted to the sonnet; among them may be mentioned two fine anonymous articles in the *Quarterly Review* for 1876, another suggestive study, also anonymous, in the *Westminster Review* for 1871, as well as two able papers on sonnet-literature in the *Dublin Review* for 1876 and 1877. Ashcroft Noble's article in the *Contemporary Review* also is noticeable, and the edition of Milton by Mark Pattison and that of Wordsworth by Archbishop French are both prefaced by interesting and helpful essays on the sonnet.

Not so much has been written in America, but a series of scholarly essays, showing wide reading, by "Sarepta," in the *Toronto Week*, some fourteen in number, which began in the spring of 1890, have attracted considerable attention. The same author has also written for the *Queries Magazine*.

American sonnets have come to the front of late in the two volumes published last December by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. The smaller and more carefully edited one, "American Sonnets," compiled by T. W. Higginson and Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, contains but a brief introduction, but the collection is choice. The larger book, "Representative Sonnets by American Poets," contains an eighty-nine-page essay on the sonnet, illustrated by many examples from Italian and English literature. Both these compilations are alphabetically arranged, and a brief biographical appendix adds value to that of Mr. Crandall.

Of sonnets themselves, of course Shakespeare's merit careful study. A neat little edition is published in the Canterbury Poets Series for forty cents.

Sir Philip Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella" series merits careful attention, as these were really the first pure Italian sonnets produced in England. Spenser's "Amoretti" are usually bound up with his works. Drummond's sonnets are very Italian in character and pleasing in sentiment, and Thomas Lodge in his "Diana" wrote a few very musical sonnets, well worth studying for their beauty of form, as is Drayton's celebrated sonnet,

> Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part.

This latter sonnet is Shakespearian in rhyme, but Italian in the thought division.

The age of Pope and Dryden, the classical Augustan age, had no sonneteers, but with the beginning of the nineteenth century the sonnet seemed to take a new lease of life. Wordsworth's sonnets, though numerous, are well worthy careful study. Mrs. Browning's burning sonnets "From the Portuguese," cast in the Italian form, are masterpieces of power and concentration. Hartley Coleridge and Tennyson Turner's sonnets are picturesque and beautiful. The most wonderful series of contemporary sonnets, remarkable not less for beauty of sound than for deep thought, are contained in Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "House of Life." His sister's sonnets are scarcely less remarkable for their self-abnegation, and a living writer, Mrs. Alice Maynell, was pronounced by Rossetti to have written in "Renouncement" the most touching sonnet by a living woman writer. This, together with many other fine sonnets, may be found in the volume, "Women Poets of Victorian Era," just edited and brought out by Mrs. William Sharp in the "Canterbury Poets Series," price forty cents. Matthew Arnold's sonnets, contained in his complete works, are also well worth reading for their lofty ethical import; they have a Miltonic atmosphere.

Among the most striking among recent American sonnets are Arlo Bates' "Sonnets in Shadow." Some delightful translations from Petrarch and Dante have been made by Colonel Higginson, closely following the rhyme-scheme of the original. Aldrich and Gilder are masters of the Italian sonnet form, but the Amer-

ican poet who probably wrote the classical Italian sonnet with the greatest ease was Longfellow. His six sonnets on "*La Divina Commedia*" are wonderful examples of word-music.

A young Canadian poet, who is coming rapidly to the front, and has transfused into the Italian form the dominant American spirit, is Archibald Lampman, whose sonnets are strong and sonorous, and have the "ebb and flow" of the ocean that Theodore Watts so strongly insists upon as a necessity of sonnet form. His "Railway," contained in Mr. Crandall's "Representative Sonnets," embodies a noble thought, and is a veritable addition to sonnet literature.

It is impossible, in this hasty sketch, even to mention scores of sonneteers equally worthy of notice, but a study of those already mentioned may do much to aid and encourage the lover of this little form of enduring verse.

Emily A. Thackray.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TECHNICAL READING FOR WRITERS.

The questions which many young literary aspirants have sent to THE WRITER for reply, asking aid and advice, have led me thoughtfully to consider how much and what I have gained, in an experience of twenty years of scribbling, from what may be termed technical reading. I find so much of good as to theories, and so many lessons of patience and hopefulness, that I am tempted to ask THE WRITER to give a place to my record of "hints that have helped me." Until within a few years these were rarely to be had except in some cases where a veteran author or journalist took a young aspirant under his wing, but of late, as the time became ripe for them, books and articles upon technical subjects with regard to authors' work have increased, and are helpful to many. There were three which first claimed my attention — an article by Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock), and a little book containing two lectures, one by Walter Besant and the other by Henry James, called "The Art of Fiction." These are encouraging and helpful guides to short-story and fiction writing generally. Besant's article particularly treats of the three essentials — the art of description, the art of observation, and the study of character; and the reader is truly convinced how necessary are all three to graphic fiction writing. It is to Besant's article I owe the practice of what he calls reading backward — that is, forgetting the absorption of the story and studying the way a novel is built. Among the books to be so studied he suggests Holmes' "Elsie Venner," Black's "Daughter of Heth," and several others.

"How to Climb the Ladder of Journalism," a book which first appeared as a serial in the *Journalist*, is an aid to those who desire to be good newspaper writers. It shows clearly that there is no "royal road." It is steady climb all the way, but less crowded as an advance is made. The way to begin is clearly shown, and that is often half the battle. It teaches a lesson of patience when a three-column article, at so much a thousand words, is cut down half, and the rest thrown into the waste basket; but it is good discipline. The next attempt will be the better for it. It is the faint heart that kills.

"Writing for the Press," by Robert Luce, is a book no writer, experienced or inexperienced, should be without.

"The Trade of Authorship," which has had so large and well-deserved a sale, is a full and clear guide as to ways and means, both to write and to publish. Many details, which have been learned by some of us through bitter experience, are there made plain, and even a novice need make no mistakes.

There is no occupation so self-deceptive as literature as applied to writing for the press. One is so apt to think that the thought put into

print is the one the world has waited for, and that no other pen has told the same tale.

Remember, the world mental is like the world natural, and the wave theory works in one as in the other. Your thought is but the reflex action of a surge of thought, and your discovery belongs to some one else equally with you. The one who succeeds in reaching the ear of the world is received, the rest are rejected, and "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

The books and articles I have mentioned have been of great assistance to me, but when —and, alas! it is often — I am utterly discouraged and cast down in mind and spirit I take a bound volume of THE WRITER or THE AUTHOR, —a bound one is such an accumulation of sympathy, — and read, as the children say, "right straight ahead," and I soon begin to wonder at the infinite patience and enduring perseverance of many, known more to fame than I ever hope to be, and who, it seems to me, have been willing to record their struggles, disappointments, and successes especially for my benefit. I return to my desk, scourging myself for daring to despair, and I gather one great thought which has seemed to throb through the whole volume. If your heart is in your work, you will cling to it in spite of everything.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. *Mrs. A. M. Payne.*

THE VALUE OF DEPARTMENTAL LITERATURE.

In the January number of THE WRITER (page 9) appears an editorial paragraph deploring the yearly waste of the public money by the United States Government in printing "valueless documents," and citing the case of a certain state senator of Massachusetts who illumined his backyard with a bonfire of "300 or 400 volumes which a paternal government had forced upon him." THE WRITER expresses the opinion that the money thus wasted on public documents would be better expended in aiding struggling authors of merit to get their thoughts before the literary world.

It is not stated what reports made up the senator's bonfire, but it is quite likely that he destroyed some which were by no means valueless. For, to speak first of the monetary consideration, it is a fact that many of the government's publications have an actual market value, and buying and selling them is a regular branch of the book trade in Washington. Back numbers of the *Official Gazette* of the Patent Office bear a price which would be considered fair for any second-hand books. This publication, by the way, is not distributed gratuitously; its subscription price is five dollars per annum, and its interest and value to the noble army of inventors throughout the country can scarcely be overestimated. It is a handsome weekly, containing the specifications of all the patents issued during the week, with reduced drawings; decisions of the commissioner of patents; and certain decisions of the courts in patent cases. These last, of course, render it indispensable to to the patent attorneys throughout the United States, whose name is legion.

The consular reports, issued periodically by the Department of State, are also of great interest and value. Like the *Official Gazette* of the Patent Office, they have a market value in certain cases, some of the older volumes being worth, I am credibly informed by those who have attempted to purchase them, one dollar a volume. As the name indicates, they contain the observations of our consular representatives abroad on a great variety of economic questions; and while it is not contended that all are of equal value, many, if not most of them, embody facts and figures of much interest to the political economist, not accessible in any other form. The titles of a few, selected at random, will show the range taken by these reports. "Public Libraries in Great Britain," "Tobacco in Egypt," "Organized Labor in New Zealand," "Irish Agriculture," and "The Australasian Wool Trade," though not to be classed as liter-

ature, perhaps, are of great value to many students in economic subjects, and frequently to merchants and importers as well.

A type of the government's scientific publications is the monthly bulletin published by the Division of Entomology in the Agricultural Department. This is a tastefully gotten up periodical, often illustrated, and its monthly edition of five thousand copies is scattered, literally, over the face of the earth. It goes regularly to India, Australia, South Africa, and all the more important European countries, and the avidity with which its articles on the economic side of the science of entomology are copied into the agricultural journals of this country and England shows the estimation in which it is held by the editors of such journals, who, of course, like other editors, are trying to supply what their readers want. Certain back numbers of this publication also have been long out of print, and cannot be supplied, though the demand for them has never ceased.

A significant fact in this connection is that now, when a citizen writes for a copy of any particular report or document, he will, in most cases, be asked to show what interest he has in the subject. If he can show why he wants it, and it is not out of print, he will generally get it, but nearly all bureaus publishing reports now discourage the indiscriminate distribution of their documents to every idle inquirer. This is as it should be, for experience has shown that nearly always there are enough real students interested to absorb all the copies that can be spared.

But their money value is, after all, the weightiest evidence in favor of the contention that all government reports are not worthless, and the additional fact that in Washington two large dealers in second-hand books make a specialty of their sale proves conclusively that at least some portion of our departmental literature should be saved from the fate of the Massachusetts senator's library of "Pub. Docs." *Robert M. Reese.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

NEWS ITEMS AND SHORT STORIES.

One of the first newspaper lessons that the editor gave me was: "You are not obliged to tell all you know." Much of the skill of an accomplished writer lies in knowing what not to say. In the most trifling item a trained reporter furnishes a good illustration of what every literary worker must do. His first task is to select from among a score of facts the exact point of interest. He aims for the bull's-eye, and, having sighted it, thenceforth sees nothing else. If the rings on the target are still present, it is merely as they surround the point to which his shot goes.

A horse runs away and just misses running over a child. The horse belongs to a naturalized alderman, the child to a Protestant clergyman. Next morning the Democratic newspaper will have an item about the alderman's horse, the Republican paper, one about the minister's child.

Both reporters are right, for each has focussed on his own readers' interest and curiosity. Neither will give much space to the vehicle, unless it is badly damaged, or pay much attention to the course of the run. Surely neither will tell the age of the horse, or who owned him before, or what school the child attended, or whether his mother knew he was out.

If, however, the reporter of either paper is a fresh recruit just come to reinforce the ranks of journalism, he will write a couple of stickfuls of stuff like the above, and learn something when he looks for it next morning and finds the five lines into which the city editor has mercifully boiled it down.

Now, an item is a short story. What else is

it? Then it follows that writing short stories and news items are parallel tasks, so far as method is concerned.

A good item is just two things. One is a well-selected truth, the other its setting at such an angle as to make it striking. What else is a sketch or short story? Dickens was not the only novelist who served his apprenticeship in itemizing.

Now, to make all this practical, I suggest the following plan. Take a newspaper that furnishes good models, — for example, the *Springfield Republican*, — and study its news method until you can feel the sense of it in your bones. Notice how much it omits that you would have said. See what it selects as the real point of news. Then find how it arranges the matter so as to make this point the salient one, and brings in every subordinate thing it uses in such a way as to make it precisely tributary to this. Observe how all tends to one conclusion.

Then turn to the shorter articles in the *Youth's Companion*, the short, interesting narratives, that, if they related to recent occurrences, would be news items. Observe the similarity of method, and note how readily matter from either paper could take its place in the columns of the other. Try the same experiment with the "Easy Chair," in *Harper's*.

Then take "Æsop's Fables," the parables and other paragraphs in the gospels, with passages from "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe," and make a similar comparison.

By this time, the method of the reporter, carried on into reports that are not news, may be sufficiently grasped to enable you to take a paragraph, or even a chapter, out of some novel of unquestioned rank, and study it in the same way. Lastly, do the same with the whole of a first-rate short story, or, rather, with a dozen of them.

Whether after this you can write good short stories yourself remains to be seen, but your chances of doing it are much improved. Even if you discover that you are worth more to the world writing on some other lines, you will still be sure to write better for this study which you have done. You will have learned not to vex editors and manuscript readers by little, useless detours in which you say what does not need to be said and does not push along the argument of your essay, or make your story move on toward the end.

NORTH BILLERICA, Mass. *Julius Robinson.*

MY MASCULINE NOM DE PLUME.

In my early literary career I became firmly possessed of the idea that male writers received more pay for their work than we of the other sex. I often regretted not having chosen a masculine *nom de plume;* not that I expected to become a second George Eliot, or even a Charles Egbert Craddock, but I fancied my success would have been greater than under my own name, and my pocketbook proportionately heavier.

The more I thought and studied over the subject, the firmer became my conviction that I had missed a plain road to fame and wealth. At last I decided to try one story, at least, under a masculine name. I selected what I thought one of my best and sent it to a periodical to which I had never contributed, though I had several times seen my stories in its columns, reprinted from other papers and magazines.

I had repeatedly seen the statement published by them that they paid more for literary matter than any similar publication in the country, so I felt sure I should receive a generous check — much larger, at least, than I had ever had before.

I sent the story, with my usual letter, to the effect that, "if found suitable for their paper, I

should be pleased to have them use it at their usual rates," etc.

Nearly two months passed and I had heard nothing from it, when one day I accidentally picked up a copy of the paper several weeks old, and the first thing my eyes rested upon was my story. Nearly a month since its publication, and no check received!

I am too much of a business woman to let the matter rest without investigation, so I sent a polite note reminding them that I had not been paid. Two weeks passed and no reply. I wrote again, stating that "the story had been sent with the understanding that it was to be paid for, but over a month had passed since its publication and nothing had been received."

A few days later came the answer. I opened the letter, eager to see the amount of the check it contained. At the first hasty glance I read $20.

"That's a little more than half what I should have received had I sent it to ——— ——— under my own name," I said in disgust, tossing the check down.

"But it is n't $20," said E——, picking it up and looking at it carefully.

"What is it then? There's a '2,' sure," and a vision of a "2" with two "00's" attached flitted through my mind. "Can it be 200?" I looked again. Yes, it was 200 — just *two hundred cents!* Two dollars for a story which would have brought me $35 at the rates I had received elsewhere under my own name.

I presume it is unnecessary to add that I have sent no more stories to that particular paper, nor have I ever again used a masculine *nom de plume.*

Jennie Porter Arnold.

HARTFORD, CONN.

THE CORRECT USE OF WORDS.

Some years ago I was engaged in turning over the pages of an unabridged dictionary, in search of a word of the meaning of which I was in doubt, when an editorial friend came in, and chaffed me concerning my knowledge of word-definition.

"The most useful book for an author to possess is a big dictionary," he said; "provided, of course, that he will make diligent and constant use of it. Nine-tenths of the writers of the day, including even the most distinguished, are very hazy in their ideas concerning the exact meaning of many of the words they use. For instance, take so common a word as 'commodious'; though I presume, of course, that *you* know its exact meaning."

"Oh, certainly," said I, smiling confidently. "It means spacious, roomy."

"Ah, just look it up, please."

I turned to the word in my dictionary, and discovered that "commodious" was not there defined as spacious, roomy; and for the first time in my life my faith in Webster wavered

"As a story-writer, of course, you have used the expression 'a buxom lass now entered the room.'"

"Oh, yes."

"What is your idea of the meaning of the word 'buxom'?"

"Plump, stout, possessing *embonpoint*," I rejoined. "Why, every reader, to say nothing of every writer, knows the meaning of 'buxom.'"

"Well; just look it up."

I did look it up; and my confidence in Webster ran out like the ebb of a flood-tide.

Seriously, I was dumbfounded. If I did not know the definition of two such words as "commodious" and "buxom," how inexact must be my knowledge of many less common words, whose meaning until this moment I would doubtless have confidently asserted my knowledge of!

The ability to speak or write the English language with precision is an invaluable accom-

plishment that all educated persons should strive to attain. And it can be attained only by the exercise of vigilance and by a willingness to search out the definitions of words regarding the meaning of which we have the least doubt. Always when reading have a dictionary near at hand, and mark down for reference such words as you come across that strike you as being used in a sense that you do not fully understand. Do not be satisfied with guessing at the meaning of words. Read to improve the fulness and precision of your vocabulary.

There are a number of words that can scarcely be used wrongly, yet the exact meaning of which is often unknown to those that speak or write them. "Condign," "cogent," "invidious," are three words of this class. Many use the expressions, "condign punishment," "cogent reason," "invidious comparison," without knowing the precise meaning of the qualifying words. Again, there are certain words that have a similarity of structure, and one is apt to infer therefrom a similarity in meaning. Many thus suppose that "vocation" and "avocation" are synonymous, although, really, they are quite different in meaning. Appended is a select list of words, the definitions of which the reader will do well to look up and impress on his mind: —

Avocation, ambient, allocation, asperse, apposite, abrogate, archives, autonomy, apocalypse, aphelion, achromatic, amorphous, apostasy.

Bucolic, bellicose, bedight, bibacious.

Corollary, cogent, condign, cursory, canon, contravene, cacophony.

Derogate, desultory, descant, dereliction, dissimulation, didactic, dynamics, diaphanous, depositary, depository.

Esoteric, erudite, eligible, empirical, exordium, exegesis, eremite, euphony, empyreal.

Fugacious, fortuitous.

Hierarchy, homiletic, hebdomadal.

Invidious, igneous, inanity, insular, itinerant, illicit, incarnate, incipient, insuperable, interstice, irrefragable, impugn, incorrigible, interregnum, insidious.

Mete, monad, millennium, microcosm, mural.

Nascent, neophite, nullity.

Oligarchy, omniscient, orient, occident.

Perennial, periphery, pusillanimity, perihelion, peptic, pedantic, paraphrase, proscribe, polemics, perspicacity, perspicuity, pestiferous, parity, plenary, potential, predatory, puerile, promogeniture, punctilious, punitive, prescience.

Quintessence, quotidian.

Recusant, reprisal, rescind.

Specious, sacerdotal, sedition, segregate, sublunary, sudorific, somnific, statics, solstice, sinister, sinuosity, sidereal, serrated, sophism, surreptitious, salient, senile.

Tacit, tantamount, tangible, tenet, terse, trite, tumid, terraqueous, terruginous.

Unique, unctious.

Venal, valetudinarian, vicarious, vitreous, vivify, voluble. *Warden Maylowe.*

BOSTON, MASS.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL WRITERS' CONVENTION.

am unable to vouch for the following report, but it is taken from a recent issue of the *Scribbleville* (Mass.) *Daily Intelligencer and Literary Bulletin*, in good faith.

The first annual convention of the "Association of the Struggling Writers of America" opened yesterday morning at 10 o'clock in the assembly room connected with the palatial hotel in this place, of which the genial H. Ash is the popular landlord. Delegates were present from nearly every state in the Union and some of the territories. Many writers of less than the average ability were unable to be present for various reasons, of which transportation was not one of the least, and their absence was sincerely regretted.

After a social hour of general introductions, during which an informal reception was tendered to Mr. B. A. D. Verse, of New Orleans, who is just recovering from a severe illness, probably

caused by the sudden reception of the news that a four-line poem of his had been accepted by a certain great magazine, in which it will probably appear in the issue for August, 2069. The convention was called to order with Mr. O. I. Kantrite, of Chicago, in the chair.

An actual count by our reporter showed the number of delegates to be exactly 439, each of whom was said to represent an average of 972 members in good and regular standing who were unable to be present.

After a few felicitous remarks by the chairman, the following officers were elected: President, Inspiration Cerebrator, of Columbus, Ohio; vice-president, U. N. Available, of Buffalo, N. Y.; secretary, Miss Passion A. T. Rymer, of Jacksonville, Fla.; and treasurer, Miss Terwilliger, of Lawsonville, La., who writes over the clever *nom de plume* of "Mr. Williger."

A constitution and by-laws was adopted, in which it was decided that authors who had not had three or more articles rejected should not be eligible to membership, and that the annual dues be fixed at twenty-five cents.

At this point the convention adjourned for dinner. In the afternoon much general discussion was indulged in.

Mr. M. S. S. Kumback, of San Francisco, Calif., rose to protest against the habit some editors have of placing the last sheet of a manuscript first, as a proof that it has been read, and then refolding, thereby wrinkling said manuscript to a horrible degree. Many other delegates bore witness to having suffered like indignities.

Miss Doggerel, of this place, asked that a memorial be adopted pleading that editors refrain from filing contributions upon hooks until after acceptance. Remarks were made on this subject by several delegates, and the matter was finally referred to a committee composed of Miss Doggerel, Mr. M. S. S. Kumback, and Mr. N. Ever Getachek.

Mr. Verne Dumas Haggard Wallywally, of Wallywallyville, W. Va., started the discussion of the best scheme to discover whether a manuscript had or had not been read. He had tried pasting several sheets together slightly, but in no case had the sheets been torn apart. He thought it possible that other portions of the manuscript might have been perused, as they were all rejected, and that, too, by some of our best publications.

Mr. Workscheme, of Chicago, Ill., had once tried placing bits of paper between the sheets, and when the manuscript came back, there had been added by the facetious editor enough additional bits of paper to stock a waste-paper basket, and, to add insult to injury, among the fragments he identified portions of a poem which he had previously sent to the same editor, neglecting to enclose stamps.

Mr. Wallywally then confessed that upon one occasion, when he had tried his pasting scheme, the manuscript had come back to him with all of the sheets pasted solidly together and looking like a piece of board.

A discussion was started as to which was the more preferable, payment upon acceptance or upon publication.

Mr. Savedupe, of Meadowport, Ia., said that two years ago three of his stories were accepted by three different publications and immediately paid for. He has since taken all of the publications at a considerable expense to himself, in fact more than the combined values of the three checks, and though he had a fine new scrap-book waiting, none of the tales had yet appeared. He favored payment by check bearing even date with publication, in which case the article could be seen at the expense of only one copy.

Mr. Greathed, of Atlanta, Ga., had been troubled in the same way himself until the idea occurred to him of dropping into a newsroom at intervals, buying some inexpensive article, meanwhile glancing casually through the current numbers of the publications with which he had accepted matter, and only purchasing when something of his own caught his eye. The idea was received with much favor, but it was decided to frame a memorial praying all publishers to send marked copies to their contributors, and the "Filing Hook" committee, returning at this moment, was immediately sent back to frame the memorial referred to.

Mr. I. Riter Live, of Kalamazoo, wondered why so many editors seemed to take fiendish

delight in folding a manuscript in some other manner than the one adopted by the author, seemingly going out of their way, at times, to escape the original folds and create new and embarrassing creases. As nearly every other delegate present wondered also, the question created no discussion.

Mr. Warner Maker, of Philadelphia, Penn., rose to propose a united effort to secure for authors a postal rate on manuscripts of one cent per ounce. He said: "Manuscripts are merchandise, and therefore should be mailed at merchandise rates or lower. Two cents might be charged for the first ounce, and one cent for each additional ounce. Postage stamps are a serious burden to many authors, that is, not the stamps themselves, but the cost of them. I belong to that class. To illustrate: I have a manuscript story now on hand, entitled 'How Lulu Loomis Ran Away from her Father's Home with a Man and Afterward Came Back Again,' which weighs when saddled and bridled for mailing just twenty ounces. It costs forty cents for stamps to mail it with, and forty more to get it back. If it is declined by ten publications and then accepted by the eleventh for $4.65, the net profit to me and the reason why I favor a one-penny manuscript rate are obvious."

Many other delegates told similar stories, and the committee coming in at this moment was immediately sent back to frame a memorial to Congress on *this* subject.

Mr. Toofer A. Kervawter, the talented young Jewish novelist, having tried several times to get a hearing, each time failing to catch the eye of the chairman in time to throw it to first base, was now seen to be standing in his place with one hand in the breast of his coat waiting for earnest attention. He received it, and spoke the very first words heard in the convention in favor of International Copyright. By next year or the year after he hoped to have money enough to publish the novel which had been so generally accepted by his friends as the coming "hit" and so generally declined by editors and publishers everywhere, and he did not want to travel the world over finding pirated editions of his works in every tongue from which he received no royalties. Strangely enough, but little interest was aroused in this question, and no action was taken.

Mr. Nolakoff Merritt, of Minneapolis, spoke respecting the existence of a secret code of hieroglyphics among editors, by which one editor could indicate to others his opinion of a manuscript, thereby prejudicing them against it before they had given the article a fair hearing. He had, himself, found at different times these mysterious marks upon the first or last pages of manuscripts. He read some of them, viz.: "9476x," "N. G.," "Firebak," "Wow!" "Rats!" "2 Stmps," "Rot!" "8,000 wds.," and "Stuff!"

Many other delegates gave indignant evidence of like discoveries, and it was resolved that every effort be made to crush, at all hazards, this league, even if it became necessary to boycott editors who were convicted of belonging to the dastardly combination, by members of the association refusing to submit manuscripts to them.

The regular order of business being completed, an interesting literary hour was passed. Miss Susan McGinty Pendelford, whose charming verses have appeared over the *nom de plume* "*Dainty Dell*," in the *Royalton Locality*, the *Weatherwax Weekly*, the *Farmers' Crossing Howler*, and other publications, read a delightful forty-two-stanza poem, entitled "The Knight of the Typewriter." Miss Terious, of Indianapolis, read selections from her strange, weird writings, and Mr. I. N. Hardluck exhibited his manuscript poem, entitled "How Often It Comes Back to Me!" which had been declined thirty-two times, was estimated to have travelled 58,366 miles, had cost $5.12 for postage stamps, and presented many evidences of the hardships which it had undergone.

After several more enjoyable selections from the work of delegates present, the convention adjourned at 5.30 o'clock, as the greater part of the delegates had to leave before supper was announced. Next year's convention will be held either in New York, Washington, Chicago, or St. Louis, whichever bids the highest, and promises to eclipse even this year's meeting in general interest.

Charles Newton Hood.

MEDINA, N. Y

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

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*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

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VOL. V. MARCH, 1891. No. 3.

It is astonishing how quickly even writers of experience get discouraged when their manuscripts come back to them rejected by the first five or six publishers to whom they are submitted. Young writers — whose knowledge of the mysteries of the manuscript market is generally only ignorance — may be excused for thinking that because two or three editors have returned a given manuscript as unavailable there is something seriously wrong with the manuscript itself, but older writers ought to know better, and the inexperienced ones should learn better as soon as possible. It is safe to assert that if a writer possessing ordinary good judgment has written something which he candidly thinks is good enough to sell, it will find a purchaser somewhere, if he only studies the manuscript market before sending it out, and then persists until every probable purchaser has been tried. Every editor knows that he sends back manuscripts every day which are not rejected because of lack of merit, and which, if conditions were different, he would willingly retain. The author makes a mistake in letting dejection follow rejection, and in tossing a manuscript, which he himself feels is good, into a drawer simply because four or five editors have found it unavailable — for them. The story that the *Century* rejects may become the corner-stone of a fashion magazine in Pensacola, — where, by the way, there is n't any fashion magazine published, at the present time, — and if the author has faith enough in his manuscript to send it out at all, he should have faith enough to keep it going, remorselessly and religiously, until the editor who likes it and who can use it — two requisites for its publication — has been found.

***

Selling manuscripts is business, and authors who have manuscripts to sell should go to work on business principles. Sentiment should not be allowed to enter into the matter at all, unless a writer is so ambitious for fame that he does not care to have his work appear outside of a few leading periodicals, and, when he has aimed at *Scribner's*, even a respectable check from the *Pensacola Ladies' Quarterly* has no charm for him. The return of a manuscript should mean only that he has to send it out again, and a manuscript once approved of by the author should be kept going until it is either accepted or worn out. Henry Austin, the poet, has the right idea. "When I have finished a poem," he says, "I make a careful list of the periodicals to which I think it is adapted, and give the list, with the manuscript, to my wife. That is the end of the matter for me. She goes methodically to work, trying one editor after another persistently, and never allowing the manuscript to rest until it has found its proper place. The result is that my cash receipts for manuscripts are more than double what they used to be when I sent manuscript out in a

hap-hazard way, easily discouraged by one or two rejections, so that salable poems were tossed into a drawer instead of being sent out again immediately upon their return." Every author may not be blessed with a wife ready to act as business manager for the firm of Pegasus & Co., but any writer can undertake to sell his manuscripts on business principles, if necessary doing the work himself. Having written something which he knows is good enough to bring a check, let him make a careful list of possible purchasers, including fifteen or twenty addresses at the least, and then persistently try editor after editor, never allowing the manuscript to remain at home over night, until the whole list, or his whole available supply of postage stamps, has been exhausted. If the manuscript remains unsold after every available editor has been tried, and he cannot think up a second list to be tried in the same way, he may have reason to be discouraged, so far as that manuscript is concerned, but not before. If in nine cases out of ten the pursuit of this plan does not lead to success, the experiences of one experimenter amount to naught, and one literary Saul is a dead failure among the prophets.

* * *

Next to the ease with which authors give up the chase of the check-remitting editor, their ignorance of the special needs of special editors is astounding. Poems are sent to the editor of the *Forum*, scientific essays on protoplasm to *Babyhood*, pirate yarns to the *Unitarian Review*, and love-stories to THE WRITER with such painful frequency that editors may be pardoned for believing that some authors make it a rule to send the first manuscript that comes to hand to the first periodical they see mentioned in print, or hear spoken of, no matter what its purpose or character — or lack of both — may be. Of course, it is difficult for writers to learn the peculiarities of all the periodicals published, but they should at least be able to classify them intelligently, and they should study all that come within their reach as diligently as a lover studies the weak points of a father whose daughter he wants to win. Sample copies cost but little, and sometimes they return a large income on the investment made. It would probably pay any one who writes much to send to every magazine publisher in the country for a sample copy, — enclosing the price, of course, — and then study carefully the different periodicals that he receives. If he is bright, he will get many valuable suggestions from them, and he will avoid making serious mistakes in sending out manuscripts afterward. It will be strange, indeed, if he does not save enough postage stamps, by the extension of his knowledge of the literary field, to repay him the entire cost of his sample-copy experiment.

* * *

At least one thrifty author has a habit which reduces his necessary outlay for postage stamps, though at the cost of some trouble to the post-office clerks. He has reached a pleasant eminence as a writer, and his experience makes him reasonably sure that about one-half of the manuscripts which he sends out will be accepted by the first editors to whom they are submitted. If he encloses twenty cents return postage with a manuscript, and the manuscript is accepted, nine times out of ten the twenty cents goes to swell the bank account of the periodical which takes his article. As a measure of economy, therefore, this frugal penman takes advantage of Uncle Sam's "postage-due" courtesy, and puts only a two-cent stamp on the self-addressed return envelope which he encloses with his manuscript. If the contribution is accepted, only two cents is lost; if it is returned, he pays the rest of the postage when the package is returned to him, instead of in advance. He says that he has tried this plan for several years, and it has never made him trouble once; but he is not popular with his letter-carrier.

W. H. H.

THE USE OF TYPEWRITERS.

With pleasure I read the excellent article in the February WRITER which advised authors to use the typewriter in making manuscript copy.

While I have found one most helpful, I very often turn from it with annoyance because of the noise which necessarily accompanies its use, and which disturbs me exceedingly.

have heard of others who object to it for the same reason, and who, like myself, use it less often on account of the clicking.

Therefore, I hope some inventive mind will remedy this defect, and so improve upon the present style of typewriter as to give us, before long, one that will be noiseless, or nearly so. I think it can be accomplished, although I am not sufficiently mechanical to suggest *how*.

A writer in a recent issue of the *Journalist* expressed the opinion that a typewriter should be larger, in place of smaller, so that one could work it more rapidly by being better able to pass without mistake from one letter to another.

Provided these two features — noiselessness and greater size to facilitate speed — could be combined with the present desirable qualities, in the generality of these machines, we should have a more perfect and acceptable typewriter.

Probably, if such is ever the case, many who now will not use the machine, especially because of the sound, would avail themselves of the merits a typewriter does possess.

Beth Baker.

BOSTON, MASS.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) Is it customary for editors to change paragraphs and sentences of stories that have been accepted, to suit the journal in which they will appear?

(2.) Do writers generally object to such changes, and perhaps additions, being made?

W. M. A.

[(1.) Some editors accept articles only "subject to editorial revision." Most editors reserve the right to make minor changes in the copy of contributors. If important changes are necessary, a proof of the article is generally sent to the author before publication. One, at least, of the leading magazines saves the feelings of its contributors and the cost of corrections in type, by submitting to each contributor a typewritten copy of his article, revised and corrected for the compositor. If such a typewritten copy is neatly made, it serves the contributor's purpose as well as a proof, and vexatious changes in type are avoided.

(2.) A writer seldom has good reason to complain of changes in his manuscript made by a careful editor. Nine times out of ten, such changes improve his contribution. — W. H. H.]

—

(1.) Upon what terms are most novels published? Do the authors sell their manuscripts for a lump sum or take a percentage of the profits? If the former, what is the usual price paid an unknown author for a manuscript of, say, 80,000 words?

(2.) Do publishing houses in general make as great an effort to sell a book which they have published for an author on his own account, and which they keep on sale, as when they have bought the manuscript? R. F. B.

[(1.) Since the terms on which books are published are generally known only to the publisher and the author directly interested, it is manifestly impossible to make any general statement regarding the matter. A great many manuscripts are bought by publishers for a lump sum; a great many are published on the royalty plan; and a great many more are published by an arrangement in which the author bears part or all of the expense of publication. A manuscript of 80,000 words, by an unknown author, might sell for $250; it might bring more, of course, but if a publisher thought he could buy it for less, his offer would be reduced accordingly.

(2.) Publishers naturally devote most attention to the books that will bring them most money, and these are generally books which they have bought outright from the author. They seldom push with any special energy books published at the author's expense. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

As I recollect, the quotation in J. Henry Hager's article, in the February number of THE WRITER, was originally thus: —

> Roll swift around, ye wheels of Time,
> And bring the welcome day.

I think I heard it sung in my girlhood, as early as I can remember — 1827 — in our Congrega-

tional Church choir, at Rindge, N. H., and for twenty years thereafter as one of "Watts' Hymns" in the hymn book. I think it was sung all along, also, in anthems, and may be is found only in the sacred tune books, then used in churches. I think, further, it has been rendered in various ways, that I have heard it both ways, as quoted in THE WRITER, and still other ways — "joyful day," "wished-for day." If those who have the books will search through those old anthems, I'm quite sure it will be found as sung sixty years ago.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

BARRE, MASS.

Referring to the "*sine die*" criticism on page 33 of THE WRITER for February, I would suggest that possibly the phrase was correctly used in each of the two instances noted. The "time of the next meeting" may have referred to the next *convention*, as many organizations give their conventions power to determine place and time of the meetings of their successors; notwithstanding which each convention is an assemblage by itself, and at the conclusion of its business properly adjourns *sine die*.

L. E. J.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

POOLE'S INDEX OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE. By William Frederick Poole, LL. D., with the assistance of William I. Fletcher, A. M., and the coöperation of the American Library Association and the Library Association of the United Kingdom. Revised Edition. Volume I. 1802 — 1881. 1442 pp. Cloth, two volumes, $15 Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1891.

It is impossible to speak in terms too strong of the value of "Poole's Index of Periodical Literature" to writers and to literary people generally. The work is a monumental one, and of inestimable value, since it opens the whole treasury of periodical literature and makes easily accessible all its wealth of knowledge. Every one knows that in periodicals are published the freshest, and so the most valuable, contributions to the literature of every subject, and that, accordingly, it is to periodicals and not to books that the student of any particular subject turns with greatest profit. Without such an "Index" as this, the search for articles printed in magazines would be an endless one, and, even using his best endeavors, one could not hope to find one-tenth part of all that he might wish to read. There are special indexes to some of the leading periodicals, it is true, but few of them would be accessible to any one person, and he might as well search for the proverbial needle in the proverbial haymow as to try to find all the articles on any special subject in the unindexed periodicals.

"Poole's Index" surmounts the difficulty, and by the completion of a gigantic task has made the contents of all of the leading magazines published before 1881 instantly accessible to any one who has access, at public libraries or elsewhere, to files of the magazines themselves. In two handsome volumes, just published in a revised and corrected edition, are brought together under an alphabetical subject index references to every article of consequence published in more than 200 English and American magazines issued since 1802, and comprising 6,205 different volumes. The magnitude of such a work is appalling, and it could never have been completed but for the hearty coöperation of the fifty librarians who joined with Dr. Poole in indexing the thousands of titles gathered from this vast mass of periodical literature. It is not necessary to describe the plan of coöperation, although that alone possesses peculiar interest. It is enough to say that the work has been done carefully and well, and that a reference book has been completed which all librarians testify is used more by readers than any other reference book in their libraries.

Information on almost every conceivable subject is indexed in these two well-made volumes. There are references, for instance, to more than 125 articles on authors and authorship, with the magazine volume and page given accurately in each case. There are references to 100 articles on copyright, seventy-five on journalists and journalism, a dozen on news, 200 on newspapers, fifty on periodical literature, 200 on literary work, and fifty on writing. It will be seen at a glance what a library of special literature is opened by the "Index" to any one who is investigating the subject of literary work. Whatever the subject of investigation may be, countless sources of information are opened in the same way, so that the writer who is preparing a special article on any topic has the hardest part of his work done for him, since by turning to the "Index" he may ascertain just what has been printed in the periodicals about the subject of which he intends to treat. The "Index," too, suggests subjects, or it may deter a writer from preparing a special article by showing him that the field has already been covered so well that his labor would be only wasted. To editors, in a similar way, it affords a means of knowing whether good papers submitted to them are original or not.

Of course, without access to files of the periodicals indexed, the "Index" loses a great deal of its value; but in these days of large libraries

such files are generally available. Even the isolated literary worker, however, will find the "Index" valuable, for the reasons given, while the writer who has magazine files accessible will find "Poole's Index" to be one of his most useful reference books, always to be kept within easy reach, and indispensable when once use has made its value known. W. H. H.

OVER THE TEACUPS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. 319 pp Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1891.

No more delightful gift could come to any writer than a complete set of the works of Dr. Holmes. From the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" to his latest volume, "Over the Teacups," reprinted from the pages of the *Atlantic*, his books are full of charming passages, characterized by genial sympathy with human nature, the broadest culture, incisive wit, and the kindly humor which makes the Autocrat's conversation and his writings alike so charming. There is no sign of old age in "Over the Teacups," apart from the author's own cheery allusions to the decline of life. His brain is as bright and as full of original and striking thoughts as ever, and the expression of them is as happy as anything that the kindly doctor has ever said with tongue or pen. For writers, and especially for aspiring poets, the volume contains much that has a special value and interest, but from first to last the essays must give the keenest pleasure to the reader.

W. H. H.

THE AMERICAN PRINTER: A MANUAL OF TYPOGRAPHY. By Thomas MacKellar, Ph. D. 383 pp. Cloth, $2. Philadelphia: The MacKellar, Smiths, & Jordan Co. 1889.

Everything that any one can desire to know about the practical workings of a printing office is told in this standard book, the excellence of which is shown by the fact that it is now in its seventeenth edition. As its title-page says, it contains "practical directions for managing all departments of a printing office, as well as complete instructions for apprentices, with several useful tables, numerous schemes for imposing forms in every variety, hints to authors," and other similar matter. Besides the matter relating to practical typography, the book contains a history of printing and its kindred arts, a description of the processes of type-founding, stereotyping, electrotyping, and lithography, with instructions which make the work valuable to authors, publishers, printers, and all who have anything to do with the "art preservative." W. H. H.

UNDER ORDERS. The Story of a Young Reporter. By Kirk Munroe. Illustrated. 348 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

It is a wonder that no long story of newspaper life, filled with the real atmosphere of the newspaper office and describing characters who are like real newspaper men, has ever yet been written. Richard Harding Davis' short story, "Gallegher," published in *Scribner's Magazine* for August, 1890, is the nearest approach to a successful effort in this direction; but that is an episode, and not a continued story. Kirk Munroe's "Under Orders" is perhaps the best long story of newspaper life that has yet been written. It tells some of the experiences of a young man, obliged to leave college, who found a position as a reporter in New York, and who afterward had some exciting assignments. The first part of the book, with some slight exceptions, is true to the life, but the author's experience as a professional story-writer has led him to make the later chapters rather melodramatic. Still, the story, as a whole, is a good picture of newspaper life, and it cannot fail to interest the reader. W. H. H.

THE STORY OF THE REAR COLUMN OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION. By the late James S Jameson. Edited by Mrs. Jameson. Illustrated 455 pp. Cloth, $3.50. New York: United States Book Company. 1891.

This is the authorized edition of the story of Stanley's ill-fated rear-guard, compiled from the letters and diaries of the man who paid $5,000 for the privilege of accompanying the expedition as naturalist, and who died at Bangala, after experiences which form one of the most tragic chapters in the history of "Darkest Africa." Mr. Jameson's journal was not written for publication, and this transcript of its daily entries may be depended upon accordingly as giving a faithful and accurate history of events regarding which there has been so much dispute. As a record of African travel and exploration, the book is one possessing the greatest interest, while its value is increased by the fact that it throws light on dark places in the history of Mr. Stanley's late expedition. The volume is a sumptuous one, with numerous illustrations reproduced from Mr. Jameson's sketches, an introduction giving his biography, and appendices, including copies of various agreements made, a natural history appendix summarizing the results of Mr. Jameson's scientific work, an explanation of the map of Upper Congo, and a map of the Congo, showing the river from Stanley Falls to Kassongo. It is an important contribution to the literature of African exploration, and it is sure to be widely read.

W. H. H.

RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD. By James Whitcomb Riley. 186 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. 1891.

A portrait of the author, with a bright-looking little fellow seated on his knee, forms the attractive frontispiece of James Whitcomb Riley's latest book of poems. The poems themselves, beginning with "The Raggedy Man," which every newspaper in the country has reprinted in the last six months, and including "A Boy's Mother," "Waitin' fer the Cat to Die," "Our Hired Girl," "Who Santy Claus Wuz," "The

Stepmother," "Little Orphant Annie," "A Passing Hail," "A Life Lesson," and others, any one of which would make an author's reputation, include some of Mr. Riley's best work, and collected in book form will win for him hosts of new admirers. There is no lover of children or of poetry who will not want to possess this book. W. H. H.

A. D. 2000. By Lieutenant Alvarado M. Fuller, U. S. A. 415 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1890.

"A. D. 2000," as its title implies, is a prophetic story describing the world as the author thinks it may be a century hence. In defence of the originality of theme and title, Lieutenant Fuller assures us that his book was written in November, 1887, before "Looking Backward" had been published. "A. D. 2000" tells how an army officer, Junius Cobb, having discovered marvellous life-sustaining properties in ozone, caused himself to be put to sleep in 1887 in an excavation made in the pedestal of a huge statue on the summit of Mount Olympus, three miles from San Francisco, where he was awakened, without noticeable physical change, June 22, A. D. 2000. The author's minute explanation of the scientific apparatus employed is exceedingly ingenious, and his account of the world in the twenty-first century is both entertaining and suggestive. One of the most interesting features of the book is his description of the *Daily American*, a national newspaper reprinted simultaneously in 500 different cities, from a type form made in a new town, called "America," in Kentucky, to which all the news of the world is telegraphed, this single type form being reproduced by telegraph in a most ingenious way. The description of the sympathetic telegraph, which enables messages to be exchanged between any two points on the earth's surface, without any connecting wire, also possesses fascinating interest. W. H. H.

YOUNG MAIDS AND OLD. By Clara Louise Burnham. 404 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1891.

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR. By Bret Harte. 250 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1891.

These two excellent novels are the latest additions to the Riverside Paper Series. Mrs. Burnham's story is a charming picture of life in an idyllic New England village, enlivened by flashes of wit that would make even a dull story attractive reading. Bret Harte's "Crusade of the Excelsior" has an interesting plot, and is told with the skill which characterizes all the work of the California novelist. W. H. H.

LOVE AND LORE. By Edgar Saltus. 112 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: The Belford Company. 1890.

"Love and Lore" is a collection of essays and poems, reprinted for the most part from periodicals, and dedicated "To Edgar Fawcett, Perfect Poet — Perfect Friend." To literary workers the most interesting essays in the volume are those on "The Future of Fiction" and "Morality in Fiction." Although the reader may not agree with Mr. Saltus, he will at least be interested in what he says, since he says it in such a brilliant way. W. H. H.

DOÑA LUZ. By Juan Valera. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. 284 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1891.

"Doña Luz" is a fascinating Spanish novel, which Mr. Howells, in *Harper's Monthly*, praises as one of the most interesting examples of modern fiction. Juan Valera is the author of "Pepita Ximenez," which also pleased Mr. Howells, as well as many other discriminating critics. Mrs. Serrano's translation, like all her work, is most skilfully done. W. H. H.

MASSACHUSETTS IN THE WAR. 1861 — 1865. By James L. Bowen. With an Introduction by Hon. Henry L. Dawes. 1,029 pp. Cloth, $4.50. Springfield, Mass.: Bowen & Son. 1891.

The history of the Massachusetts military organizations that took part in the civil war is summarized in this well-made volume, which presents a great deal of valuable information in concise and comprehensive form. Senator Dawes, the author of the introduction, was leader of the Massachusetts delegation in the United States House of Representatives during the war, and has served continuously in the National Congress to the present time. The book opens with an historical narrative covering about 100 pages, describing those phases of the Rebellion in which Massachusetts was especially interested. The histories of organizations form the body of the work, covering 773 pages, and including the story of seventy-one regiments, sixteen batteries of light artillery, three battalions, and thirty-three separate companies. General officers are treated individually, and there are about sixty portraits, including a frontispiece picture of Governor Andrew, with half-page pictures of Senators Sumner, Wilson, and Dawes, and the author. A full index increases the value of the work. W. H. H.

BALLADS OF AMERICA AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry O'Meara. 146 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Damrell & Upham. 1891.

This beautifully-printed volume of poems by a well-known Boston newspaper man, for many years connected with the *Boston Journal*, will excite more than a passing interest. Mr. O'Meara's poetical work is thoughtful and earnest, always carefully finished, and worth attention for its meaning, no less than for the manner of its expression. Besides the "Ballads of America," touching upon events of American history, there are dramatic, floral, cloistral and memorial, and miscellaneous poems, and several hymns, which, with the widely-known song, "The Flag Above the School," have been previously

issued in sheet-music form. Altogether this first volume of Mr. O'Meara's verse is an interesting one, creditable alike to the author and to the publishers who have given to it such a handsome dress. It is dedicated, by permission, to Oliver Wendell Holmes. W. H. H.

OPEN SESAME. Poetry and Prose for School Days. Edited by Blanche Wilder Bellamy and Maud Wilder Goodwin. Volume III. 361 pp. Cloth, 90 cents. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1891.

All things considered, this is the most satisfactory volume of the three contained in the "Open Sesame" Series. The selections are intended to interest students more than fourteen years old, and they are made with better judgment than those contained in the two preceding volumes. A great many selections of standard value, in poetry and in prose, are included in the book, and the proportion of uninteresting extracts is comparatively small.

W. H. H.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MOSAICS. By Edward L. Wilson. 284 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Edward L. Wilson. 1891.

All who are interested in photography look forward to the publication of the successive annual volumes of "Photographic Mosaics." This year's issue has a new cover and an index, and is double the size of issues of previous years. Its chief features are the articles by the editors of photographic journals all over the world, — an unusually good collection, — the illustrations, and the editor's review of 1890.

W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED. By Rudyard Kipling. 186 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1890

MERRY, MERRY BOYS. By B. L Farjeon. 178 pp. Paper, 25 cents New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

URITH. By S Baring-Gould. 438 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

SCUM By Valdes. 346 pp. Paper, 50 cents New York: United States Book Company. 1890

A DELSARTEAN SCRAP-BOOK. By Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Russel. 250 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

NAME AND FAME. By Adeline Sargent and Ewing Lester. 180 pp. Paper, 50 cents New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

MARCIA. By W. E. Norris 391 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

A BITTER BIRTHRIGHT. By Miss Dora Russell. 364 pp. Paper, 50 cents New York: United States Book Company. 1890

LADY MAUDE'S MANIA. By George Manville Fenn. 277 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1890

PAULINE. By Julian Hawthorne. 280 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

WAGES OF SIN. By Lucas Malet. 450 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

UNDER THE DEODARS. By Rudyard Kipling. 51 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1890.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED. By Rudyard Kipling. 219 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

A MARRIAGE FOR LOVE. By Ludovic Halévy. 106 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

BARBERINE; OR, THE BALLET DANCER'S HUSBAND. By Mary Neal Sherwood. 365 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

HEGEL'S LOGIC. By William T. Harris, LL. D., 403 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 1890.

SONGS OF THE SPIRIT. By Isaac R. Baxley. 100 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1891.

FIVE-MINUTE DECLAMATIONS. By Walter K. Fobes. 241 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS. By James Freeman Clarke. 448 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

MY LIFE WITH STANLEY'S REAR GUARD. By Herbert Ward. 151 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Charles L. Webster & Company. 1891.

AN UNCONSCIOUS CRIME. By Dr. N. T. Oliver. Illustrated. 433 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

GERMINIE LACERTEUX. By Edmond and Jules De Goncourt. Illustrated. 222 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Laird & Lee. 1891.

LYRICS. By Joseph Hudson Young. 130 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls 1889.

ODD SPELL VERSES. By H. W. Holley. 188 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1891.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White-Smith Publishing Company, 86 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal — "Beautiful Moonlight," S. Glover; "Serenade," Henry Timrod and John Wiegand; "By the Autumn Sea," Paul H. Hayne and John Wiegand; "Mother-in-law March," Ambrose Davenport and Ernest Simon; "Two Johnnies in Love," Harry Hunter and Edmund Forman; "Home, Dearie, Home," F. E. Weatherly and J. L. Molloy; "The Spanish Gipsy," Michael Watson; "Welcome Home," quartette for male voices, also mixed voices, C. A. White; "Playmates," Harry Dacre, arranged by Edmund Forman; "Blue and Gray," quartette for male voices, George Edmund Hasie and George H. Howard; "Ten Responses," quartette or chorus, C. C. Morse; "Two Mariners Bold," duet, R. Planquette; "Anvil Quartette," male voices, Duncan B. Harrison; "Babylon," Michael Watson; "In Sweet September," F. E. Weatherly and Hope Temple; "Bitte," Ambrose Davenport and C. Bohm; "Ferryman John," Henry Vaughan and Paul Rodney; "Dream Memories," Lindsay Lennox; "Waltzing as She is Waltzed," Arthur Seldon, arranged by George Le Brunn; "Playmates," H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Ernest Bucalossi; "Leonore," Clifton Bingham and H. Trotère; "That's Why He Loves Me," E. Turner, arranged by Mark A. Attwood; "O Restless Sea," duet, C. A. White; "Will Any of These at the Gate Be Waiting?" John Lindop and C. A. White; "Why Does Mother Stay so Long?" George Cooper and G. A. White; "Jerusalem," Henry Parker; "Brother Jonathan," vocal gems, Ambrose Davenport and C. Millocker. Piano — "Reiterlied," Franz Behr; "Thorne Rose,"

Franz Bendel; "Nachklänge aus Tannhäuser," Fritz Spindler; "Oberon," fantaisie brillante, J. Leybach; "Austrian Army March," Richard Eilenberg; "Mabel Mazurka," Will B. McCracken; "Fiddle and I," waltz, "Gondolier Waltz," duets, Otto Roeder; "Little Gleaners Waltz," and "All in a Garden Fair Waltz," for four hands, Otto Roeder; "Mass in G," Joseph Dignan; "Mai Bella Waltz," for four hands, Otto Roeder; "Minuet," H. Lichner; "Elsie Valse," Dan Godfrey; "La Cascade," E. Pauer; "La Gazelle," H. A. Wollenhaupt; "Sad Thoughts of Thee," L. B. Alloways; "Kernwood-Waltzes," Frank H. Russell; "Andalucia," valse espagnole, Charles LeThiere; "The Hornpipe Polka," Frank J. Smith; "Paulina Lu'a," Ed. Gariel; "Idyllen," waltzes, Leonard Gautier; "Village Belle Polka," E. Mack; "Queen of the Roses," waltzes, E. H. Bailey; "The Mountain Spring," C. Bohm; "Follow the Flag," Paul Keller; "Before the Battle," march, Antoine Lafont; "General Sherman's Funeral March," H. J. Bennett. Two Banjos, Mandolin, Guitar, and Zither — "Ribbon Polka," Carl A. Blanc. Two Banjos, Mandolin, and Guitar — "Ribbon Polka," Carl A. Blanc. Violin and Piano — "Wink the Other Eye," schottische, B. M. Davison; "Carnival of Venice," Charles Dancla.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE LATE GEORGE BANCROFT. With Portrait. *Christian Herald* for January 28.

ABOUT AUTHORS. Maurice C. Walsh. *Stenographer* for February.

A VETERAN PUBLISHER (T. B. Peterson). *Newsman* for January.

BESANT'S "AUTHOR"; THE ORGAN OF THE WRITERS. *New York Sunday Tribune* for February 15.

SONG-WRITING. Reprinted from *London Athenæum* in *Public Opinion* for January 17.

GEORGE BANCROFT. With Portrait. *Book News* for February.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. W. E. Griffis. Reprinted from *Harper's Young People* in *Book News* for February.

SHORTHAND REPORTING. George C. Obren. *Belford's Magazine* for February.

BOOKS AS GOOD COMPANY. Albert Blaisdell. *Journal of Education* for February 5.

CHANCES IN JOURNALISM Allan Forman. *Louis Lombard Magazine* (Utica, N. Y.) for February 15.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF VICTOR HUGO Edward Pick. *Louis Lombard Magazine* (Utica, N. Y.) for February 15.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND AND HIS MEMOIRS. H. de Barry. *Cosmopolitan* for February.

ON CERTAIN LATTER-DAY HUMORISTS. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for February.

A TRANSLATOR'S DIFFICULTIES. Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic* for January.

THE ADVERTISING EXPERT. M. M. Gillam. *Printers' Ink* for January 28.

WOMAN PLAY-WRITERS. Fannie Aymar Matthews. *Pittsburgh Bulletin* for January 31.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI. Translated from *Revue des Revues* for *Public Opinion* for February 7.

COPYRIGHT IN ENGLAND. *Critic* for January 24.

HISTORY OF HISTORICAL WRITING IN AMERICA (Eighteenth Century). J. F. Jameson. *New England Magazine* for February.

MR. HAGGARD EN ROUTE FOR MEXICO. Reprinted from *New York Times* in *Critic* for January 17.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. R. H. Stoddard. *Lippincott's* for February.

FICTION IN LIBRARIES. R. B. Poo'e. *Library Journal* for January.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF PERSIAN POETRY. James Buckham. Reprinted from *Poet-Lore* in *Literary Digest* for January 31.

THE REPORTER. (Farce, in one act.) W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen. *Harper's Bazar* for February 14.

NEW FIELD FOR AMERICAN FICTION. Reprinted from *Boston Herald* in *Public Opinion* for January 31.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. Oliver Farrar Emerson. *Dial* for February.

A PRINCE OF CRITICS. — No. II. (Georg Brandes). H. H. Boyesen. *Christian Union* for January 29.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES. *Christian Union* for January 29.

ENGLISH VIEW OF THE COPYRIGHT ACT. Justin Winsor. *Nation* for January 29.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JOURNAL. *Nation* for January 29.

A TALK ABOUT SIR WALTER SCOTT. John Dennis. *Churchman* for January 31.

MRS. MARY SMITH LOCKWOOD. With Portrait. Emily L. Sherwood. *Daughters of America* (Augusta, Me.) for February.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD AND HER BOOKS. With Portrait. Lizzie Gardiner Johnstone. *Daughters of America* (Augusta, Me.) for February.

GEORGE BANCROFT. *Critic* for January 24.

STEPNIAK ON AMERICAN AUTHORS. Harriot S. Blatch. Reprinted from *Boston Transcript* in *Critic* for January 24.

CRAIGIE HOUSE (TYPICAL HOMES OF AMERICA). With Illustrations of House, Longfellow's Study, Library, Drawing-room, etc. Helen Leah Reed. *Home-Maker* for February.

ERRORS OF GENIUS. D. F. Hannigan. *Newsdealer* for January 1.

PUBLISHERS AND AUTHORS. Reprinted from *New York Sun* in *Newsdealer* for January 1.

CELIBATE AUTHORS. Reprinted from *New York Star* in *Newsdealer* for January 1.

THE LATE E. L. BLANCHARD. Luke Sharp. *Newsdealer* for December 15.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT. J. L. F. Dubois. *Newsdealer* for December 15.

THE BIG MAGAZINES. *Newsdealer* for December 15.

SOME OF COL. SHEPARD'S GOOD POINTS. L. F. Crodise. *Epoch* for February 13.

THE UNITED STATES PANDER TO BAD BOOKS. *Kate Field's Washington* for February 11.

PLAYWRIGHT AND PLAYER. C. Haddon Chambers. *Kate Field's Washington* for February 11.

THE NEW LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY *Harper's Weekly* for February 14.

RAPID ILLUSTRATION FOR NEWPAPERS. *Paper and Press* for January.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. With Portrait. Lindsay Swift. *Book Buyer* for February.

ADOLPHE BELOT. *Athenæum* for December 27.

JOHN CLARE, PEASANT AND POET. *All the Year Round* for December 13.

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE. *Nation* for January 1.

SIR THOMAS WYATT AND HIS POEMS. George Lyman Kittredge. *Modern Language Notes* for January.

SPEED IN LITERARY WORK. C. M. Barrows. *Journal of Education* for February 12.

THE POETICAL LITERATURE OF RUSSIA. Translated for *Public Opinion* of February 14 from the *Paris Revue Internationale.*

A SCOTTISH VIEW OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Reprinted from *Edinburgh Review* in *Public Opinion* for February 14.

EARLE'S ENGLISH PROSE. *Critic* for February 14.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. — VI. (Dante and Shakespeare). Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for February 12.

LITERATURE. George William Curtis. *University Magazine* for January.

THE EPIC CENTURY OF ENGLAND. George R. Wallace. *University Magazine* for January.

THE LOW TIDE IN POETRY. Maurice Thompson. *America* for February 12.

ENGLISH PROSE. *Literary World* for February 14.

FRENCH WOMEN IN LITERATURE. Elissa M. Moore. *Kate Field's Washington* for February 4.

THE TALLEYRAND MEMOIRS. Sir Charles W. Dilke. *North American Review* for February.

OCTAVE FEUILLET. F. M. Warren. *Modern Language Notes* for February.

GEORGE BANCROFT. *Critic* for January 31.

LITERATURE AS A TRADE. Edmund Gosse. Reprinted from *St. James' Gazette* in *Critic* for January 31.

ELLEN OLNEY KIRK. With Portrait. Reprinted from the *Book Buyer* in *Book News* for February.

MUSIC ON THE TONE POETRY. John Vance Cheney. Reprinted from *Overland Monthly* in *Literary Digest* for January 24.

BANCROFT. *Harper's Weekly* for January 31.

FRENCH WOMEN IN LITERATURE. — I. E. M. Moore. *Kate Field's Washington* for January 28.

WITH A LITERARY CAMERA. M. D. Sterling. *Good Housekeeping* for February.

AUTHORS' BLUNDERS. BY ONE WHO HAS MADE SOME. Alice Price. Reprinted from *London Society* in *Literary Digest* for February 7.

CHARLES LAMB. *Literary World* for January 17.

GEORGE MEREDITH. *Newsdealer* for January 15.

RUDYARD KIPLING. Louise Chandler Moulton. Reprinted from *Boston Herald* in *Literary News* for January.

THE GOOD GRAY POET. Reprinted from *New York Star* in *Newsdealer* for February 1.

TEN YEARS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. George Pellew. *Critic* for January 17.

HEROES AND HEROINES IN FICTION. Maurice Thompson. *America* for January 15.

FAMOUS WRITERS OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' BOOKS (R. M. Ballantyne). George W. Browne. *American Young Folks* for November.

PEN GOSSIP OF AUTHORS. Professor Carlton Glenwood. *American Young Folks* for November.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"Men and Women of the Time" will be the expanded title of the new edition of "Men of the Time," to be issued in the spring by George Routledge & Sons.

Henry James has dramatized his own novel, "The American." The play was recently produced at Southport, England, and won high praise from Mr. Archer, the celebrated London critic. It is full of alert, telling dialogue and crisp incidents. In the autumn it will be brought to London.

Edna Dean Proctor, who has been spending some time in Boston, recently left that city for Washington. A new poem on the Zuñis, "The Ancient People," elicited much admiration in the select company to whom it was read aloud. Mrs. Augustus Hemenway has given $2,500 to Henry Sandham, the artist, to illustrate it.

Romance is a new magazine, containing from twenty to thirty short stories each month, published by C. A. Watson, Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue, New York. Its only fault is that it is so close an imitation of *Short Stories*, the magazine which the Current Literature Publishing Company has made so successful.

Douglas Sladen, the Australian poet, will reside until May at 20 East Thirty-second street, New York City. He is busy collecting materials for a book on "Literary New York," which will treat not only of the well-known authors, but the literary clubs, salons, libraries, principal magazines, and the great newspapers, with their publishers, editors, leader-writers, critics, etc. The work, which is to be published both in London and New York, will contain portraits of the more important authors and a historical chapter as well. "Younger American Poets," Douglas Sladen's latest book, will cover the period between 1830–1890. It begins with Paul Hamilton Hayne, and ends with James E. Nesmith.

Andrew Lang has never been in robust health, and now he is said to be fast becoming a valetudinarian. Within six months his lungs have exhibited an alarming weakness, and frequent hemorrhages have alarmed his friends; but he still continues at work.

Paul Lindau, the German novelist, is about to visit this country.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis is writing a novel of the present, the scene being laid partly in Pennsylvania and Louisiana.

Fifty-two Washington correspondents give their ideas as to "What Is News?" in the *Analostan Magazine* (Washington) for February.

Harry Quilter, in his "parting shot at Mr. Stanley," as the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls it, declares that the author's profits on "In Darkest Africa" have been $100,000.

The new editor of the *Illustrated London News* is Clement King Shorter. Frederick Greenwood has joined the staff, and will contribute a non-political editorial weekly.

Albert Shaw, associate editor of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, has been engaged by W. T. Stead, of London, to become editor of the American edition of the *Review of Reviews*.

One of the most versatile men in New York journalism is Valerian Gribayédoff, a Russian, educated in Paris and England, but for twelve years a resident of the United States. He is a newspaper artist, as well as a frequent contributor to papers and magazines. He has recently published an interesting volume on the invasion of Ireland by General Humbert in 1798.

Howard Lockwood & Co., New York, will begin to publish in April a "Dictionary of Printing and Bookmaking," by W. W. Pasko, the librarian of the Typothetæ. It will be issued in a royal octavo volume, copiously illustrated. Besides the matter naturally included in such a work, it will define the terms of bibliography, bookbinding, engraving, and bookselling, and will contain a glossary of the corresponding printers' terms in German, French, and Italian.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen ("Florence Percy") is a sweet-faced, gentle-voiced little lady, whose quiet demeanor gives slight promise of the sparkling wit and humor she displays in conversation and address. She has recently moved to New York from Ridgewood, N. J., and is actively engaged in literary work.

Grant Allen has just received the extraordinary prize of £1,000 for a new story.

Rider Haggard was blackballed when he came up for ballot at the Society of Antiquaries recently.

Greenough White, H. U. '84, has just published a "Sketch of the Philosophy of American Literature," which has been favorably criticised by some of the professors of the English Department at Harvard.

Miss Blanche Fearing is well known as a Western writer of exquisite verse. In Mr. Crandall's collection a beautiful sonnet, "The Snow," is by that young poet, who "is one of the Western army of poets whose voices reach Eastward."

Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, author of "Metzeroll, Shoemaker," is writing for the Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore a paper on "Woman as a Politician." She has also begun to write book notices for *Far and Near*, the working girls' organ.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. announce: A new volume by Mr. Aldrich, "The Sisters' Tragedy, with Other Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic"; a new volume by Bret Harte, containing "A Sappho of Green Springs" and other stories; Miss Alice M. Bacon's "Japanese Girls and Women"; and Rev. Dr. Peabody's "King's Chapel Sermons."

The home of Olive Schreiner, the author of "Dreams" and "The Story of an African Farm," is at Matjesfontein, Cape Colony. The place consists of a farm, a hotel, a mill, a warehouse, a station, and a few mean houses, and lies in the very heart of the wilderness, surrounded by such scenery as Miss Schreiner has often described in her books — level wastes of gray sand and ragged ridges of rocks.

In Andrew Lang's booklet, "How to Fail in Literature," he gives some specimens of his own early attempts at verse-making to serve as an awful warning. These verses will amaze many young poets, for they exactly resemble the flood of "poems" sent to every newspaper in the land as the cream of youthful genius — in the writers' minds.

Rev. Dr. Charles F. Thwing, lately of Minneapolis, has been inaugurated president of Adelbert College, the old Western Reserve University, now located at Cleveland.

With the March number the *Forum* began its sixth year and its eleventh volume. The demand for bound volumes is so large that the publishers have reprinted all the back numbers to date, so that complete sets of the magazine may now be had.

"Across East African Glaciers" is the title Dr. Meyer has given to his account of the first ascent of Mount Kilimanjaro, one of the most important events of recent African exploration. It will be published immediately in this country by Longmans, Green, & Co.

F. Marion Crawford, having been pulled down by overwork, has gone to Tiflis, Asiatic Russia, a city noted for its hot baths, to recuperate. He has promised to deliver to *Macmillan's* by June 1 the third and concluding part of "Saracinesca," but ill-health may prevent his doing so.

Public Opinion (Washington and New York) has just announced the offer of three cash prizes of $150, $100, and $50, respectively, for the best three essays upon the question: "Is any extension and development of trade between the United States and Canada desirable; if so, what are the best means of promoting it?"

One of the clauses in the marriage contract between Dr. Schliemann and the Greek lady whom he married provided, it is said, that the lady should improve her knowledge of Homer by learning and reciting fifty lines of the Iliad nightly. The ordeal was a severe one for the bride, but Herr Schliemann, when telling the story to his friends, always said that neither tears nor entreaties ever induced him to let her off a single line.

President Dunlap, of the National Amateur Press Association, has appointed the following judges of award in the contest for the title laureates annually conferred by that association: Judge of serials, Mary Hartwell Catherwood; judge of sketches, Captain Charles King; judge of poems, Ella Wheeler Wilcox; judge of essays, Allan Forman.

James Payn's literary gains for the first year of his married life were just £32 15*s*.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's income from her books and plays amounts to more than $25,000 a year.

Puck's Library for March is entitled "Dollars and Cents; Being *Puck's* Best Things About the Scramble for Scads."

Rudyard Kipling's father is a professor in an art school in India. He is a fine-looking old man, with snow-white beard and hair.

Miss Lily A. Long, author of the strong and bright novel, "A Squire of Low Degree," is a Western woman, born in St. Paul, of Swedish descent, and educated at the University of Wisconsin. Though she has written essays and poems, this is her first novel.

"Supposed Tendencies to Socialism," by Professor William Graham, of Belfast; "Iron-working with Machine-tools"; "Dr. Koch's Method of Treating Consumption," by Dr. G. A. Heron, a London physician, and a friend of the discoverer; and "Greeting by Gesture" are leading articles in the *Popular Science Monthly* (New York) for March.

Thomas Nelson Page has written a number of short stories, and has "roughed out" other stories of the Old Dominion. He is getting together material for a life of General Thomas Nelson, the revolutionary war governor of the state, for the Makers of America Series. He has in contemplation, furthermore, a volume of papers on "The Southern Civilization" ("The Old South," "Authorship in the South Before the War," "The Social Life of the Old South," etc.), and another on "Europe in Sunshine and Shadow," the latter to comprise various sketches from his journals and letters during several visits abroad.

A life of Thackeray will be the next volume in the Great Writers Series. It was begun by Herman Merivale and has been completed by Frank T. Marzials. As it was Thackeray's particular request (which his daughters have sacredly respected) that no life of him should ever be published, the forthcoming volume will have the interest of novelty.

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NEWMAN ON STYLE.

I have been reading the "Letters and Correspondence of the late John Henry Newman," edited by his relative, Anne Mozley, recently published in England. Among many other subjects of interest to admirers of the great cardinal, I find a letter written in 1869, in which he for the first time tells the world something concerning his method of composition, that may prove instructive to young writers. All know that few men have shown an equal mastery of the English language with Dr. Newman. He has been always named among the first of those authors recommended to the attention of young men and women seeking a model of good English style. To those who have followed this advice, as well as to those who have not, the following letter, written by Newman when he was sixty-eight years old, and after he had produced his most famous works, cannot fail to be interesting: —

"It is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interlinear additions. I am not stating this as a merit, only that some persons write their best first, and I very seldom do. Those who are good speakers may be supposed to be able to write off what they want to say. I, who am not a good speaker, have to correct laboriously what I put on paper. I have heard that Archbishop Howley, who was an elegant writer, betrayed the labor by which he became so by his mode of speaking, which was most painful to hear from his hesitations and alterations — that is, he was correcting his compositions as he went along.

"However, I may truly say that I never have been in the practice since I was a boy of attempting to write well, or to form an elegant style. I think I never have written for writing's sake; but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult — viz., to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and rewritings.

"When I have read over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself that I have either put it altogether aside or fiercely corrected it; but I don't get any better for practice. I am as

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much obliged to correct and rewrite as I was thirty years ago.

"As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I have ever had (which is strange, considering the differences of the language) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, and, as far as I know, to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness."

Particular attention should be paid to the fact that Newman, like many other great writers, felt the necessity of constant correction. He evidently never "dashed off" anything, as young writers always want us to imagine they do. The most remarkable statement in the letter, however, is near its conclusion: "I don't get any better by practice. I am as much obliged to correct and rewrite as I was thirty years ago." That last sentence ought to be comforting to the despairing writer who feels after wrestling with refractory manuscript for years that he has mistaken his vocation because he has not acquired facility in expression.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. *James C. Moffet.*

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER AS THEY SHOULD BE.

A publisher and an editor produced a new magazine. It was a good magazine, as everybody who saw it was obliged to admit. But as yet it had not a reputation; and without a reputation to start with, a reputation is a hard thing to get.

The publisher and the editor had energy, and pluck, and perseverance. They worked hard and constantly, and they believed in their work.

But they had great difficulty in getting a hearing among the authors. Check after check they sent away to the pen-wielders; always with stamps enclosed for the return of the checks if they should not be wanted.

All they asked was that the checks be examined. If these were found good, the authors would please pay for them at their customary rates in manuscript, prose or poetry—prose preferred.

Most of the checks proved unavailable. A heart-crushing number came back; not a few so torn, and rumpled, and marked across that they had to be rewritten before they could be sent to another author.

Little printed slips came back with them, setting forth that they were "not suited to our present purposes"; that "we thank you for the privilege of reading them, but are unable to make use of them"; that "the rejection of a check by one author does not imply that it may not be exactly suited to some other author's needs"; and that "you will please excuse this form of answer, as the great mass of checks constantly received renders a personal letter impossible."

And all the while syndicate letter-writers kept assuring the struggling publisher and editor that "merit is the only condition of success"; that "every check is examined solely on its merits"; that "authors are constantly on the alert to find new publishers and editors of real ability."

At long intervals a check was accepted; but that did not always mean an end of trouble. Sometimes it did; but at other times an author would write: "Your check is accepted, and will be paid for when used."

Then the publisher and the editor would wait a year and a half or two years for that check to be used. They would write mild letters of inquiry, perhaps, without gaining the courtesy of any sort of reply.

At last they would discover for themselves that the check had been used, and would eagerly expect the promised manuscript in payment; but they would wait two or three months before

getting it; and when it came it was pretty sure to be shorter than they expected.

If any explanation accompanied the long deferred payment, it was to the effect that this particular author paid quarterly for the checks he accepted.

Sometimes the checks were never returned, and never paid for.

The publisher and the editor did not abandon their magazine. They command the market now, and can dictate terms to the most stiff-necked and rebellious author. But when success came it found them just about ready to accept a job of hod-carrying.

James C. Purdy.

MOORESTOWN, N. J.

BUSINESS RELATIONS BETWEEN AUTHOR AND EDITOR.

Will THE WRITER receive and consider a small growl and a question or two from a puzzled scribbler?

In the advice which is liberally bestowed upon young writers, — and which, I believe, is usually gratefully received, and thoughtfully pondered, whatever general impression there may be to the contrary, — I have noticed that much stress is usually laid upon one point. Tyros in literature are warned not to look upon it as in any way a romantic or exceptional profession, but, on the contrary, to remember that the making and marketing of manuscript is a business, a trade, like any other, and must be conducted on business principles, subjected to business rules, like any other.

I, for one, have endeavored to lay the wise lesson to heart and profit by it. But now and then I find myself questioning if the obligation to hold to business principles applies to the author, or seller, alone. Does it, or does it not, rest upon the publisher, or buyer, also?

I will illustrate, and thereby come to my growl.

A few months ago I sent a manuscript story to an old, popular, and entirely reputable magazine. The editor, a veteran literary worker, expressed approval of the story, and accepted it; a satisfactory price was agreed on, and I supposed the matter was settled.

Last week the manuscript came back to me with a note saying that, although the story had been accepted by Mrs. Star, Mrs. Star was no longer editor of the *Blank Magazine;* and the present management did not find it suited to their needs, therefore returned it.

I do not claim to be versed in all the ins and outs of business matters; but I have always fancied that when a man buys out a business, he takes it subject to the liabilities of the old firm, and is bound by their contracts, unless some special agreement is made to the contrary. I have yet to learn that when a man buys a grocer's stock and trade he has a right to send back to the gardener vegetables and fruit, to the wholesale dealer sugar, tea, spices, etc., bought and delivered, but not yet paid for, even though it might be to his advantage to do so.

The instance I have given is not unprecedented. Once before in my experience with this particular magazine a like happening befell me. Certain manuscripts had been accepted, kept a year or two, and then, after a change in administration, returned, with the explanation that the new publishers did not wish to use them. In this case, insult was added to injury by the fact that, although return postage had been sent with all manuscripts, only one two-cent stamp was affixed to the package, the remainder of the postage being left for collection. I paid the postage twice over, and the new firm's repudiation of the old firm's agreements was carried out with praiseworthy economy. True, the sum was not so great as seriously to deplete

the purse, but that is not the point exactly. Neither does the fact that I was rather glad to get my papers back, and afterward sold them for a higher price than had been offered by this magazine, alter the principle involved, or silence the question which presses upon my unsophisticated mind.

Were these little transactions conducted according to business principles? If so, since "turn about is fair play," why has not an author the privilege of demanding a return of his creations if, before they are published, he sees a better opportunity for disposing of them?

I wish also to ask the opinion of THE WRITER as to the almost general custom of paying contributors "on publication." Is that a strictly business-like arrangement? The farmer who takes his wheat to the mill or general market is not asked to wait for his pay till the wheat is ground into flour, barrelled, and sold to the private consumer. The wood-cutter who draws yearly supplies of wood to village customers does not wait for his pay till the wood is burned. I fancy general business conducted in this way would soon come to a standstill. The poor farmer and laborer would starve, and supplies would cease.

The scribbler, though perhaps not so necessary and important a member of the community, has, nevertheless, the same material needs as farmer and wood-cutter. Are they not entitled to any consideration? He must pay for his bread when he gets it. Bakers, and grocers, and boarding-house keepers do not choose to wait through the very uncertain number of weeks, or months, or years that must pass before his promised checks arrive, and one can hardly blame them.

It may, and does often, happen that during these months the waiting scribbler will see how he might dispose of his finished work more to the advantage of purse and reputation than his contract promises. Has he a right to demand a return of his manuscript, a release from his contract, because such release seems to him desirable? By no means, say the publishers. That would be a most unbusiness-like proceeding. He has made a contract; he must abide by it. Any child might see that.

Is an agreement between author and publisher binding only on one side — the author's?

The woes of the writer whose wares are found "not available" I do not bring into the question. His business is to make them available. But when he does this, when he produces useful work, though he may not have won so high a place in his profession as to give him power to dictate his own terms, — even then, poor, obscure, hard-working mortal that he is, has he, or has he not, rights which a publisher is bound to respect?

Is, or is not, the laborer worthy of his hire? If he is, would it not be just and "business-like" to give it to him when his work is done, delivered and accepted as satisfactory?

H. A. Saxton.

SCHOOLCRAFT, Mich.

HINTS TO THE WRITER.

Get a subject as big as you can.

Boil it down as small as you can.

Say everything as strong as you can.

Make it so clear that the reader *must* understand it.

Say nothing more than once.

Every unnecessary word clogs the interest.

Every unnecessary thought destroys the symmetry.

Every word not understood throws the reader off the track.

As soon as you begin to get uninteresting, the reader is apt to drop your piece.

The writer must not only give the reader a

chance to understand him, but compel him to read on.

Any good thought fully expressed is interesting.

Be sure you have your thought, and be sure your reader gets it.

You must usually get up an interest as well as satisfy it.

Write for the benefit of the reader, and not the reputation of the author.

Austin Bierbower.

CHICAGO, Ill.

A POINT IN RAPID TYPEWRITING.

The point briefly is: operating the typewriter with little or no looking at the keys. In copying from shorthand notes or from printed or other manuscript, instead of reading a few words, looking at the machine until they are written, then back at the copy, the typewritten page is run off smoothly without a break. The only pause is in changing sheets. The advantage of this is self-evident; and it lies, not alone in time saved, but in accuracy of work. On the latter point it may simply be remarked that in carrying ten or a dozen words in the mind until they have been typewritten, one is much more apt to make errors, through lapses of memory induced by close attention to the key-board, than in operating the machine in the manner to be described.

There are, of course, many typewriters who have acquired this time-saving skill, but I know there are many more who have not; so, in the hope of benefiting the latter and of impressing its importance upon beginners, I will tell how I think the knack may be acquired. I might say that I started with the advantage of a musician's practice of reading notes and playing at the same time, and its application to typewriting naturally followed. This musical ability is, of course, not an essential, only an advantage, and I mention it because many ladies are taking up typewriting, a majority of whom have had musical instruction. But the beginner can acquire it on the typewriter, just as the young musician *must*.

In the first place, let me say that the quickest and surest way to learn typewriting is to write one sentence over and over, and not go to another until it comes easily to the fingers. I think a great mistake is made in writing long paragraphs or pages, for in the writing and rewriting of one sentence the few combinations of letters in it will be thoroughly mastered *once for all*, and all subsequent ones will be learned much more quickly by reason of this practice.

Now, as to the writing without looking. Let us suppose the practice sentence to be: "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands," etc. After the pupil has learned to write it readily, let him practice writing "When" without looking at the keys; then "When, in"; "When, in the," and so on until he has mastered all the short words and combinations of them, letting the long words take care of themselves for awhile. He is now prepared to read this sentence from the copy and write without stopping the machine. While writing "When, in the" he reads "course of human events." "ents" being a combination which he has learned or which his practice will enable him to write without looking at the machine, he reads "it becomes necessary" while printing it, and so on through. The principle, as is now apparent, rests on the fact that the small words largely exceed long ones, and that the combinations of them recur so often as to make the writing of them very mechanical; so that, while writing them, the eyes can easily glance from the machine and gather a few words ahead and return, so that there need be no pause. As skill increases, more words, or, rather, combinations of letters, are added to those that can be written without looking at the keys, less atten-

tion being required upon the key-board, until finally the eye can rest most of the time upon the copy. The fact that nearly all the long words are made up of the same combinations of letters that make the short ones will aid the beginner in learning them. Thus "cal" in "political" is a frequent ending, and while writing it the eye easily catches "the bands that unite," or other words that may happen to follow. The relief to the eye in not having to dart so frequently from keys to copy need only be mentioned. Another point that might be added is that this way of writing conduces to a uniform gait, which is highly desirable. The nervous, fitful style, which nearly always results from looking back and forth, principally from the unconscious desire to make up for the time lost in such pauses, should be avoided. By writing in the way here suggested, one can handle the keys less rapidly, and do the same amount of work more quickly, comfortably, and accurately than in the hurried, dashaway style, which, at the same time, is injurious to the machine.

As there is no general rule observed in fingering, little need be said about it in connection with the principle just explained. Each typewriter adopts the method which comes most natural to him. Some very rapid writers use only one finger of each hand, some two, while others use all. The only fingering requirement in writing without looking is that the combinations should always be written the same way, for, when the eye guide is absent, the fingers must obey the rule established by long practice. This automatic precision can be acquired only by this long practice, and in this may be seen the superiority of fixing once for all the best fingering of the few combinations in a short sentence, rewritten hundreds of times, over the slow and painful picking out of many pages.

HARRISBURG, Penn. *H. M. Hoke.*

A READER'S PROTEST AGAINST SYNDICATES.

It seems to me that the time has come when one who has suffered long in silence may safely raise a voice of complaint, of expostulation, nay, of warning, to the syndicates.

I am a newspaper reader, — I have always been, — would always wish to continue one: like all other habits formed in youth, the newspaper habit is absolute master in its own sphere. I like to read my daily paper, morning and evening. I like also certain weeklies of good standing. I like my own local papers and my state papers: and last, but not least, a fair share of denominational news,— or, rather, I did like all these things, — but now —

Is it fair, is it just, that after blinking away a tear over a pathetic little tale in the *Morning Sunrise* this morning, this afternoon I should *come* across the same tale precisely in the *Evening Shades*, and to-morrow, being Sunday, I'm morally certain that I shall come upon it in the *Sunday Press;* and while I am indignantly turning this over in my mind, I slip the wrapper from a favorite messenger from the Western wilds, and lo! here I find the same letter from New York, the same letter from Washington, the same "Household," down to the tomato catsup and the ham omelet, that I perused yesterday in the *Weekly Giant* of the nearest metropolis! Though a newspaper reader, I am a busy woman, and I know that Monday, when my religious paper comes, I shall have to begin sifting over again, and my resentment grows.

Wherefore these things? Are the people of the country all gone daft, that the syndicates should have it all their own way? "But this is

fame — glorious fame — for the writers who serve the syndicate. They are well paid; the newspaper men buy the stuff at so much a yard, — dirt cheap, — and simultaneously all over the country the names of the writers are held up for admiration — the great electric light of the world's eye, called Fame, is turned full upon them."

Have we not had pretty near enough of it? There has been some talk of the newspapers displacing magazines in popular favor. Never, while they go on in the ways of the syndicate. We will fly to the magazines with more profound love than ever. We *know* that the leading article in the *Thunderer* will *not* be duplicated in the *Cloud Burst*. We may follow with peace and an untroubled breast the fortunes of the good people in the serials which are taking their winding way through the pages of those great magazines, for we are morally certain that we shall meet them in no other place until they have attained to the dignity of book covers, and then we may seek or shun as we have learned to love or weary of them, but not in a half dozen different newspapers. Blessed, then, be the magazine which gives us such a sense of stability and security, and perish the syndicates which are spoiling our writers, and teaching us to fritter, to idle, to gossip, to be vulgar, pushing, greedy, and crazy for notoriety.

Margaret H. Lawless.

TOLEDO, O.

THE WORM TURNS.

The editor pushed her manuscript and the accompanying letter wearily aside, seized a rusty falcon pen which wrote spasmodically, watered his ink until it was indistinguishable at three paces, selected some highly-glazed and very flimsy paper, and wrote to her as follows: —

DEAR MADAM: Pardon me for presuming to take up *so much* of your time, which *I know* must be occupied with all sorts of household, social, and other duties, besides the literary pursuits to which you seem addicted to some extent, — but, knowing that you *may* be one of the readers of, and *are* one of the would-be contributors to, my little journal (which you are *so kind* as to call *valuable* and *interesting*, and, heaven knows, I try to make it so, and if I don't succeed, it isn't my fault, I'm sure, for I *try* hard enough), I make bold to ask for a few, a *very few*, moments of your attention.

I wouldn't ask you, you know, but really I *must* ask some one, as my friends — though very *flattering* and *complimentary*, and all that — may be prejudiced, and I honestly want an uninfluenced judgment. I am a poor widower, with two or three maiden aunts entirely depend-e n on me for millinery, and daily bread, and car fares, and what with the tariff and all the other discouragements, it's *precious hard pulling* to get along.

Perhaps I weary you, but reciprocity is a great thing. So I just thought I'd ask you to look over my paper for the last two or three months, and let me know *candidly* and *in detail* exactly what you think of how it is edited.

I shall expect to have you make any suggestions that occur to you as to the make-up, proof-reading, literary qualities, editing, and enterprise of the journal; and if you see any signs of promise, or can conscientiously encourage me to keep on in my career, perhaps you might subscribe for about a dozen copies for three or four years.

Possibly you are already subscribing for a number of the more prominent periodicals of the day, and may feel that you cannot make a place for mine. But unless you sometimes help along the editors and publishers who are beginners, how are we ever going to attain eminence and make names, and fames, and cold cash, and foot-holds, and grow to be Charles A. Dana

and things like those? Even editors ought to have some little encouragement at the send-off, as it were.

Let your maiden meditation hover about those aunties of mine. If you could see them pining for slate pencils and chewing gum, I'm sure you'd stretch a point to aid their nephew.

Forgive me if I presume upon your good nature, but it is not many moons ere it will be Auntie Tabitha's 'steenth birthday — her natal anniversary. She does long for a green parrot. Oh, if you could but hear her say, "Edgar, *do* you suppose I shall have Polly for a birthday remembrance? *Do* you?" it would touch your heart. If you *should* send on the cash for subscriptions, — say about thirty dollars, — auntie shall have the green parrot. And won't we (auntie and I) be surprised?

Meanwhile your touching, personal epistle floats thistle-down-like to the waste basket — gone to join your four-pound serial; and thanking you for your *disinterested* and *discriminating* praise of my *valuable* paper, — to which you are not a subscriber, as I learn by a hasty but accurate glance at the subscription books, — I am, with such respect as is possible under the circumstances,

Yours *very* sincerely,
EDITOR OF THE "TRIPHAMMER."

"There!" said he, as he folded the unblotted pages, "if that does n't settle her, I am a tenderfoot!" Then he addressed it: "'Aspirant,' care of Miss Alice Q. Swoggles, Brassville, Hard Cheek Co., Montana."

And it settled her — so far as the *Triphammer* was concerned. But she still writes to (not *for*) other editors. Does n't she?

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Tudor Jenks.*

EVENING PAPERS IN ENGLAND AND THEIR SUB-EDITING.

The work of a sub-editor on a daily newspaper in England is very different from that of an editor in the United States. In America the great cities are separated from each other by distances sufficiently long to prevent immediate and direct competition in the sale of the dailies of each, while in England, on the contrary, all the large towns are within a few hours' distance by rail from London, and, speaking generally, it may be said that all the morning dailies of England are obtainable on the day of publication in every large town. In the populous industrial centres of the north the purchaser has his choice of half a dozen excellent, full-sized journals. The effect of this is to produce a great similarity of news matter and a great diversity of opinion as expressed in the leading articles. This necessitates great vigilance on the part of the sub-editors in making their sheets complete. Large as is the number of first-class morning papers, they leave a great demand unsupplied, and, as the day advances, they are replaced by innumerable half-penny, or one-cent, papers, which cater for a very wide class of readers. First, they supply the commercial and the racing man, with hourly reports of the markets and race meetings in which he is interested; second, they furnish a paper brought up to six o'clock in the evening to the working man, who has no time to read a paper before that time; and, thirdly, they afford a field for writing on social and personal matters, bearing in this respect somewhat the same relation to the morning paper that the Sunday edition of the American journal does to its ordinary work-day issue. In London the *Evening Standard* and the *Globe*, each with an invariable social article, are the most solid of the evening papers. Each sells for one penny. The *Echo* is philosophically radical, and is noted for very able biographical and critical sketches of men of note. The *Echo* and the *Star* — the latter a breezy sheet, much read

alike by the working classes and in social and theatrical circles in London — each sell at a half-penny. All the evening papers in the provinces sell at a half-penny, and amongst the best are the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, the *Manchester Evening News*, the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*, and the *Bradford Daily Telegraph*. At first the morning papers affected to despise the evening issues, but more now issue them, and, in some instances, probably derive the major part of their revenue from the evening sheet.

When the sub-editor of the morning paper has been in bed for a few hours the evening paper sub in the provinces turns out from home, before the trains begin to run, to get to his office at seven o'clock, and at that early hour finds some forty or fifty "comps" ready for work overhead. On his desk are six copies of that morning's papers, and a copy of the last edition of the paper for the night before. It contains a complete record of markets, parliament, and everything else that has transpired up to six o'clock on the previous night, and he has now to set to work at preparing a foundation for the new day's paper in what has occurred since that hour. In the letter-box he finds a quantity of copy, being reports of night meetings from the reportorial staff, and this, being gone through, is sent upstairs to the compositors, that is, after it has been made to meet the requirements of space, for no one is more the creature of circumstances in this respect than the evening newspaper sub-editor. All unfinished reports in the last night's edition are finished off, and summaries of political speeches given the previous night are prepared. These have seldom to be specially written, as out of the great variety of papers containing reports and summaries of varying lengths one is pretty sure to be found of the exact length needed. An assistant sub-editor occupies himself in writing a column summary from some six or seven columns of local news in the morning dailies, and by the time this is done it is half-past eight, the compositors have plenty of copy in hand, and the sub-editors go to breakfast. While they are away the London letter, written in "flimsy," from a metropolitan journalist, arrives, and is taken in hand while the editor writes a column leader, and some notes and news of the day are also prepared. At ten o'clock the sub-editors are back, and by this time the London papers of that morning and the evening papers of the previous night are on their table, and are skimmed for dainty bits. If some big political event has taken place, the opinions of the press are briefly collated, and if a tragedy has occurred in the metropolitan district, there is no keener judge than the provincial evening sub of which of the London papers have got the best report. Then from the various gossip columns a column of readable paragraphs is picked out, and by noon the matter for the first edition is in the compositors' hands. Market reports are arriving by telegraph, and presently the full flood of telegrams from four or five different agencies begins to pour in. So many different "services" are taken in order that nothing may be missed, and the morning papers forestalled as far as possible. Here the chief troubles of the evening sub-editor come in. He has to guard against "doubles"; to remember in respect of each item, if it is only two lines in length, whether it has come on any other service, whether it was "clipped" from the morning papers, or was in the day before.

Soon after one o'clock the first edition is out, and the subs have a respite for dinner. From then till the last edition is out there is a perfect flood of telegrams, which have to be cut from and slaughtered as best they may to suit the exigencies of space. Markets, racing news, political, shipping, and every class come tumbling in, and have to be dealt with instantly, editions being made up almost hourly with punctilious exactness. Libels have to be guarded against, telegraphic errors corrected, and half a dozen different trains of thought kept going in his bewildered head.

At length 6.30 arrives, and the sub goes home, leaving the office floor strewn with telegraph envelopes thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa. On his way he meets the morning sub going to his work. The evening sub-editor has no Sunday work, like his morning friend, but has his evenings free. His work is, however, done at a very high pressure, and in the midst of bustle and confusion, and usually leaves him tired, sleepy, and unfit for anything but bed.

BRADFORD, England. *C. Watson.*

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to William H. Hills. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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What the exact effect of the passage of the International Copyright bill will be, it is impossible to predict, but it will undoubtedly improve the condition of authors in America. The new law is a great advance on that which it will supersede July 1, 1891, but it is by no means all that could have been desired. The essential changes are as follows: The new law allows the copyright privilege both to citizens of the United States and to citizens of foreign nations that give copyright privileges to citizens of the United States. It expressly gives to authors the exclusive right to dramatize and translate any of their copyrighted works. It provides that on or before publication day a printed copy of the title shall be mailed, within the United States, to the librarian of Congress, with the required fee, which in the case of American authors is fifty cents, and of foreign authors, one dollar. It requires also that not later than the day of publication in this, or in any foreign, country two copies of the book, printed from type set within the United States, or plates made therefrom, shall be mailed within the United States to the librarian of Congress. A list of the titles of all such books must be published weekly by the secretary of the treasury, and distributed to collectors of customs and to postmasters receiving foreign mails, and to others who desire it, at a price not exceeding five dollars a year. The importation of unauthorized editions of copyrighted publications is prohibited, except in the case of persons purchasing for use and not for sale, who import, subject to duty, not more than two copies of any such book, and except in the case of newspapers and magazine, not containing, in whole or in part, unauthorized reprints of copyrighted matter. Each volume of a book and each number of a periodical is regarded as a separate publication for copyright purposes. Books in foreign languages may be imported free of duty.

* * *

While the new copyright law recognizes the moral right of English authors to control the publication of their books in the United States, it imposes such conditions that most of such authors will be only a little better off than they were before. The law requires for copyright simultaneous publication in England and in the United States, and the American edition must be printed from type set in this country. This latter provision, which was made at the demand of the printers of America, it seems likely will practically nullify the law, excepting in the case of well-known English writers. The average author finds it hard enough usually to secure a publisher who will go to the expense of setting the type once to make his book. When, in order to secure American copyright, the expense of a second typesetting is required, the author's difficulty will be increased, and the

probability is that a great many authors will have to forego the privilege of copyright in the United States, which the law affords to them. In the case of well-known authors, whose books are sure to have a large sale in the United States, there will be no such difficulty, but the number of such authors is small compared with that of the lesser-known writers, to whom the law can be of little practical benefit, unless American reprint publishers can be induced to bid against one another for the American right in their works.

***

One way out of the difficulty is possible, but British printers do not like to think of the possibility. There is no provision in the English copyright law that books to be copyrighted in England must be printed from type set there. It is possible, therefore, for an English publisher to secure copyright in both countries by having his typesetting done in the United States, and printing his English edition from plates made in this country. By adopting this plan he would avoid the expensive necessity of having his typesetting done twice, and his object, with some little trouble, would be accomplished, — but the printers of England would have to go out of business. The assertion has been made that some of the most popular English authors — such as William Black, Rider Haggard, and the "Duchess," for instance — are considering the advisability of establishing a printing-house in the United States, or securing the control of one, to provide for American editions of their books.

***

So long as the minor English novelists are unable, for practical reasons, to secure copyright in America, the cheap reprint publishers on this side of the Atlantic will still find plenty of material for their "libraries." American authors, therefore, will not be freed from competition with cheap reprints of English books, but only from competition with cheap reprints of books by the best-known English authors. So many of the best books are written by writers without established fame that this fact seriously impairs the value of the new law. If another "Robert Elsmere," for instance, is written next year in England, the chances are very good that it will not be copyrighted in the United States, and as soon as any such book makes a hit it can be reprinted in this country as freely as it could have been under the old copyright law. The benefit to American authors, therefore, arising from lack of competition with reprints of English books under the new law will not be as great as some enthusiastic people have imagined.

***

On the whole, however, much has been gained, and a solid foundation has been laid for good work in the future. An important privilege secured to authors by the new law is due to the express recognition of their sole right to translate or dramatize any of their copyrighted works. Another important provision of the law is that requiring the secretary of the treasury to publish a weekly list of all books copyrighted and published in the United States, and to send it to any persons who desire to subscribe for it at a price not exceeding five dollars a year. According to the law, this new publication will give an official transcript of the titles of all copyrighted works published in the United States, and it will be of the greatest value to all who are interested in book publishing. The only similar list now available is that made in successive issues of the *Publishers' Weekly*, which, although it is prepared with great care and is exceedingly useful, cannot under present conditions be complete. W. H. H.

BUREAUS OF REVISION.

A pleasant experience of some years in having various contributions in verse invariably accepted and published, without pay, led at length to trying the magazines and papers that pay for such contributions. As a result there were received some twenty-four different forms of printed declinations, and a few, very few, written ones; the latter containing kind words of cheer and commendation. *Not* discouraged, but a little impatient, perhaps, I wrote to one of the bureaus of revision, enclosing several copies of verses for correction and amendment. They came back, with a word here and a line there not of the original marking, and

if it must be said, seemingly not fitter than at first. It provoked me, placid-minded man that I am; so putting them in my desk, I sent the originals out. But they would not stay out. Then, thinking that in fairness the amended versions should have a chance, *they* were started out. All came back in time — in print. The first one I had word from was detained by Harper & Brothers, who sent as an apology a check for $10. All were not accepted on their first flight, but in no case since has any piece I have thought well enough of to have it revised failed, before travelling far, to bring home a check to aid in keeping its memory fresh in my mind.

There is pleasure in knowing that in no case has the construction of my work in rhyme or metre been faulty, while the cash returns have eased the soreness of being obliged to submit work to another's revision of its phrasing.

I believe many writers would find their returns from their ideas more often satisfactory if they pursued this plan. S.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) Should a woman be called "editor" or "editress"?

(2.) Should it be "*The Moralist*," when writing of the paper, or "*the Moralist*"?

E. E. G.

[(1.) The editor of THE WRITER prefers "editor" to "editress" in speaking of a woman.

(2.) THE WRITER would say "the *Moralist*," printing the name of the paper in italics, and the article in roman, without a capital "T." — W. H. H.]

Kindly inform me whether the new copyright law will affect translators. I mean whether the new law will "protect" all foreign books and periodicals so that no translation may be done without permission. S. E.

[Under the new law the author of any book copyrighted in the United States has the sole *right to dramatize or translate* it. Books in foreign languages, published abroad, and not copyrighted in the United States, may be freely translated as before, without the permission of the author. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Arthur C. Grissom's excellent article, entitled "The Variations of 'Said,'" in the last number of THE WRITER, interested me greatly, and is of much practical value. "Said" is in some respects the *bête noire* of a majority of writers, and this compilation of Mr. Grissom's will serve to obviate much wear and tear on the "think tank." I have found a few words omitted from the list, and beg to add them herewith: Excused, Screeched, Shrieked, Screamed, Told, Chimed in, Yawned. J. R. M.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

In the "Scrap Basket" of the March WRITER Ella E. Gibson says, referring to the quotation in J. Henry Hager's article, that if those who have the books will search for the hymn in question, it will be found as sung sixty years ago. I have before me a little thick book published in 1825, and containing Watts' "Psalms of David," and "Hymns and Spiritual Songs." In the latter division of the book I find a hymn closing with this stanza: —

> How long, dear Saviour, O how long
> Shall this bright hour delay?
> Fly swifter round, ye wheels of Time,
> And bring the welcome day.

The hymn begins,

> Lo, what a glorious sight appears.

PERSIS E. DARROW.

WENTWORTH, N. H.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"Guess" for "Think." — It has come to be almost proverbial that the Yankee is known the world over for the use of "I guess" for "I think." "Guess" is by no means a synonym of "think," as it is used in this sense. While

this error is more common in conversation, it is often to be noticed in print. G. W. R.

TILTON, N. H.

"**Quite.**" — Few writers seem to understand the correct use of "quite." To say that a girl is "quite pretty" should mean that she is exceedingly pretty, whereas many writers would use the phrase to express the idea that she was rather pretty. Although the second use has become common, it is better to restrict the use of "quite" to its original meaning, and to employ it always as an intensive rather than a diminutive. R. E. S.

BOSTON, MASS.

"**Tasty**" for "**Tasteful.**" — I wish that newspaper writers could be persuaded not to use "tasty" when they mean "tasteful." "Tasty" is inelegant, if not absolutely incorrect. Tasteful writers never use it. F. E. L.

ONEIDA, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

POOLE'S INDEX TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE — FIRST SUPPLEMENT. From January 1, 1882, to January 1, 1887. By William Frederick Poole, LL. D., and William I. Fletcher, A. M., with the coöperation of the American Library Association. 483 pp. Cloth, $8.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1888.

The value and importance to all literary workers of "Poole's Index to Periodical Literature" were set forth in the March number of THE WRITER, in the review of the revised edition of the Index up to 1882, which has just been issued in two handsome royal octavo volumes. The plan of the work provides for the publication of supplements every five years, and this first Supplement, issued in uniform style with the original Index, completes the index to January 1, 1887. The three volumes together contain a complete index to periodical literature up to that time, and together form what may almost be regarded as the most useful reference work that can be placed on the library shelves of any writer. The preface of the Supplement says: "The number of volumes of magazines indexed in this Supplement is 1,089, and they belong to 141 different sets of periodicals. Of these, seventy-nine were indexed in the edition of 1882, and the references to later volumes are here continued. Sixty-one sets of periodicals are here included which did not appear in the edition of 1882. Of these, thirty-three are new, having issued their first numbers during the five years, and twenty-eight are older sets, which are now indexed for the first time." The work has been done by coöperation with the same exhaustive thoroughness and accuracy that characterized the original Index. The plan and the usefulness of the whole work were fully described in the March issue of THE WRITER, and the description need not be repeated. It is enough to say that any literary worker who possesses the three volumes of the Index now ready gains access through them to a mine of information of inestimable value. W. H. H.

THE HUMBLER POETS. A Collection of Newspaper and Periodical Verse. 1870 to 1885. By Slason Thompson. Fourth Edition. Revised. 459 pp. Cloth. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1889.

Mr. Thompson did the literary world a real service when six years ago he published the first edition of this collection of the fugitive poems found in the newspapers during the previous fifteen years. Probably 5,000 new poems are printed in this country every year, and of these many of the best are published in newspapers, without even being offered to the standard magazines. Such poems, reprinted again and again because of the evident merit they possess, soon become mutilated and incomplete, and if their authorship is known at first, they are likely to become anonymous before long. In collecting, restoring, identifying, and reprinting such verses in an attractive volume Mr. Thompson has done a work which should win for him the gratitude of all lovers of poetry. His book contains many gems of verse, which have been added to countless scrap-books, and which are given here accredited to their authors, and printed in their original form. The selections for the volume have been made with excellent taste, and in every way the collection is a satisfactory one. It is to be hoped that Mr. Thompson means to supplement it with a collection of the best newspaper verse published in the last five years. W. H. H.

LETTERS TO LIVING AUTHORS. By John A. Stewart. 271 pp. Cloth. New York: United States Book Co. 1890.

This collection of literary essays, "Letters to Living Authors," is evidently modelled, at least in title, after Mr. Andrew Lang's charming and poetical "Letters to Dead Authors," which appeared first in the *Independent*. It is a bold thing to criticise the living, and contemporary critical essays are frequently valueless. It would be too much to expect to find in a young writer like Mr. Stewart the accurate scholarship, the versatility, the poetical use of language and life, which inform the essays of Mr. Lang and render them so charming and memorable. In his "Letters to Dead Authors," Mr. Lang's trained pen touches nothing which it does not adorn; in his "Letters to Living Authors," Mr. Stewart, although he shows wide reading, catholic tastes, a certain discriminating judgment and ability to catch, at least, the strongly pro-

nounced characteristics of the authors he endeavors to analyze, jars upon the reader of delicate taste by a certain brusqueness and hail-fellow-well-met style. In a word, his book is "American," and it is a matter of regret that that adjective does not always connote the highest degree of excellence. The familiar way in which the authors are addressed, however, does not always conceal the fact that Mr. Stewart is a man of enthusiasm, and the careless style, often disfigured by American slang and pompous Latin polysyllables, sometimes conceals thoughts which are really valuable. The book has not a dull page in it, and the letters addressed to John Ruskin, Andrew Lang, and Robert Louis Stevenson are particularly wide-awake, and for the most part far-sighted. The book is well printed on good paper by Messrs. A. Constable & Co., at the Edinburgh University Press; the portraits of the authors, however, with but few exceptions, are very disappointing. E. A. T.

GEORGE MEREDITH: SOME CHARACTERISTICS. By Richard Le Gallienne and W. Morton Fullerton. 168 pp. Cloth. New York: United States Book Co. 1890.

George Meredith's position in English novel-writing strikingly resembles the place occupied by Robert Browning some few years ago; the works of both these virile thinkers are "caviare to the general." But, though Browning gained, shortly before his death, a larger, if less scholarly, audience, that can hardly be said of Meredith even to-day. Any book, therefore, critical in the true sense and appreciative as well, as is this book of Mr. Le Gallienne's, is to be welcomed as likely to bring a noble and high-minded author more closely into contact with the reading world. Mr. Le Gallienne appreciates his author: he appreciates him for his best and noblest, his clear conceptions of character, his poetical insight, and the beauty of his style. He is not blind to his whimsicalities and sometimes wilful extravagances, but he sympathizes with the power and passion of his author in such an emphatic way that he carries the reader with him. The book is rendered still more valuable by a careful bibliography of George Meredith, compiled by John Lane.

E. A. T.

THE LIFE OF W. M. THACKERAY. By Herman Merivale and Frank T. Marzials. 255 pp. Cloth, 40 cents. New York: A. Lovell & Co. 1891.

"None of this nonsense about me after my death," Thackeray is reported to have said after listening to a somewhat fulsome biography published after the death of a brother author. Although more than twenty-five years have elapsed since Thackeray's death, his wish has been respected, and this life is really the first biography that has been published, for the short sketch by Trollope in the English Men of Letters Series is far more critical than biographical. Mr. Merivale, who has written the first six chapters of the present book, can say as did Thackeray, in his charming Roundabout Paper on Charlotte Brontë, "*vidi tantum*," for in his boyish days he had the pleasure of meeting the great novelist, who was a particular friend of Mr. Merivale's father. Through the kindness of Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, some memorials of Thackeray's earlier days, which had never before been published, were placed at Mr. Merivale's disposal. It must be a comfort to the lover of Thackeray to know that this biography is, therefore, not wholly unsanctioned by his family, and that, though Mrs. Ritchie herself, the fittest person to write her father's life, has judged it best not to undertake it, she has yet permitted the use of valuable material.

The lover of Thackeray cannot help being grateful for the additional knowledge which this biography affords. Yet the work is not wholly satisfactory. In his paragraph upon "Disappointment and Religion" being the two prime motors in Thackeray's life and work, Mr. Merivale steps perilously near the edge of some of that "nonsense" that Thackeray disclaimed. The introductory chapter has a distinct air of "padding" about it; in fact, the personal reminiscences, which would have given added value to the biography, are noticeably absent. In Chapter XII., "Thackeray's Friendships," Merivale is happiest and his touch most delicate; here and there a sentence seems to have caught the feeling and the artist's touch of Thackeray's own style; but too soon the biographer relapses into slipshod English. Mr. Merivale's work, however, shows a defter literary touch than Mr. Marzials'. The latter is known as a young poet and sonneteer of promise; but the critical faculty ripens with years and experience. Mr. Marzials' analyses of Thackeray's novels, notably that of "The Newcomes," on page 181, are very crude and unsatisfactory. For real appreciation and insight the short essay of John Brown on "The Literary Life of Thackeray," first published in the *North British Review*, is worth all of this biography. Yet this is a book, after all, which, faulty as it is in construction and critical insight, is full of interest. The figure of a great and a good man shines through its pages, and no lover of Thackeray can afford to leave this life unread. E. A. T.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. By Sir Edwin Arnold. 286 pp Cloth, $1.75. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1891.

The first feeling of the reader who takes up "The Light of the World," by the author of "The Light of Asia," will be a feeling of distinct disappointment. The old oriental splendor, the melody of diction, and the Eastern imagery seem lacking, and instead of this richness

of life and subtle poetic melody the reader is present with long spaces of verse, arid and unmusical in many places. But, — as Lowell asserts that even Milton drops to a level in certain theological stretches in "Paradise Lost," and as Dean Stanley asserted in his life of the Wesleys that there can be no such thing as real religious poetry, that the imagery and symbols used are naturally unpoetic, — perhaps the subject, vast and interesting as it is, having lost the charm of novelty, and challenging comparison with the power and pathos of the simple Gospel story, may be held responsible in part for the feeling of disappointment. Of all kinds of poetry blank verse would seem to have been best suited for this epic, if so it may be styled. But the outworn heroic couplet, the verse of Dryden and Pope, with its suggestion of artificiality, that verse which even Dr. Holmes' sparkling wit failed to immortalize when his poem on Harvard's 250th anniversary fell almost flat, seems a peculiar selection for the introduction to the story of the Saviour's life and death. The reader feels a distinct sense of relief when the poet drops into blank verse; in the picturesque beginning of Book I., "Mary Magdalene," he catches a glimpse of the old poetic fire and inspiration, and is almost ready to recast his opinion. Here the verse begins to be picturesque; the sketch of Mary Magdalene, whose rich Jewish blood "glowed through the sunburnt ivory of her face," followed by the splendid and glowing description of the "burning volcanic fires that had flamed in her breast," is a masterpiece of feeling and poetic imagination. The lyrics here and there, too, are musical, especially the angels' song of "Peace," "Goodwill," which begins —

"Ah! think we listened there,"

in the same metre as Milton's Hymn on the Nativity. Still, judged from the poetic standpoint, and not from the didactic and theological, it cannot be denied that the melody and beauty of Sir Edwin Arnold's latest poem are inferior, as a whole, to those of his earlier work, which, less polemical and serious in character, could dwell longer upon the beauties of word and phrase, and depict in glowing colors the charm of the sensuous Eastern life. This seriousness may, no doubt, be considered an added charm by some thoughtful readers; indeed, Richard Henry Stoddard, who writes a delightful introduction, praises the poet for being "no longer content to depict the surface of things in felicitous words, flooded with color and vibrant with melody, but determined to investigate the secrets of souls." The blank verse, however, that in the hands of a master like Milton rises to the height of his great argument, and justifies the ways of God to men, falls strangely weak in some passages which should be the strongest in the description of the Master's death as told by Mary Magdalene. Sonority and music and forward movement seem lacking; beautiful descriptive passages here and there cannot uplift the whole. Still, the work will be read, and widely read, not only because of the reputation of the poet, but because of the greatness of his theme.

E. A. T.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. Illustrated. 321 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1891.

No more entertaining book has been published this year than this bright description of London sights, society, people, and customs, as seen through the eyes of a typical Chicago girl. The author's wit, which made "A Social Departure," so keenly enjoyable, characterizes this book also, and her unconventional style is always bright and sparkling. Those who would not read an ordinary book of travels will find this description of English manners and people thoroughly entertaining. The eighty illustrations, by F. H. Townsend, are drawn in admirable sympathy with the text. W. H. H.

THE YOUNG EDITOR. By Matthew White, Jr. 321 pp. Imitation Leatherette, 25 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1891.

"The Young Editor" is an absurdly improbable story of rivalry between two newspapers in a country town, and of a young man who, when his father mysteriously disappeared, took his seat, utterly inexperienced, at the editorial desk, and succeeded in giving to the paper a national reputation, besides earning money enough to pay off a debt of $1500 inside of two weeks.

W. H. H.

CARMINA PRINCETONIA. The University Song Book. Seventh Edition. 126 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Newark, N. J.: Martin R. Dennis & Co. 1890.

This new collection of college songs, prepared especially for the use of Princeton students, contains songs that will delight college men everywhere. The old, worn-out songs have been omitted, and the collection is made up only of melodies which are sung by college students to-day. They are full of life and jollity, and the spirit of college life permeates both words and music. The book is handsomely printed, and the odd cover design, in orange and black, the Princeton colors, is especially effective. W. H. H.

COMEDIES BY ALFRED DE MUSSET. Translated and edited by S. L. Gwynn. 129 pp. Cloth, 40 cents. New York: A. Lovell Co. 1891.

De Musset was essentially a poet, and his light and sparkling comedies must necessarily lose some of their champagne upon decantation into a foreign medium. Scribe is said once to have asked him: "De Musset, how do

you manage it? I write with no idea but to amuse the people, yet I can't make them laugh as you do." "Ah," smiled De Musset, "but I — write to amuse myself." But the man or woman who cannot read in the original "Barberine" or "A Door Must Be Either Open or Shut" will no doubt be amused by this translation, which seems accurate, and has point and sparkle. De Musset's women are typical French women, full of repartee and wit; his men are men of the world. The plays have a literary character, which is a comfort in these days of frothy and ill-constructed dramas.

E. A. T.

ON THE STRUCTURE AND DISTRIBUTION OF CORAL REEFS. By Charles Darwin. Edited, with an Introduction, by Joseph W. Williams. 278 pp. Cloth, 40 cents. New York: A. Lovell & Company.

The "Camelot Series" is making a new and probably wise departure when it embraces science in its literary reprints. Nothing that Darwin has written is uninteresting; he has the trained eye of a man of science, and the exact pen of a careful writer, and though the book was first published as early as 1842, the facts are not antiquated nor displaced by further knowledge, as is common in much of the science of the present day. The book is an addition to an admirable series, and the illustrations add value to the text. E. A. T.

SHORT FLIGHTS By Meredith Nicholson. 100 pp. Cloth. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. 1891.

This unambitious volume of verses, "Short Flights," shows musical taste and poetic feeling. The metres are varied, and the subjects unhackneyed. The last poem in the book, a sonnet on Thoreau, shows an appreciation of the poet-naturalist and an understanding of the sonnet form. E. A. T.

SARDIA: A STORY OF LOVE. By Cora Linn Daniels. 299 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

"Sardia" is a decidedly vivid love story, which has just been added by the publishers to their Good Company Series. It is well written, and its sensational interest will attract many readers. W. H. H.

WOMEN POETS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA. Edited by Mrs. William Sharp. 295 pp. Cloth, 40 cents. New York: A. Lovell & Co. 1891.

Every time a new volume of the Camelot or the Canterbury Poets Series appears Walter Scott and his New York representative have put the reading public under an added obligation. If this charming little collection of "Women Poets" cost $1.50 instead of 40 cents, the lover of true poetry would think the money well spent. The field covered is wide, beginning with Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Browning and ending with some delightful unpublished poems by the two Gillington sisters. Mrs. Alice Meynell, whom Rossetti praises so highly, has some delightful sonnets in this book. Other sonneteers are Mathilde Blind, Christina Rossetti, and Frances Anne Kemble, while beautiful lyrics, some from almost unknown poets on this side of the water, show that Pan is not yet dead. Mrs. Sharp, whose husband is so well known for his charming sonnet-anthologies, shows equally good taste. An introductory literary essay, somewhat historical in character, forms an interesting preface, while brief notes giving the date of publication of the principal works of the poets add value to this anthology. The poems are beautiful in themselves, and will possess added interest to many because they are the work of the women of to-day. E. A. T.

THE CRYSTAL BUTTON; or, The Adventures of Paul Prognosis in the Forty-ninth Century. By Chauncey Thomas. Edited by George Houghton. 302 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1891.

"The Crystal Button" is a prophetic story, written, the author says, long before Bellamy's "Looking Backward" was published. It deals with the mechanical improvements that may be expected in the future rather than with social questions, although these are, of course, involved, and its descriptions of the civilization of the world 2,000 years hence are very interesting. The author, a well-known Boston carriage manufacturer, is a skilled mechanic and inventor, and his theories seem to have a practicability that makes them especially fascinating. W. H. H.

THE YELLOW RIBBON SPEAKER. Compiled by Rev. Anna H. Shaw, Alice Stone Blackwell, and Lucy Elmina Anthony. 243 pp. Boards, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

Readings and recitations bearing on the subject of equal suffrage for men and women are included in this little volume. The compilers say that they hope to publish before long a second volume of similar selections. W. H. H.

PEPITA XIMENEZ. By Juan Valera. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. 273 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1891.

This new edition of "Pepita Ximenez," one of the most charming of contemporary Spanish novels, is well printed, and is adorned with a portrait of the author and a spicy introduction from his pen. "Pepita" is remarkable for artistic finish and development of character and passion; the ardent love-story is introduced so artistically and carried forward in so masterly a fashion that reading this charming tale, with its Spanish atmosphere of poetry and romance, is like watching a young bud blossom into a perfect crimson rose. The book would form an admirable study of the "art of fiction" for young story-writers. Pepita is charming; her lover is scarcely less interesting, and the history of the development and growth of the passion, which overpowers all other ideas and overturns a carefully planned career, is masterly in

the extreme. The book holds the reader from beginning to end, and, though a love story, is of high tone. E. A. T.

MAGNOLIA LEAVES. By Mrs. B. C. Rude. 123 pp. Stiff boards, $1.00. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1891.

"Magnolia Leaves," by Mrs. Rude, is a very prettily and daintily printed volume of verse. The white vellum cover, with its golden design of magnolias, attracts the eye; the paper and print are good, and a portrait of the author forms the frontispiece. One of the best poems is "Caedmon," which succinctly gives the history of the rise of English verse. E. A. T.

THE PICTURESQUE GEOGRAPHICAL READERS. Second Book. This Continent of Ours. By Charles F. King. 315 pp. Cloth. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1890.

The old-fashioned style of Reader is growing quite out of date, and the reading-lessons of the children of to-day are utilized to convey useful information. It would seem that the best use to which a reading lesson could be put would be to familiarize the youthful mind with the masterpieces of English and American literature, training them in appreciation of imaginative work and good English. But, if the child *must* be filled with facts, this series of "Picturesque Geographical Readers" does it in a pleasant way, giving the young student a fair knowledge of the beauties and peculiarities of North America. E. A. T.

CHURCH AND STATE. By Count Leo Tolstoï. 169 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker. 1891.

The radical views of Tolstoï are well set forth in this little volume, "Church and State." A very interesting example of the nature and office of money is given in the tragical history of the Fiji Islands and their gradual enslavement, beginning with the American demand for money, and ending with the English seizure of the islands to enable the inhabitants to pay the enforced taxes. Even a non-believer in the doctrines of Tolstoï will be interested to look once from his point of view. E. A. T.

THE PRIMES AND THEIR NEIGHBORS. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. 310 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1891.

In "The Primes and their Neighbors," ten tales of Middle Georgia, Mr. Johnston's dialect work is shown at its best. Ten more humorous Southern sketches, with amusing delineations of character, sometimes almost approaching caricature, it would be difficult to find. The situations are almost as laughter-provoking as the dialect, and the rustic simplicity and *naiveté* of Southern village life before the war are graphically depicted. To the Northern ear, accustomed to hear the English tongue treated with some slight modicum of respect, the dialect may seem a trifle overdrawn, and to men like the brilliant college student, who couldn't read Scott on account of his dialect, possibly a little wearisome. The best sketches are "The Durance of Mr. Dickerson Prime," "The Experiment of Miss Sally Cash," and "The Self-Protection of Mr. Littleberry Roach." The clinging fashion of the charming widow, Mrs. Sanky, with her obstreperous son Jeems, bears some resemblance to the celebrated Mrs. Bardell. In fact, many of Mr. Johnston's tales, despite their local color, challenge in their handling and character-drawing a comparison with Dickens. E. A. T.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. Translated by Rev. Oliver Crane, D. D. 258 pp. Cloth, $1.75. New York: Baker & Taylor Company. 1888.

Dr. Crane's object was to translate the Æneid literally line by line into English dactylic hexameters, and he has accomplished it as successfully as any one could have done. It cannot be said, however, that his translation, faithful as it is, gives a fair idea of the poetic spirit of Virgil's great epic. English "hexameter" verse is not the classical hexameter and cannot reproduce it; it is stiff where the Greek and Latin are flexible, long-winded where Homer is rapid, and turgid where Virgil is stately. The dactylic movement, as Professor Palmer has ably shown in his recent *Atlantic* article on "Rhythmic Prose," is foreign to the genius of the English language. For these reasons, Dr. Crane's translation is valuable chiefly because of the literal accuracy with which he has reproduced in English the Latin text. His "Introduction" to the work is scholarly and interesting. W. H. H.

THE SOUL OF MAN. By Dr Paul Carus. 480 pp. Cloth, $3.00. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

The attempt to solve psychological problems is a difficult and yet an interesting one. The origin of mind is a question that has always perplexed man. Dr. Carus treats this subject from the biological basis, and his theory of soul-development, based upon carefully collated facts, will be of interest, not only to the scientist, but to the general reader. E. A. T.

HYGIENIC PHYSIOLOGY. By D. F. Lincoln, M. D. 206 pp. Cloth, 90 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

This "Hygienic Physiology" gives the simple facts about food, drink, and clothing in a clear and concise manner suited to children's comprehension. Though there is nothing new stated, no doubt many of the facts and suggestions will be of value to children, if taught and enforced by a good teacher. E. A. T.

COSMETICS. A Treatise for Physicians and Pharmacists. By Dr. Heinrich Paschkes. 210 pp. Paper, $1.50. New York: William Wood & Company. 1891.

As "Cosmetics" is a technical book, full of prescriptions for the care of the hair, skin, nails, etc., it is a rather dangerous book in the hands of a layman who does not understand the poisonous properties of many of the drugs

recommended. The book, however, seems to be carefully written, and, in the hands of a good physician who understands therapeutics, will no doubt be of value in the classes of cases which need the use of cosmetics. E. A. T.

THE NEW FOURTH MUSIC READER. By Luther Whiting Mason and George A. Veazie, Jr. 282 pp. Boards, $1.05. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

Mr. Mason is a well-known musician, and his "New Fourth Music Reader" contains well-selected compositions as a whole, although it would seem that the great masters, such as Mendelssohn, Abt, and others, might deserve a fuller representation. E. A. T.

AN IDYL OF WAR-TIMES. By Major W. C. Bartlett, U. S. A. 182 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Lew Vanderpoole Publishing Company. 1890.

War stories have a charm for most American readers, and an "Idyl of War-Times" will, no doubt, be read for its love-story at least.

E. A. T.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

"ALL IN THE FAMILY." Puck's Library, No. 45. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

PHYSICAL LABORATORY MANUAL AND NOTE-BOOK. By Alfred P. Gage. 121 pp. Stiff boards, 45 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

BEHIND A MASK. By Louise Battles-Cooper. 275 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

THE YOUNGEST BROTHER. By Ernest Wichert. 291 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

THE CARTARET AFFAIR. By St. George Rathborne. 264 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED. By Frank Cahoon. 177 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

SARDIA. By Cora Linn Daniels. 299 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

SONGS OF SYRACUSE. By William Burt Harlow. 71 pp. Cloth. Syracuse: W. B. Harlow. 1890.

IN CLOISTERS DIM. By Charles Curtz Hahn. Paper, Sedan, Kansas: Republican Press.

ALFRIEDA. By Emma E. H. Specht. 614 pp. Cloth. St. Louis: Published by the Author. 1890.

FABIAN ESSAYS IN SOCIALISM. By G. Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, William Clarke, Sydney Olivier, Annie Besant, Graham Wallas, and Hubert Bland. Edited by G. Bernard Shaw. 233 pp. Paper, 40 cents. New York: A. Lovell & Company.

SUCH IS LIFE. By Alfred Delpit. 335 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

WORD BY WORD. Advanced. By J. H. Stickney. 152 pp. Cloth, 30 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

VACATION VERSES. By Alice M. Dowd. 49 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1891.

TOLD IN THE HILLS. By Marah Ellis Ryan. 362 pp. *Paper, 50 cents.* Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. *1891.*

MONEY. By Emile Zola. 396 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

CONSTANCE WINTER'S CHOICE. By Anna Louise Beckwith. 170 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

MY LIFE WITH STANLEY'S REAR GUARD. By Herbert Ward. 151 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Charles L. Webster & Company. 1891.

PASSION. By G. Vere Tyler. 162 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Company. 1891.

HOODWINKED. By T. W. Speight. 140 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White-Smith Publishing Company, 62 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal—"Only Thee," soprano or tenor, C. A. White; "Ida May," P. H. Collins and Harrie A. Peck; "What Is Home Without a Loved One?" C. A. White; "My Alpine Rose," William H. Gardner and Alfred N. La Brie; "The Old Log Cabin in the Dell," C. A. White. Piano—"Presentation March," "Croquet Waltz," "Delightful Schottische," "Moonlight Redowa," "Love Mazurka," E. Mack; "Evening Hymn," "Excursion Polka," "Rocking-Horse Galop," "Teasing Rondo," "German Unity March," "Birthday Rondo," Karl Mertz; "Le Lac de Côme," Madame Louis Roche and C. Galos; "With Steam," galop, Edward Strauss; "Rosette," waltz, G. Bachmann; "Sur le Fleuve Jaune," Chinese barcarolle, Henri Kowalski; "Gay as a Bird," galop, Antoine La Font; "The Polka," E. Mack; "Echo Rondo," "Bessie Waltz," "Geranium Rondo," "May Dance," Karl Mertz; "Warrior's Joy," Pierre Duvernet. Violin—"White's Celebrated Songs," Ambrose Davenport.

From John F. Ellis & Co., Washington, D. C.: Vocal—"Aline, My Darling," De Witt C. Sprague and Edward Holst.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Estimating Manuscript. — To estimate the number of words in a manuscript, count half a dozen lines on the fourth or fifth page, and multiply the average number of words in a line by the average number of lines on a page, and that product again by the number of the pages in the manuscript. Ordinary typewriter copy on letter-size paper will average twelve words to a line. Editors do not care so much to know the exact number of words in a manuscript as how much space it will occupy; accordingly, half-lines at the end of paragraphs are counted as full lines. L. F. E.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

To Indicate Full-face Type. — Having occasion to prepare for the printers the copy of a book in which full-face or antique type and italics both are used, I have found it convenient

to indicate full-face type by a waved underscore line, and italics by the ordinary straight underscore line. Having explained the distinction to the printers before work on the book was begun, I have had no trouble. Previously I have indicated full-face type by underscoring in colored ink, but the wave-line is simpler, and just as effective as a colored line would be.

A. R. L.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE WORTH OF THE ENGLISH SENTENCE FOR REFLECTIVE AND ÆSTHETIC DISCIPLINE. John P. Fruit. *Modern Language Notes* for March.

UNITED STATES COPYRIGHT TO FOREIGN AUTHORS. Henry Loomis Nelson. *Harper's Weekly* for March 14.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. With Portrait of Richard Watson Gilder. Reprinted from the *Journalist* in *Paper and Press* for February.

JEROME K. JEROME. Reprinted from *Magazine and Book Review* in *Literary News* for March.

CHARLES DICKENS' CHARACTERS AND CARICATURES. David Graham Agee. *Analostan Magazine* for March.

JULIEN GORDON. With Portrait. Condensed from *New York World* in *Book News* for March.

WOMEN EDITORS. Emma Trapper. *Press and Printer* for February 28.

MUSICAL JOURNALISM IN AMERICA. Marc. A. Blumenburg. *Lewis Lombard Magazine* for March.

WYATT'S SONNETS AND THEIR SOURCES. E. B. Brownlow. *Poet-Lore* for March 16.

NEW INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW. Reprinted from various American papers in *Literary Digest* for March 14.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH. — III. Professor William Minto. *Chautauquan* for April.

SKETCH OF DANIEL G. BRINTON. With Portrait. C. C. Abbott. *Popular Science Monthly* for April.

THE WORKING OF THE COPYRIGHT BILL. *Nation* for March 19.

A DAY WITH LORD BYRON. George Bancroft. *New York Ledger* for March 21.

AUTHOR OF THE "GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD." With Portrait. *Christian Union* for March 12.

THE YOUNG WOMAN IN JOURNALISM. "Di Vernon." *San Francisco Call* for March 19.

MARRIED WOMEN IN FICTION. M. W. Hazeltine. *North American Review* for April.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Phebe A. Holder. *Queries Magazine* (Buffalo) for March.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. — VII. Form in Literature. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for February 19.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. — VIII. Personality in Literature Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for February 26.

SHAKESPEARE'S IGNORANCE. Edmund O. Von Lippmann. *New Review* for March.

THE BADGE OF GENIUS. Maurice Thompson. *America* for February 26.

HOW TO BECOME A JOURNALIST. *Review of Reviews* for February.

AMERICAN FICTION, PAST AND PRESENT. Reprinted from *Edinburgh Review* in *Review of Reviews* for February.

ON CERTAIN RECENT NOVELS BY AMERICAN WOMEN. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for April.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Francis P. Church. *Atlantic Monthly* for March.

WHAT IS MORAL LITERATURE? Albert Ross. With Portrait. *Arena* for March.

NOVELS WORTH THE READING. *Newsdealer* for March 1.

STORIES OF FAMOUS POEMS. Reprinted from *New York Star* in *Newsdealer* for March 15.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS SUBJECT. Reprinted from *New Orleans Times-Democrat* in *Public Opinion* for February 28.

BANCROFT. With Portrait. *Plain Talk* for March.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH. Professor William Minto, M. A. *Chautauquan* for March.

THE WORK OF BANCROFT. *Chautauquan* for March.

WHAT CONSTITUTES GOOD REPORTING. Mrs. Lucy Page Stelle. *Business Woman's Journal* for February.

OLD AGE AND POETS. Henry S. Pancoast. *Poet-Lore* for February.

MISS MARY E. WILKINS. With Portrait. *Book Buyer* for March.

HAVE WE A NATIONAL LITERATURE? Walt Whitman. *North American Review* for March.

SHALL WE ENDOW OUR AUTHORS? William Mathews. *North American Review* for March.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PRESS ABROAD. "L." *Newsman* for March.

JOURNALISM AS A BUSINESS. John Habberton. *Press and Printer* for March 21.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. *Critic* for March 21.

LORD HOUGHTON. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* (London) in *Literary Digest* for February 21.

THE POETRY OF MR. LEWIS MORRIS. Arthur Waugh. Reprinted from *Murray's Magazine* (London) in *Literary Digest* for February 21.

GEORGE BANCROFT. *Paper World* for February.

THE CURSE AND DELIGHTS OF READING. Gustav Boehm. *Inland Printer* for March.

HOW TO RUN A NEWSPAPER. — II. Frank J. Cohen. *Inland Printer* for March.

EMINENT LIVING PRINTERS. — XIV. M. P. McCoy. John Bassett. *Inland Printer* for March.

THE ADVANCE IN LITERARY INTEREST. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for March 5.

POTTER BROTHERS AND THEIR PUBLICATIONS. With Portrait of Isaac Judson Potter. *Newsman* for March.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. *Newsman* for March.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Frances Albert Doughty, who spent the winter in Boston, has recently read a paper, called "Occult Boston," before the Woman's Literary Club, of Baltimore.

The curious relations between Wordsworth and De Quincey are the suject of a paper by De Quincey's biographer in the April *Century*—the most striking feature of the paper being unpublished letters of the two friends. A letter of Wordsworth's is a very frank piece of moral advice to his young admirer.

Louise Imogen Guiney read a paper on "Keats" before the New England Woman's Press Association, March 18.

The *Domestic Monthly* (New York) for April appears with an entirely new cover.

The April number of the *New England Magazine* has an article on "Canadian Art and Artists," by W. Blackburn Harte, which is of especial value.

The Philadelphia *Ladies' Home Journal* published, not long ago, as original an article of perhaps fifty lines in verse, signed "Frank Halliday." This article was written more than twenty years ago, by a woman now living in New York, and it then went the rounds of all the newspapers, being exceptionally popular. It was entitled "How Strange It Will Be,"—and the thief did not even change the title,—but the publishers apparently did not know that they had been deceived.

The last number of the *Nationalist* (Boston) is that dated March-April, 1891, which has just been published. The publishers say that for some months they have been maintaining the magazine at considerable cost to themselves and a few friends of the cause. The establishment of Edward Bellamy's weekly paper, the *New Nation*, did not increase the *Nationalist's* chance of success.

The first semi-annual convention of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association was held in San Francisco March 16, 17, and 18. Interesting papers were read. The *San Francisco Call* published a full synopsis of the paper on "The Press in Philanthropy," by Mrs. S. B. Cooper, of kindergarten fame, and printed in full the paper on "The Young Woman in Journalism," by Eliza D. Keith, ("Di Vernon," of the *San Francisco News-Letter*). Among those who took part in the exercises were Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mrs. Ella Higginson, and Mrs. Rose *Hartwick Thorpe.*

The March number of the *Political Science Quarterly* illustrates the widening scope of this review. The leading articles are as follows: "The Political Ideas of the Puritans," Professor H. L. Osgood; "The Negro Problem," Rev. William C. Langdon; "Compulsory Insurance in Germany," B. W. Wells; "Railroad Problems in the West," Professor A. G. Warner; "School-book Legislation," Professor J. W. Jenks; "Marshall's Economics," Professor J. B. Clark; "Cunningham's Growth of English Industry," Professor W. J. Ashley.

In his article in the *North American Review* for April, M. W. Hazeltine takes a hopeful view of "Married Women in Fiction," both as writers and heroines. The recent novels of "Julien Gordon" (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger) furnish the main grounds for his hope.

George Parsons Lathrop, the author, and his wife, who is a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, have become Catholics. They were received into the Catholic Church March 19 by Rev. Alfred Young of the Paulist Fathers, whose church is in West 59th street, New York, and were confirmed by Archbishop Corrigan March 21.

The Society of American Authors was organized March 30 at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. The society is formed for literary, social, and protective purposes, the maintenance, definition, and defence of literary property, the consolidation and amendment of the laws of domestic copyright, and the foundation of a library of the works of American authors.

"Atman: The Documents in a Strange Case" is the title of a novel which the Cassell Publishing Company has just published. The author is Francis Howard Williams, of Philadelphia, whose short stories are popular, and whose dramatic poem, "The Princess Elizabeth," published some years ago, was accorded much praise. In "Atman" Mr. Williams deals with the subject of transference and the Buddhistic doctrine of Karma, and under cover of a love story he dips into the philosophy of the East, and has much to say concerning phenomena of an occult nature.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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SKELETONS OF NOVELS.

To the writer a "skeleton" is not the closet skeleton said to haunt every house, nor the one which, as children, we used to fancy lurking somewhere in the office of the good family doctor; but the skeleton of a novel, the bony, bloodless frame into which an author breathes his own personality, clothing it with thoughts, theories, and deductions in the guise of its characters, and stamping it with a name more or less in keeping with the subject.

When speaking of novels, the mind intuitively adverts to works like "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Jane Eyre," "Vanity Fair," "Adam Bede," "The Woman in White," and the whole range of Dickens' novels, from "David Copperfield" to "Our Mutual Friend." Combined successfully in these are tragedy, comedy, love-making, stirring incident, and, in most cases, but little philosophy save that inculcated by the lives of the characters; for the fashion of a philosophy may change, but the spectacle of men and women wrestling with their destinies, caught in the network of circumstances, or drawn this way or that way by people living and dead, is as interesting to-day as it was yesterday, and it will be equally interesting to-morrow. This is what creates plot, or the need of it, in novels; which differentiates it from an essay, which constitutes unity, continuity; which is the pebble cast into the stream of human life, causing it to throw up curves in every direction till the eye wearies of watching them before they disappear. There must be a *motif*, a plot, a *skeleton*, and, if possible, there must be at least an attempt at a beginning and an end. But if this cannot be accomplished by a skilful gathering up, post causes, holding them well in hand until the last chapter, when they should be united with the thrums, making a substantial round of cause and effect, more artistic, because more natural.

Not long ago, posted in a window of a shop in London was a sign which read, "Plots for novels or short stories. Prices reasonable." That the plot maker derived a living by his art (!) is proof that his services were accepted by authors who could clothe, but not create, the skeleton itself. And yet this man was said to have lost the greater part of his faculties. He could plan stories, but could not work them out — strange, when so many seem to have the opposite gift. How the skeleton accosts us in our everyday trend and bids us heed him is a curious matter for speculation. We read an

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unusual incident, or hear one related, which causes a chord in our nature to vibrate; or a meteor-like idea from out the regions of Nowhere transfixes our regard. Perhaps space is filled with thought germs, only requiring certain conditions of the mind for their favorable development, and this may be what is commonly called inspiration. In some such way comes the skeleton, the skeleton that we may or may not have sought.

Without one element of grace, we still feel that we can pin delicate fancies to the grim, motionless figure, that beautiful outlines and curves are there, only our vision is deficient, and that by and by it will become a vivid creature. And it does. From the archives of the brain come troops of images that we immediately recognize as kin to our skeleton, and which by subtle magnetism cling to it from the first; and there are, claiming a place, likewise, others so foreign, evidently, that we impatiently wave them back, — such absurd, grotesque creatures — but they insist so vehemently that we try them, and find them ready to clothe and vitalize some portion of our skeleton. Perhaps it is the arm, the motive, and we find it strengthened thenceforth. Perhaps it is the brain, and we see heredity where before were less subtle causes. Perhaps it is the heart, and we see the vision of a beautiful woman. But whatever comes to us now has some relation to the skeleton already warming into life before our very eyes, though perhaps differing from our first conceptions. We begin to see motives, impulses, circumstances, striving for places, and we see men and women falling into line, some ready to do our will, but others persisting in doing their own in a manner so life-like as to awe us into subjection at times. We will them to do so, but they will to do otherwise, and we allow these imperious creatures their own way, though not without protest, only to find afterward in them a strong personality to sway the reader and to evoke admiration, as the other characters do not. For they are both strong and natural. Though the skeleton may sway the writer, his reign must not be unlimited. Do not let him cause you to be precipitate. Not until you see his gaunt outlines have given place to a warm, *breathing image; not until* you can track him step by step through every chapter of the book, feel his thoughts, know all his motives, sympathize with his temptations, failures, and achievements; not until you can laugh with him and weep with him, — until you can do all this and more, do not suffer yourself to record the events. But jot down briefly each chapter's incidents, letting them slip easily into each other, without tedious comment. Who stops to moralize when a man slips from a precipice. Does he not rather run for a rope? Or who tunes his lute to warble a love song when his best friend wins the girl they both love? The lute and the moralizing may come later, but in novels we deal with first impressions, the events of the moment. Only the great artists introduce halos with success, and we are not great artists —*yet.*

Wilkie Collins, the essential elements of whose strength consisted in the possession of the attributes, mystery and simplicity, straightforwardness and intricacy, advised authors to begin at the beginning. The noted scientist Faraday is quoted as saying that of novels he liked the stirring ones best, those that "keep you awake." Life is lived by events rather than days, history is told by epochs; therefore, it is good art to slip through the vapid days. Each chapter, then, should have at least one interesting incident, and should gather force, if possible, from what precedes it, until the final one.

And now that every step is plain before you, each chapter with its incidents, bits of dialogue, neat turns of thought, brief descriptions, and briefer reflections, all neatly jotted under appropriate headings, proceed to lose yourself in your fictitious environment and write your story as quickly as you will. Words will come to you, born to your needs by the inspiration of the moment and the subject.

Be careful, however, in drawing your characters not to make puppets of them, so that when one appears on the stage of the story's action the reader will know just what trick to expect of him. The clown is not always cracking jokes and turning somersaults, and no one expects him to but little boys. A part of the time he consumes in eating, sleeping, and talking, like other people. A novelist belittles his

art when he shows his characters in trick attitudes only. Give peculiarities to each if you will, but let them dribble through different orbits, for the creature who is always alluded to as twirling his watch-chain or moustache is detestable, and no better than a "Jack-in-the-Box." Again, I protest against long descriptions of people. To say that a heroine is beautiful, with brown hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, slim, and genteel, does not set her apart from other brown-haired, blue-eyed, fair-skinned, slim, and genteel young ladies. But if you write, as George Eliot does, of Rosamond's patting her golden-brown braids with one slim white hand, or of the obstinate turn to her long white neck, you have given your readers a distinct mental picture of both her looks and character. First, then, have the story well grounded in your own mind, and, then show it to the reader through the characters, the situations, and the incidents. Judicious concealments are legitimate, however, for in real life we seldom see below the surface, and concealments to be revealed at the last are a recognition of the universal desire to go "behind the scenes," a desire very properly checked by our neighbors, but obligingly conceded by the novelist.

But your skeleton you can keep in the background. *That* is your own exclusive property, as ever.

Mary R. P. Hatch.

STRATFORD, N. H.

PLAGIARISM.

The word plagiarism is derived from the Latin word *plagarius*, meaning, literally, a kidnapper; *i. e.*, a man who steals the children or slaves of others and sells them as his own. Later the word was applied to him who steals the thoughts, or brain children, of others, and brings them before the world as his own; in other words, literary theft.

As the crime of theft implies intention, and conclusive proof of the intention of a writer to appropriate the thoughts or style of another is extremely difficult to establish, it follows, as in the case of certain other crimes equally difficult of substantiation, that the evil prevails to an extent little dreamed of.

Imitation, conscious or unconscious, is not plagiarism, and coincidence of thought is equally exempt from the charge. Impressions made upon the mind by some author whose very existence is forgotten, after lying dormant in some closed chamber of memory for half a life time, are suddenly aroused, and, stealing from their hidden resting-place, present themselves to the unsuspecting author as legitimate offspring of his own brain, and as such are presented to the public, sometimes to his unmitigated and undeserved discomfiture. Dr. Holmes honestly admits that often, when he had written what seemed to him a particularly felicitous line or verse, a feeling would come over him that he had seen something like it before; that it was perhaps borrowed, though for the life of him he could not recall where or whence.

Tennyson confesses the same experience, and even asserts that it is highly probable that most of the thoughts, metaphors, and expressions employed by writers of to-day have been used, not once, but hundreds of times, before. Mere similarity of thought, language, or even situations, are not necessarily proofs of intentional appropriation, therefore. But, even admitting the intent, there are many who contend that in the case of a man of genius this appropriation of the thoughts of lesser minds is no crime, but a virtue.

To the ordinary mortal, hampered by some common-place notions of integrity, and steeped in admiration of the works of genius that have come down to us, there is something really

startling in beholding at the head of the black list of those who hesitated not at adding their neighbor's ewe lamb to their own rich flocks such names as Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, olière, Corneille, Defoe, LeSage, Coleridge, Scott, and others equally well-known, if not equally great. Indeed, Scott, Reade, and others mentioned boldly flung the black flag to the breeze, and keeled the high seas of literature, not only with the avowed intention of possessing themselves of such of their neighbors' goods as seemed to them desirable, but prepared to defend their course on high moral grounds, with a brilliancy that for a moment dazzles the perceptions and confounds the judgment.

Scott says: "It is not the mere outline of a story, nor even the adapting of some details of another author, which constitutes the crime of plagiarism. The proprietor of a pit from which the great sculptor takes his clay" (or one might add, of the quarry from which he draws his marble) "might as justly claim some right in the finished statue." The fallacy of this argument is visible after a moment's thought. For the owner of the clay or the marble is party to the transaction; and it is not the raw material which the plagiarist steals, but the finished work of another's hand. Whether it be the pose or the moulding of the figure, whether it be a whole group or only some member of the body, — an arm, a leg, a head, — that seems good to the greater artists, in so much as it differs by a hair's-breadth from the work of his predecessors and in so much as it expresses the humbler mind's aspiration, it is his, and should be held as sacred as the gold in his neighbor's coffers.

Charles Reade, boldest buccaneer of them all, assumes that a writer of genius having the power to discern amid the accumulated rubbish of ages, or in dark, out-of-the-way corners precious gems that would escape the notice of the ordinary writer, has therefore the right to seize upon these forgotten or overlooked jewels and set them in his own coronet, without further ceremony, defending the act on the score of the benefit thus conferred upon the world; and scores of writers have made the same plea.

In his brilliant essay on "The Ethics o Plagiarism," Brander Matthews inclines to this view of the matter, in the case of writers of genius, and brings in wittily the familiar anecdote of Lincoln, who in answer to charges of drunkenness against his most successful general, asked to be informed what particular brand of whiskey the general thus assailed was in the habit of using, that he might supply the same brand to the whole army. Yet later on Mr. Matthews admits that plagiarism is "an ugly crime," and deserves no mercy, which makes one think he only took his ground at first in order to bring in the anecdote.

Yet, granting to the genius this immunity from the moral laws that govern the rest of the world, the difficult question presents itself as to who shall decide upon the amount of the divine afflatus that entitles the possessor to the indulgence. Shall it be left to the author himself to decide? If every man and woman who believes him or herself to be possessed of genius were to be freed from moral restraint, what a state of anarchy would ensue!

As to the plea that the world gains by the lustre of the precious things thus brought to light, would not the benefit conferred be as great if acknowledgment of the source from which they were derived were made, and, indeed, if honorable example be worth anything, would not the benefit be infinitely greater?

Another plea made by the defenders of this sort of filching and pilfering is that an obscure writer should feel honored at having his pocket picked by fingers so illustrious. There is something diverting in this. One is reminded of the old couplet: —

> He kicked me down stairs with so gracious a mien,
> That I thought he was asking me up.

After all, considering the precariousness of literature as a profession, the disproportion between the supply of unused material and the demands of the market, and the unpleasant fact that the honesty of many people is in direct ratio to the danger of being found out, it is not strange that the crime of plagiarism should be so common. The saying that there is nothing new under the sun is nearer the truth than most so-called "wise saws." The writer of to-day who aims at originality has a narrow field to work in. There is only the history that is in process of being

made around him, the later discoveries of science, seized upon with such avidity to-day by writers of fiction, and that fixed, unchanging gamut of human experiences, upon which writers of all ages have been ringing their changes in the generally fruitless endeavor to produce some new and striking combination of sounds. Now and then a great tone-master is born, and then we have something that may truly claim originality. The rest of us must go on repeating and imitating, consciously or unconsciously, to the end of time, owing such success as we may achieve to the fact that to each generation of writers is born a generation of readers, a fresh audience, most of whom have neither time nor inclination to discover that what is being given them as new is but the old drama of life, with new costumes and *mise en scène.*

It is by no means easy to define the limits which should govern a writer in his choice of material, but it is generally conceded that he may without risk make use of facts in history and science, philosophical deductions and theories, and the traditions and folk-lore of all peoples. Of course, he may use the stock situations that are recognized common property, and he may use at discretion the work of his predecessors or contemporaries, provided always that he gives full credit, and does not in any way infringe upon their pecuniary rights.

Some general rules might also be laid down for the control of the would-be plagiarist: —

First, I would say to him, rob only the dead, or those too helpless to resist or seek redress — the writer of talent, who for some inscrutable reason has failed of recognition; or the authorling who comes tremblingly to you for advice and leaves his manuscript in your hands; or the friend who in some unguarded moment imparts to you his plans for some literary work. Many a brilliant success has been scored by observing the last two rules.

Secondly, having stolen the brain-child, proceed to disguise it so that its own mother would hardly know it.

When, as we are told, the Knave of Hearts stole the tarts made by his gracious queen, he was not only caught and made to restore his ill-gotten spoils and promise never to repeat the offence, but he was sorely beaten as well. For there were the tarts, just as they had left the hands of the royal pastry-cook, to convict and confound him! But as to any unpleasant consequences falling upon the head of that good King Arthur, who stole a peck of barley-meal to be converted into a bag-pudding, history is silent. We may be morally certain that if the original owner of the barley-meal had urged his claims, the royal offender would have drawn himself up to his full height, smote himself upon his royal breast, and proclaimed: —

"The barley-meal was mine! If any one doubts it, there is the pudding!"

And all the world would have been forced to admit that the goodly king was as clever as he was virtuous.

Julia Schayer.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HONOR AMONG PUBLISHERS.

I have a question that I should like to submit to the readers of THE WRITER, namely: Has the originator of an idea a right to that idea until he has given it or sold it to another? In order to explain, I shall be obliged to mention a personal matter, but I will do that for the "general good," as I feel certain that there should be some rule governing such matters. Some months ago, in looking over a monthly domestic publication that reaches my desk, I saw, or believed I saw, a chance for great improvement in its make-up. Now, since editors in general don't care for free advice, and since good paying ideas are not so very plenty with

me as to be thrown away, I wrote to the editor and publisher of the publication mentioned, telling him fully of the new department that I thought would improve his paper, and offering to conduct such a department, adding, "Now, Mr. ——, remember this is my own, original idea, as I have never seen anything of the kind anywhere, and you must not adopt it unless you allow me to do the work."

For a few days I waited, expecting an answer; none came. Then the matter slipped out of my mind. When the new year brought several changes in the make-up of the journal, I discovered a new department added, bearing exactly the same title that I had given in my letter.

That publisher has the satisfaction of knowing he has not treated me honorably, and I have the satisfaction (?) of knowing that in trusting to his square business dealing I made a mistake. But what I should like to know now is, if a writer happens to stumble upon an idea, can he dispose of it to the publisher it would benefit, or, rather, how can he offer it in such a way that the aforesaid publisher cannot appropriate it, without compensation, or even a vote of thanks.

Maude Meredith.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

THE SUBURBAN REPORTER'S WORK.

The suburban reporter of a Boston paper, or "district man," or correspondent, or whatever you please to term him, has no sinecure. As a New York paper recently said, he must be his own city editor; he must keep his own assignments, and "do" them. He usually works harder, makes longer days, and certainly has greater responsibilities than the city reporter. The city man takes his assignment from the book at night, and attends to it the next day. There his responsibility ceases. He can go home and sleep the sleep of the just. Not so with the district man; he must not only look out for his own assignments and do them, but he must hear of every accident, or fire, or disturbance, or any other occurrence in the district, no matter when it occurs or where. His day's work is done only when the next one begins. He goes home and to bed perhaps at eleven or two; perchance to sleep; perchance to puzzle his brain as to whether he has "covered" everything during the day, and fret and worry for fear that some rival has accidentally run across an "exclusive"; perchance to be called at some hour of the night to a fire, an accident, a murder, or something else. He may get no more sleep for the night, and go on all the next day. On the day of the Marblehead fire, in 1889, I remember I was called at six in the morning. That night I went to the fire without getting any sleep, and continued till midnight the following night hard at work, without a wink of sleep, and only one square meal.

The suburban reporter's mind can never be at ease; he is never sure he has all the news of the district till he has read all the rival papers. In the eighteen years that I have been a suburban reporter I have never had one hour of perfect freedom from care, not even when on a vacation. The mind will revert to work and wonder if all is going well in the district. The actual work of writing is light. The collection of the news requires the same labor that would be required were columns published where inches are. But what tells on a man is this never ceasing responsibility, and the irregularity of work, sleep, and meals.

Looking over some old assignment books, I find often ten assignments for myself in one day. Base ball, a funeral, a wedding, a horse trot, a religious conference, and a political meeting, all in one day. These may be in as many towns and cities. During the year 1873 I travelled 24,700 miles doing suburban work,

and in 1874 I travelled more than 25,000 miles, mostly about work. The district man must decide questions and assume responsibilities in a moment. He hears a rumor of some important occurrence in some neighboring hamlet. The last train has gone. He must assume the responsibility of incurring large expense, and, perhaps, find, in the end, that the rumor was false. Fortunately for us, managing and city editors realize this, and "O K" the bills.

After all, suburban reporting has its compensations. It is more independent, more individual, more interesting, more varied, than city work. The district man knows, or should know, everybody, and be known to and by all. Acquaintance is the best stock in trade. It is not pleasant always to get a telegram on a dark, rainy night to go down to Beverly Farms and hunt up a summer resident whom no one knows, and who lives on one of a score of dark, winding, criss-cross avenues. But it is pleasant on a fine summer afternoon to drive along the shore for "summer notes."

Some district men obtain standing in their communities. In one city two of the five reporters located there have served in the common council, one in the school committee many years, three of them as president; three have written more or less of the local history, and had to do with "the making of books." Others have achieved prominence in secret societies or elsewhere.

A district man in some of the districts around Boston covers one city and ten or fifteen towns. The local daily, if there be one, has two or three men to cover the city alone, and, as a rule, one man in each of the neighboring towns. Against these the district man must contend. Formerly the districts were larger. I covered Lynn, Salem, Gloucester, and Newburyport, and adjacent towns when I first went into Essex county. Now a man is located in each city, and the Associated Press does more in the towns than formerly. Then little was done in reporting city councils and courts, save on special occasions.

W. S. Nevins.

SALEM, MASS.

STUDYING THE DICTIONARY.

In the March number of THE WRITER appeared an article, "The Correct Use of Words," which contains, I think, some ideas of great value. The writer recommends that when reading we have a dictionary near at hand, and mark down for reference such words as we come across that strike us as being used in a sense that we do not fully understand. That is just what I have done of late years, and the benefit I have derived from it it would be hard to estimate.

But I do more than this. For some years I have given a few minutes each day to the study of the dictionary. I find this quite as profitable as is the use of it as a book of reference. I take it in continuous order, about half a column at a time.

Of all subjects of study I find none more interesting than the study of words. I find the dictionary a mine of treasures, rich and inexhaustible. Indeed, I know of no other book that will so well repay careful study. There are nice differences in the meaning of words which can be learned only by a careful study of the words themselves, and by noting how they are used by the best writers. Every intelligent reader must have been struck with the difference in the style of different writers. One has all the charm and sweetness of nature in her loveliest retreats, the reading of the other is like travelling on a dry and dusty road. Of the possibilities in this direction, the thought is most happily put by T. W. Higginson in his little book, "Hints on Writing and Speaking," where he says: —

"The statue is not more surely included in the block of marble than is all conceivable

splendor of utterance in 'Worcester's Unabridged.'"

In studying the dictionary I am careful to note the meaning of the root from which a word is derived, as this not only gives me a clearer insight into the meaning of the word, but also of many other words derived from the same root.

I find, too, that I can better remember the definition of a word when the root of the word with its meaning is once fixed in the mind.

To a writer no study can be more profitable than the study of language, and the fullest knowledge of language must ever be based on a correct understanding of the meaning of words. Well-written prose has its charms no less than poetry; indeed, good prose is a thousand times better than poor verse. *Robert Shore.*

BIGELOW, Minn.

WHEN TO WRITE.

We will presume that you are not a genius, but perhaps one who has cherished an ambition to be a writer ever since you could read. Even while at school you may have scribbled in your geography instead of working out problems. Your compositions were praised by every one who heard them. Encouraged by this, you guiltily sent articles to the village paper, and blushed with pleasure to find them in the next issue. You decided to make a bolder attempt, and not to confine your valuable ideas to a small paper.

While your companions were giving themselves time to grow in the lovely summer days, you hid yourself in the attic, writing with a deep flush on your cheek. You started at every sound, ready to conceal your work, as you intended to surprise the family by showing a generous check some happy day. This privacy was very inconvenient, but a vision of a comfortable chair, roomy desk, and undisturbed papers danced before your hopeful eyes. Then an impatient voice called at the foot of the stairs: "Maria, Mari — a! I want you to wash the potatoes. What can you be doing up stairs so long!"

Poor mother! But you decided to make her a lovely present; yes, you would give her every cent of that *check*. You went back into the attic many times after that, and grew impatient, disappointed, and morbid because your *stories or books came* home like chickens to their roost. There was no chance, you said, for it seemed as if the editors were determined not to take you in. Like an injured being, you gave up writing, and flew into a rage if any of the family called you a blue-stocking failure. If your conscience would permit, you would deny that you ever had a literary ambition; you were crushed, but how pleased the family were at your sudden interest in domestic affairs. You slept better at night, and in the peaceful days following had time to be polite to all, where before you were once scarcely civil.

Perhaps you married; but whether married or not, the experiences of more mature years make you smile at the remembrance of your attic creations.

Some day you are seized with the same old desire which you thought had died a natural death. It had been only slumbering, however, waiting for the time when you could do yourself credit. You take up your pen again. Every line written is from your heart. There is nothing forced about your work, and you read it over with the satisfaction that you have done your best. You think that others would be interested, instructed, or amused by what you have written. You summon courage to send the article to some suitable paper. Joy! Your little venture is accepted, and reward is yours.

Now you think you must keep right on, lest some one push you aside, or the editor forget

he once has favored you. So you write when every nerve in your body is calling for rest. No matter what the circumstances, if you are cross or unhappy, you keep right on in the hard march. Soon your brain feels all dried up, and you wish it could absorb, as a sponge in cool water, fresh, bright ideas again. In this empty condition you are able only to improve — if it is improvement — on what some one else has written, by brushing up the article with a new title and slight changes.

It is not surprising, if you have plenty of time, to wonder why it was that when success was already yours you lost the little hold on the round of the ladder. As your excuse for writing so constantly, you say that you do not believe in spasmodic effort. It is not writing spasmodically if we have a deep, firm resolve ever in our mind to make the best use of our observations and experiences. There is always an assimilation of ideas to the writer, and a notebook might be kept. Thus the time is not wasted, for you have been gathering into the storehouse from which you may draw in the future.

Most readers to-day are very critical. A stale, worn subject, no matter how cleverly written upon, disgusts them. They are disappointed, like the little boy in the restaurant who said, "It is only hash, mamma," when the waiter brought on the dish that bore a fancy name.

ROCKPORT, MASS. *Addie Archer.*

A POET OF CANADA — S. FRANCES HARRISON ("SERANUS").

Three volumes have appeared under the pseudonym "Seranus." The first in order of time, "The Canadian Birthday Book," is a compilation of poetical selections for every day in the year, from Canadian writers, English and French. It is a valuable colonial anthology.

"Crowded Out" and other sketches, published in Ottawa in 1886, prove "Seranus" to be an original and graphic story-teller. The book has an importance apart from any literary merit, for it is the only publication which depicts certain modern Canadian types.

A volume of poems, "Pine, Rose, and Fleur de Lis," published this year by Hart & Company, Toronto, appears in a dainty dress of green, whereon are a few bars of music to the words: —

> "Where the Gallic pulses beat
> Quickly in the quiet street."

The printing is in French old style type, and the poems in the first section, mainly descriptive of French Canada, are modelled on the old French forms, forty-four being original villanelles.

"Down the River," including all the poems in the first section, is descriptive of the voyage of two friends down the St. Lawrence, up the Gatineau. Each poem, sometimes a single verse, brings before us a locality, generally unfamiliar to American readers. A criticism upon the prose sketches is equally applicable to these poems.

"Seranus" does for Canadian what George W. Cable does for American literature. Her *habitants* seem no less interesting than his Creoles. Among these simple-hearted people she discovers the chivalry and courtesy inherited from *la belle France* before the sails of Cartier were spread upon the deep. The occasional use of musical motives, taken from the primitive *chansons*, enhances the beauty of the poems, which are in themselves deliciously musical. "Seranus" is a versatile genius; her skill as a musician was acknowledged before she was known as a writer. As we go "Down the River" we see a panorama of quaint villages, quaint churches; we are introduced to a picturesque, simple-minded, happy people, to a land and a people far behind the age in which

we live, a land where "The Old World and the New World meet."

The poems in the last part are more introspective, and through some we hear the voice of the century crying for the light, uncertain, unsatisfied. This note sounds most clearly in "November," "The Ball and the Star," "Christmas," "The Poet's Sunday," and "The Tree." A touching monody in memory of Isabella Valancey Crawford — a Canadian poet whose song was early silenced — and "Happy" are more distinctively from a woman's point of view. "Happy" is in its way one of the strongest poems in the book.

Mrs. Harrison's sketches and poems have appeared in English and Canadian and some also in American periodicals. Her poems in the *Canadian Monthly* and its successor, *Rose Belford's Magazine* (now suspended), won recognition when she was yet in early girlhood. For a year or more she was editor of the *Toronto Week*, but resigned that position in order to devote more time to other work. She is still on the staff of the paper as "Rambler," and contributes, in addition, reviews and sketches.

A lover of her country, she has chanted to the people of the glory of their own northern skies, the beauty, the romance, and the interest of their own northern land, until even the indifferent have learned to listen with appreciative ears and to see for themselves with clearer vision.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *M. Bourchier Sanford.*

ABOUT EDITORS.

There has been talk in abundance about editors, and of it all I remember little in their favor. May I add my experience to the fund already contributed?

As I am neither brilliant nor famous, the kindness shown me must have proceeded from the natural goodness of men's hearts. There have been some instances which would have been improved by a change. When my manuscript came back to me rolled, I was as vexed as when it returned decorated with cabalistic signs in blue pencilling, making some hours of work for me, but those annoyances have been overbalanced by the words of advice which busy editors have found time to write me. One editor has helped me so much that I account him a friend, although I do not so much as know his name, which is hidden in his official title of Literary Editor.

Rejected manuscripts have come back to me with a brief note saying that a trifling change here and there would make them suitable, or they have brought advice, telling me where to send *them to have them* located. I have before now received a letter with my manuscript, saying the article was refused because of its subject, but one on another topic would probably be accepted.

I have, with considerable shrinking of heart, invaded strange editorial sanctums in search of work on the dailies, and I have only one instance of anything unpleasant to remember. That one was simply dreadful to bear, — a sort of spiritual slap in the face, — but it made a good background for other experiences.

It must be hard for a busy man to find time to send encouraging words to a tyro, and bits of lore from that source should be valued in the light of their cost to the giver. There probably are disagreeable men everywhere, but the editorial chair has but few of them, if my experience is any index for others. Even the editor who printed in a widely-known humorous paper an article of mine and never paid for it may not have been so far wrong. I said, "Use it at your usual rates," and maybe he did.

I think any beginner in writing who is not too sure he or she knows it all will find the

editor a friend. It is not well to be offended when manuscripts play the part of chickens, and come home, for out of one's failures one can find the path to success. One serves an apprenticeship in whatever he finally does well. Keep working toward your highest ideal, take thankfully criticism when it is given, and you will not sing the usual song of contributors who are overwise in some things, though foolish enough to quarrel or insult him whose judgment they do not find pleasant.

BOSTON, MASS. *D. M. Morrell.*

KANSAS AS A FIELD FOR FICTION.

Our fiction to-day and our fiction of a few years ago are very different. Every phase of life or nature is studied, and the new and unusual are in great demand. Different countries have been brought into prominence by novelists. India, Africa, Siberia, Japan, Australia, and other countries, which formerly were given vague geographical mention, if they were mentioned at all, are now the scenes of much of our most popular fiction.

In America this tendency is strikingly apparent as regards certain sections of the country. Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Miss Murfree, and others have given us the romance — ignorant and uncultivated, it is true, but still touching — which is found in the life of the negro and poor white of the South. We have the West of Bret Harte, "H. H.," Joaquin Miller, Mary Hallock Foote, and others. The denizen of the "Hoosier" state has had his portrait painted very ably by Edward Eggleston. The Eastern states are rich in gifted authors, but still some are looking for ungrazed pastures.

Between the Colorado of Mary Hallock Foote and Eggleston's Indiana, to the north of the land of Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page, lies a country which has not figured in literature as yet, save to furnish some stirring tales of Indian and border warfare. For the writer who shall give pen to the romantic element now existing on Kansas soil success and appreciation wait.

Situated in the centre of the continent, — its hills, with their ever-changing colors, upholding the peaks of the Rocky mountains; its narrow valleys skirting the green fringed streams; and over all, its skies, the like of which are not found outside of Italy, — it is a country to inspire the pen to the creation of characters for its peopling. The imagination is not needed in this, however, as the necessary elements are upon every hand.

I do not mean to say that there is any difference between the comfortable, well-to-do dwellers of Kansas cities and farms, and those of any other state. Everything is grist that comes to the mill of the author. The sod-house and the dug-out of Kansas are fast passing away along with the Indian and the buffalo, but from these characteristic dwellings might come forth stories which would be read and wept over by a nation of people. There is enough material wasted upon the brown hill-tops of western Kansas every year to furnish an army of authors, if it could but be utilized.

The life of the poor emigrant is more productive of romance than that of the Georgia "cracker," and more pathetic because of his consciousness of poverty and humble position, and his desire for something better. The worn-faced men and women, steadfastly putting behind them the memory of desires ungratified, resolutely keeping in sight their hopes for future success, need some one to tell their story. While Kansas has a number of gifted authors, their writings are cosmopolite, not Kansan.

We are waiting. Where is the gifted Moses who is to lead us into the Canaan of literature?

SALINA, KANSAS. May Belleville Brown.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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The quality of the "book reviews" published in American newspapers and magazines might profitably be improved. The leading magazines — or those of them that notice books — employ skilled reviewers, and some of the weekly papers do the same; but four out of five of the book reviews published throughout the country are unworthy of the name. On daily newspapers the "literary editor" is generally a busy journalist, who has to "write up the new books" as a part of his duties, and who does not have time, even if he has the ability, to give to *them the* careful attention that is required. He struggles constantly with the pile of books accumulating on his desk, taking a hurried glance through each, and then writing something about it, using publishers' notices, reviews from other papers, or anything that he can get to aid him in making his "notice" appear as if he had read the book. Once in a while he does run through an important book, but most of the volumes that come to his desk are dismissed with a cursory examination and a "notice," which generally is not worth the space it occupies.

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There are a few newspapers whose reviewers do their work conscientiously and well. Mr. Haseltine's reviews, signed "M. W. H.," in the *New York Sun*, are scholarly and critical, and usually have the value of independent articles on the subjects of which they treat. The *New York Tribune* and the *New York Times* publish reviews which mean something to authors and publishers, and upon which the reading public may depend for guidance. The reviews in the *New York Evening Post* are reprinted from the *Nation*, and are thorough and intelligent. In Boston, the *Post*, the *Advertiser*, the *Transcript*, and the *Herald*, among the dailies, print the best reviews, but the standard is not so high as that of the New York papers that have been named. The *Herald* frequently prints long special articles about important books, which are usually valuable, and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's critical articles may always be read with interest. In Philadelphia, the reviews in the *Ledger*, the *Bulletin*, the *Telegraph*, the *Inquirer*, the *Press*, and the *Times* are the most carefully prepared. In Chicago, the *Times*, the *Tribune*, and the *Inter-Ocean* give a great deal of space to book reviews, and the work of the reviewers is generally good. In San Francisco, the *Chronicle*, in Baltimore, the *American*, in New Orleans, the *Times-Democrat*, in Cincinnati, the *Commercial Gazette*, in Cleveland, the *Plain Dealer*, and in Detroit, the *Free Press* print good reviews; while among papers in the smaller cities the *Providence Journal*, the *Hartford Post*, the *Hartford Courant*, the *Springfield Republican*, and the *Newark Advertiser* deserve especial mention. While this list is not meant to be complete, there are few daily papers outside of those that have

been named that print more than perfunctory book notices. The weekly papers do better, but there are only a score or so of weeklies that print book reviews as good as those, for instance, of the *Independent*, the *Nation*, the *Christian Union*, the *Observer*, the *Congregationalist*, the *Epoch*, the *Boston Beacon*, the *Pittsburg Bulletin*, the *Churchman*, the *Agonaut*, and the *Boston Courier*. There are a great many other papers, of course, that print good reviews of many books, but they cannot as a rule be depended upon for a good review of every book that gets attention from the literary editor.

* * *

The difficulty is, not that the literary editor is at fault, but that in most newspaper offices he is required to do too much. It is absolutely impossible for any newspaper to review adequately every book that is published. The quality of newspaper "literary columns" would be greatly improved if all editors were to follow the rule which is followed by the *Sun*, the *Times*, and the *Tribune* in New York, and which is not followed by other daily papers with equal strictness, not to print "reviews" of books that have not been intelligently read, and to notice only the most important books, giving such brief descriptions, without attempting criticism, of the others as will guide readers to a knowledge of what they are. If this rule were generally followed, the opinions of book reviewers would have more weight than they have now, and publishers, authors, and reviewers would all be benefited. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Is there authority for writing the days of the week without capitals? Some one thinks Reed and Kellogg's grammar allows it. A telegrapher has aroused the discussion in the interest of rapid writing, as capitals require more time and labor in forming than small letters. If "to-day" is writen with a small "t," why not write "friday" with a small "f"? The days of the week are derived from proper nouns, but custom no longer capitalizes "platonic" or "academy," similar name derivatives. A century or so ago all our nouns were capitalized, as in the German. Modern English writers are reducing the superfluity of capitals, I think. M. A. W.

[There is no good authority for writing the names of the days of the week without using capital letters. — W. H. H.]

—

Will you kindly inform me where the following passage occurs in Shakespeare's works: "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds"? F. W. F.

[The quotation is from Sonnet cxvi. — W. H. H.]

—

Will you kindly explain the uses of the words "allude" and "refer"? The dictionary gives them as synonyms. B. L. T.

["Refer" is more definite than "allude." A speaker alludes to a thing when he refers to it in a slight or indefinite way. Newspaper writers frequently use "allude" incorrectly. "He alluded to" and "he spoke of" mean two different things. — W. H. H.]

—

Kindly inform me whether persons contributing political articles of interest or short stories to newspapers or periodicals, not being reporters, or in any way connected with the papers, receive any remuneration for their work, and, if so, about how much? J. F. R.

[Most large papers pay outside contributors according to the amount of space their contributions occupy. The usual daily newspaper rate is about $2.50 a thousand words. — W. H. H.]

—

Will you kindly allow a Canadian to ask if the expressions, "he don't," "she don't," and "it don't," are considered grammatical by the American press? I find them freely used in newspapers and books. I also notice that in speaking of the days of the week the preposition "on" is frequently left out, as "I shall be there Monday," instead of, "I shall be there on Monday." I also lately read in an American journal, "he had to sit up nights." English writers consider the examples quoted as very grave mistakes. Will you please tell me if they are tolerated, and if so, why, by American authors of repute? M. L. S.

[The use of "don't" with a singular subject is ungrammatical and improper, and it is a pity that it is so common. Very many of the best American writers prefer not to use "on" with the names of the days of the week. The phrase,

"sit up nights," is common, and to many good American writers does not seem to be objectionable. — W. H. H.]

—

What is the explanation of "pp" after the printed signature on a receipt? Apparently it is for "per," but I never saw "pp" used except in one case. S.

[One proof-reader to whom this question was submitted suggests that possibly the "pp" is an abbreviation of "per proximum," which he would translate "by proxy." Can any one give a better explanation? — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The "appeal" of Ella Wheeler Wilcox published in THE WRITER recently prompts me to voice what has long been in my heart, the question: Why can't we have a Beneficial Fund for Authors, each member paying so much a year, so the sick or needy ones can draw so much a year and live where they choose? A. J. C.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

H. A. Saxton's article in the April WRITER, under the heading "Business Relations Between Author and Editor," is either true or false, as regards rejection and return of once-accepted manuscript by a well-known magazine. I believe it to be true; and for that reason think that the name of the magazine should have been given, that authors may be warned what to expect. I think that a list of publications which do not return manuscripts, even when accompanied by stamps, should be published.

GOLDEN RULE.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

"A Professional Critic," in the February WRITER, reminds me of a provoking incident that occurred some years ago. The *Aldine*, then a flourishing magazine, had accepted a poem called "Songs of the Months," consisting of a stanza for each month. That for December read thus: —

The year is at rest.
A robe of white
Is folded across his peaceful breast.
Gaily the Christmas bells are ringing,
Anthems of joy the world is singing.

Defective, I admit; and had some kindly critic called my attention to the loneliness of the second line, I would have prefaced the whole — so I think now — with something of this sort: —

In the waning light.

But the critic of the *Aldine* was poet (!) as well. So my luckless stanza was made to read thus: —

Tired and aged quite,
The year is at rest, etc.

I can laugh at it now, but I felt strangled then every time I thought of it.

ALICE M. GURNSEY.

CHICAGO, Ill.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"Guess." — A correspondent leads us to infer that the use of "I guess" for "I think" is a Yankeeism, and that the words "are by no means synonyms." This erroneous impression is gradually being effaced from our rhetorics. The word "guess" comes from the well of English pure and undefiled. Chaucer in his description of the squire says: "Of twenty yeer of age he was I gesse." The same use is found in passages in Milton, Dryden, and Shakespeare. F. A. B.

MALDEN, Mass.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE SOVEREIGNS AND COURTS OF EUROPE. By "Politikos." With Portraits. 439 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

Who "Politikos" may be is an open question, and there are signs in the well-made volume indicating that he is a composite character, but as "Politikos," without too close examination, he is certainly marvellously well-informed concerning the royal personages of Europe and the current history and court life of all the European countries. His book is history in its most palatable form, modern history, treating of events and people with which all intelligent persons are more or less familiar, and spiced with anecdote and gossip that make its characters seem something more than ghost-like figures stalking through the unreal atmosphere of the shadowy past. It is the story of interesting

events as forming part of the lives of real men and women, who are men and women none the less because they happen to be kings and queens. No other book gives such an opportunity to become well acquainted with the life of Europe during recent years, and he who reads this book thoroughly will be well-informed concerning all the characters and events of recent European history. A good index would have added greatly to the value of the volume, and it is to be hoped may be supplied in a second edition. The series of portraits of reigning sovereigns is very interesting. W. H. H.

LIFE OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. Together with his complete poems and speeches, edited by Mrs. John Boyle O'Reilly. By James Jeffrey Roche. 790 pp. Cloth. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. 1891.

The life of John Boyle O'Reilly, told in this volume by a loyal, intimate, and loving friend, is as interesting as any novel. It is full of excitement and adventure, and told as it is with the aid of records, letters, and newspaper quotations, while it has all the fascination of romance, it has the charm of truth. John Boyle O'Reilly lived a remarkable life, remarkable for its experiences, for its accomplishments, and for its promise which Fate meant never should be fulfilled. Mr. Roche is a faithful biographer, in love with his subject, but not unduly laudatory, as every one who reads the facts he records must admit. His book thrills with the life and vitality which characterized the warm-hearted poet-exile, and it gives a bright picture of a man whom countless people loved. The complete poems and speeches of O'Reilly are included in the volume, and, as Cardinal Gibbons, who contributes an introduction to the book, well says, they will form the best monument to his memory. Full-page pictures of the poet, his library, his birthplace, his cottage at Hull, etc., and reproductions of fac-simile letters add to the interest of the volume. W. H. H.

OUR ITALY. By Charles Dudley Warner. 226 pp. Cloth, $2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

Mr. Warner is an enthusiast regarding the climate and the beauties of Southern California, and in "Our Italy" all his literary skill is devoted to setting forth the attractiveness of this region, which he describes as "a unique corner of the earth, unparalleled, so far as I know, in the world." He frankly admits that there are secluded valleys which become very hot in the daytime in midsummer, and that the dust is the great annoyance everywhere; but his picture in the main is a brilliant one, and is destined to attract people to the country which it so vividly portrays. The literary excellence of the work is so great that it seems a pity that all guide-books and "boom" literature cannot be written by authors as skilful as Mr. Warner; and the illustrations, especially those by Gibson, are exquisite. The closing chapters of the book are devoted to the Yosemite valley, the Mariposa trees, and the other wonders of California. W. H. H.

NOTES ON ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Fred Parker Emery. 155 pp. Cloth, $1.10. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

The author of this little book is instructor in English in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and his book contains the notes, or syllabus, of a course of lectures prepared for his classes. It is a guide to the most noteworthy productions of English writers, and its aim is "to indicate to the student what it is best worth his time to read and to study — what is the author's position chronologically and in the development of thought, what was his life; what were his chief works, what the characteristics of each; what was his style; what were the political events of his day, what the society and the religion, what the prevailing literary characteristics of the era to which he belongs." Mr. Emery has done his work well, and his book will be a useful aid to any one who wants to get a comprehensive knowledge of English literature. W. H. H.

ELECTRICITY: THE SCIENCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By E. M. Caillard. Illustrated. 310 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

This new book on a subject of which the world has really known little until within the last few years, and of which it is destined to know a great deal more within the next decade, will be welcome to the general reader, who finds it hard to keep pace with the progress of electrical discovery. The writer has aimed to make his work a hand-book for popular use, and to give such an outline of modern electrical science as may be readily understood by readers who have no previous acquaintance with the subject. If those who have to write about electrical matters would make a careful study of this book, they would not make such elementary blunders as appear now every day in print. W. H. H.

JUGGERNAUT. By George Cary Eggleston and Dolores Marbourg. 343 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. 1891.

"Juggernaut" is a strong story of an editor who sacrificed everything, even his wife, in a mad struggle for position and wealth. The story is vividly written, and holds the reader's interest, although the moral tone is not unexceptionable, and the book has a slightly sensational character. This is the more to be regretted, as previous works by Mr. Eggleston have reached high rank and have been well spoken of.

E. A. T.

STORIES OF OLD NEW SPAIN. By Thomas A. Janvier. 326 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

Nine of Mr. Janvier's fascinating tales of life in Mexico and the Southwest are included

in this volume, which is issued in the attractive and substantial style characteristic of the Appletons. The book opens with "San Antonio of the Gardens," which has been called the most beautiful American short story of recent years. A new story, entitled "A Mexican Night," is marked by the vivid character-drawing, the dramatic force, and the charming humor which have made Mr. Janvier's stories so popular, and the other tales in the book are all favorites. W. H. H.

A SOCIAL DEPARTURE. How Orthodosia and I Went Round the World by Ourselves. By Sara Jeanette Duncan. Illustrated. 417 pp. Cloth, $1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1890.

No more unconventional or more entertaining book of travel than this has been published in recent years. The author's bright style, her unfailing sense of humor, her frank freedom in describing personal experiences, and her original way of looking at everything give to her book a charm which no reader can resist. Her story of the journeyings of two young women, unprotected, but undismayed, is full of genuine interest, and the book is full of amusing surprises from the first page to the last. It is as unlike the conventional guide-book "work of travels" as can be imagined. To these two original voyageurs travel was not work, but play, and the reader of this record of their adventures never has to toil to keep up with them. F. H. Townsend has contributed to the book more than 100 illustrations, in which he has admirably reproduced the spirit of the text. "A Social Departure" is a book that every one will want to read, and keep to read again. W. H. H.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON OF NEW ORLEANS. By Harry Irving Hancock. 247 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1891.

Harry Irving Hancock is a bright young newspaper man, for some time connected with the *Boston Globe*. This detective story is full of life and adventure, and will interest the reader. W. H. H.

A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary E. Wilkins. 468 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

Miss Wilkins is to-day unquestionably the most skilful writer of short stories of New England life, and the perfection of her art is shown by the fact that, in spite of the narrow limits of her field, there is no monotonous sameness in the twenty-four stories included in this volume. She has a wonderful faculty for reproducing in fanciful print the stern angularities and the tender sentiment of rural life in New England, and her stories go to the heart of every one who has ever lived among the characters and the customs that she depicts. For the story writer her book is a model to be studied with care, and happy indeed will be the author who can discover anything of the secret of Miss Wilkins' art. The realism of such pictures as she draws makes the realism of Mr. Howells, wonderful as it is, seem, by comparison, tedious and long-drawn out. W. H. H.

JAPAN. A Sailor's Visit. By M. B. Cook. 146 pp. Cloth. New York: John B. Alden. 1891.

Captain Cook is a bright Yankee sailor, hailing from the glorious state of Maine, and this record of his impressions of Japan is written in a clear-headed, straightforward style, that wins for him at once the friendship of the reader. There is no "fine writing" in the book. It is evidently an accurate record of the impressions of an intelligent observer, and as such, referring to an interesting country about which Americans are generally ignorant, it has a peculiar value. W. H. H.

SONGS OF THE LIFE ETERNAL, AND OTHER WRITINGS. By Edward Randall Knowles. 38 pp. Cloth. Boston: J. Stilman Smith & Company. 1891.

Mr. Knowles is a thoughtful writer, and his poems are gracefully expressed. His publishers have given to the volume an attractive dress. W. H. H.

THE COMPOUNDING OF ENGLISH WORDS. By F. Horace Teall. 223 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: John Ireland. 1891.

This manual, the first of its kind, is designed for the use of "authors, printers, teachers, telegraphers, stenographers," etc. It is a careful and scholarly attempt to show the principles of "The Compounding of English Words," telling when and why the hyphen should be used. Proof-readers and authors will find it to their advantage carefully to study this little manual, upon which the author has spent five years. E. A. T.

THE DISEASES OF PERSONALITY. By Th. Ribot. Authorized Translation. 157 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1891.

To the psychologist and biologist of to-day, interested in the intricate problem of the development of the human mind, "The Diseases of Personality," translated from the French of Professor Ribot, of the College of France, will be found an interesting and fascinating book. It deals with the strange problems of double personality, particularly as manifested in mental disease, and contains a number of remarkable and well-authenticated cases of interesting and singular disorders of the intellect. E. A. T.

THE IRON GAME. By Henry F. Keenan. 405 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

A new novel by the author of "The Aliens" is sure to be strong, and to command a thoughtful audience. "The Iron Game" opens with Jack Sprague's expulsion from college on account of his war enthusiasm and combat with a young Southerner, and his immediate enlist-

ment in the Union army. The story is a war story, full of vigor, and written in a terse, condensed style. President Lincoln appears, as does President Davis, and their characters are true to life and history. The plot is well handled, the action is dramatic, and Mr. Keenan is to be congratulated upon producing another story which will add to his fame.

E. A. T.

ADELINE'S ART DICTIONARY. Translated from the French, and Enlarged. Illustrated. 422 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

This "Art Dictionary" is well printed and carefully illustrated, the author, M. Adeline, is a well-known French authority, and a large amount of excellent material has been added from other sources by the translator. It will no doubt be a useful *vade mecum* for students and art critics. Nothing so surely betrays the tyro as an ignorance or misuse of art terms, but with this book of ready reference near at hand there should be no excuse for pretentious ignorance. E. A. T.

A QUEER FAMILY. By Effie W. Merriman. 215 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

The editor of the *Housekeeper* has recently published "Pards," which has attracted favorable notice. "A Queer Family" is another juvenile story which aims to picture boy life, and show the warm-heartedness of some little vagabonds. The moral tone of the book is not objectionable, but it is a pity that all the characters are forced to spice their conversation with slang and bad grammar that even a New York newsboy might hesitate to use. E. A. T.

THE READER'S GUIDE IN ECONOMIC, SOCIAL, AND POLITICAL SCIENCE. Being a Classified Bibliography, American, English, French, and German, with Descriptive Notes, Author, Title, and Subject Index, Course of Reading, College Courses, etc. Edited by R. R. Bowker and George Iles. 169 pp. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00. New York: The Society for Political Education. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishing Agents. 1891.

The authors of this hand-book, both of whom were admirably fitted by previous experience for bibliographical work, have done for literary workers a useful service in its preparation. Both the plan and the execution of the book are excellent, and it will be found an invaluable aid by every student of political economy or by the writer on economic subjects. The arrangement of the bibliographies of special subjects is most convenient, and the authors have had the assistance of such able specialists as Professor James Royce, David Dudley Field, Andrew H. White, Professor E. R. A. Seligman, and others equally well known. The work is exhaustive and complete, and all necessary details, including price and publisher's address, are given about each book mentioned in it. The chief subjects under which references are given are: Land and Rent; Labor and Capital; Money, Banking, and Speculation: Commerce and Trade; Free Trade and Protection; Socialism, Communism, Anarchism; Pauperism, Immigration, and Race Questions; Public Health; The Liquor Question; American, Canadian, and European Governments; International Law, Diplomacy; Municipal Affairs; and Statistics. A list is given of the various courses in political economy given in American colleges. W. H. H.

A WEEK IN NEW YORK. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated. 328 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

If Mr. Ingersoll managed to see in "A Week in New York" all the interesting items compactly fitted into his guide-book, he must be a miracle, not only in strength, but of observation. This guide-book is up to date, which is a great thing in connection with a rapidly growing city like New York; it is exact, which is still more important, and the items are selected with judgment and condensed with care. The book is fairly well illustrated, contains a good map, and, though weakly bound in paper, may be recommended to the wayfaring man who wishes to "do" New York well and cheaply.

E. A. T.

PRIMER OF ETHICS. By Benjamin B. Comegys. 146 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

When Charles Dudley Warner recommends that a simple text-book on ethics should be introduced in every public school, with the hope of seeing a little reverence replace the growing "bumptiousness and smartness" of young America, he furnishes some excuse for the appearance of this "Primer of Ethics," which is a revision of Jacob's Abbot's famous "Rollo Code of Morals." This has been "out of print for many years," but Rollo is one of those "Sandford-and-Merton" style of boys whom some good people will not willingly let die; if the children can only be made to be as fond of him and his rules for good conduct as were their parents, Mr. Comegys will have succeeded in a very difficult task. E. A. T.

MONEY. By Emile Zola. 435 pp. Cloth. $1.00. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker. 1891.

Mr. Tucker's translation of Zola's newest book is faithful to the text throughout — something which cannot be said of other American editions. The work of translation has been skilfully done, and the book gives much the same impression in English as in the original French. A good portrait of the author is given as a frontispiece. W. H. H

THE WASHINGTON COOK BOOK. Practical Autographic Receipts by Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and Others. 290 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: G. W. Dillingham. 1891.

This cook book is notable because it contains recipes contributed by more than 200 women prominent in official and social life at the

national capital, the autographic signature of each being attached to her contribution. Mrs. Harrison's recipe for "clear soup" is reproduced in her handwriting, although it would have been more legible in print. Those who use the book may be interested to discover whether Democratic recipes are better than Republican recipes, or vice versa. In addition to these "statesmen's dishes," the book contains Mrs. Bailey's recipes for "The Chafing Dish and Blazer." W. H. H.

STEADFAST. By Rose Terry Cooke. 426 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1891.

"Steadfast" is the story of a saint and a sinner, and when it was first issued, two or three years ago, it was generally acknowledged to be the best story Mrs. Cooke had ever written. In the Riverside Paper Series it will be enjoyed by hosts of new readers. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND ART. I. — Alfred Russel Wallace. By Edward D. Cope, Ph. D. II. — Ernst Haeckel. By Thomas B. Wakeman. III. — The Scientific Method. By Francis Ellingwood Abbott, Ph. D. IV. — Herbert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy. By Benjamin F. Underwood. Paper, 10 cents each. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

MAUPRAT. By George Sand. Translated from the French by Henrietta E. Miller. Illustrated. 241 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

A WRONGED WIFE. By May Agnes Fleming. 414 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: G. W. Dillingham. 1891.

"TOGS." Puck's Library, No. 46. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

A SOUND-ENGLISH PRIMER. By Augustin Knoflach. 68 pp. Boards. New York: G. E. Stechert. 1890.

A MODERN ROSALIND. By F. Xavier Calvert. 250 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1890.

HORTENSE. By W. Heimburg. Translated from the German by Mary E. Almy. 336 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Rudyard Kipling. 226 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN. By Commissioner Ballington Booth. 186 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1891.

IF SHE WILL SHE WILL. By Mary A. Denison. 351 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPÆDIA. Vol. XXVI. Illustrated. Half morocco. New York: John B. Alden. 1891.

THE ALHAMBRA. By Washington Irving. Edited for the Use of Schools by Alice H. White. 285 pp. Stiff boards, 50 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

BUSINESS BOOK-KEEPING. By George E. Gay. 93 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

INSPIRATIONS OF THE SCHOOL TEACHER. By Eva H. Walker. 13 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Chicago: W. W. *Knowles & Company. 1890.*

THE WOMAN OF ICE. Translated from the French of Adolphe Belot. 372 pp. Cloth. St. Paul, Minn.: The Price-McGill Publishing Company. 1891.

THE NUGENTS OF CARRIGONNA. By Tighe Hopkins. 300 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White-Smith Publishing Company, 62 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal — "In May Day," Edward Baxter Felton; "Amor Perdido" ("Blighted Love") Edward Baxter Felton; "The Sea Hath Its Pearls," H. W. Longfellow and Berthol Tours; "Why do I Weep for Thee," W. V. Wallace; "Beyond the Blue," quartette, C. A. White; "Thinking," solo for tenor and bass; "Oh. Tell Us Merry Birds," C. A. White; "The Kiss, Dear Maid," "The Meeting," Edward Baxter Felton; "Life's Eternal," "Give Us Shelter," male quartette, C. A. White; "The Mother's Lullaby," "The Death of the Knight," Duncan B. Harrison; "I Heard a Voice," Louisa Gray and Ciro Pinsuti; "I Love My Love," Charles Mackay and Ciro Pinsuti; "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls," from "Bohemian Girl," M. W. Balfe; "Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by," J. L. Hatton; "Once Again," Lionel H. Lewin and Arthur S. Sullivan; "Gold Rolls Here Beneath," "Yearnings," Rubinstein; "The Snow Lies White," Jean Ingelow and Arthur S. Sullivan; "Last Greeting," Beranger and Schubert; "I've Worked Eight Hours This Day," Felix McGlennon, arranged by John S. Baker; "Regina Cœli," C. C. Stearns; "Mary and John," arranged by Banks M. Davidson; "The Sinking Ship," duet, C. A. White; "Only Tired," "Favorita," C. A. White; "Peace, Troubled Soul," "Father in Mercy," "Glory to God," quartettes for male voices, C. A. White; "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," eight numbers, Duncan B. Harrison. Piano — "Walter's Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger," F. Bendel; "Ruby Waltzes," John Wiegand "Fam: Quickstep," "Early Morn March," E. Mack; "The King's Guard," march, Paul Keller; "Barcarolle," Sydney Smith; "The World Triumphant," march, Harrie A. Peck; "Danse Espagnole," C. A. White; "Oh! The Laddie," Scotch reel, C. A. White; "Little Scotchman," schottische, C. A. White; "Flirtation Waltz," P. A. Steck; "Norika," mazurka, L. Gobbaerts; "Vienna Forever," march, Johann Schrammel; "Columbian Exposition March," G. R. Lampard; "Ariel," Mrs. H. B. Hudson; "The Edith Gavotte," Edward Baxter Felton; "Robert Le Diable," fantaisie dramatique, Sydney Smith; "Jeunesse," fantaisie élégante, Henri Ravina; "The Old Homestead," C. C. Stearns; "Princess Royal Galop," J. Helfrich; "Fallen Leaves," schottische, C. A. White; "Ashton Polka," John Fiegand; "Love's Dreamland Waltz," for four hands, Otto Roeder. Violin and Piano — "Vows of Love," Bertram Harriott.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

BUSINESS MEN WHO ARE AUTHORS. Margaret Hamm. *New York Daily Continent* for March 29.

NOVEL READING. Professor B. B. Huntoon. *Louisville* (Ky.) *Post* for February 26.

MISS MARY AINGE DEVERE. *Brooklyn Eagle* for March 26.

JOHN C. FREMONT'S UNFINISHED MEMOIRS. S. J. R. Davis *St. Joseph* (Mo.) *Weekly News* for February 13.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Phebe A. Holder. *Queries Magazine* for April.

THE SCIENCE OF FICTION. Walter Besant. Reprinted from *New York Independent* in *Public Opinion* for April 18.

FIFTY YEARS OF JOURNALISM. *Paper World* for April.

IBSEN'S "BRAND." Rev. Richard Armstrong, B. A. Reprinted from *Westminster Review*, London, in *Literary Digest* for April 18.

A NEW LITERARY IMPULSE. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Christian Union* for April 9.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. XIII. and XIV. — The Spirit of the Age. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for April 9 and 16.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. William Sharp. Reprinted from *London National Review* in *Public Opinion* for April 1.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN. Lilly E. F. Barry. *Toronto Week* for April 10.

WILLIAM JAMES LINTON. Fred G. Kitton. *English Illustrated Magazine* for April.

THEODORE DE BANVILLE. Maurice Thompson. *America* for April.

A LETTER FROM W. H. BALLOU. "A Fraud on Poe Whittier." *America* for April 9.

PROGRESSIVE JOURNALISM. Reprinted from *Inland Printer* in *Press and Printer* for April 11.

WHAT IS AN AUTHOR? Kate Field. *Kate Field's Washington* for April 15.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Mary J. Keyes. *Queries Magazine* for April.

SOME ASPECTS OF LITERATURE. *Far and Near* for April.

HISTORY OF HISTORICAL WRITING IN AMERICA. — IV. J. F. Jameson, Ph. D. *New England Magazine* for April.

A LITERARY ARISTOCRACY. Reprinted from *London St. James' Gazette* in *Literary News* for April.

MR. STEDMAN ON POETRY. *Critic* for April 4.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. R. U. Johnson. *Critic* for April.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. Will M. Clemens. *Library and Studio* for January.

ARE "THE MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND" AUTHENTIC? F. A. Aulard. Reprinted from *Revue Bleue* (Paris) in *Literary Digest* for April 4 and April 18.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S HOME AND HOME LIFE. With Portrait. Mary De Morgan. *Homemaker* for April.

EUGENE FIELD. With Portrait. Charles H. Dennis. *Book Buyer* for April.

IS LITERATURE A "BURNING QUESTION"? W. H. Thorne. *Globe* for January.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. XII. — The Impress of Nature. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for April 2.

"STYLE IS THE MAN HIMSELF." Maurice Thompson. *America* for March 26.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH. With Portrait. Mrs. Annie Besant. *Review of Reviews* for April.

WOMEN AS JOURNALISTS. *Commercial Union* for March 26.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. William Sharp. Reprinted from *National Review* (London) in *Literary Digest* for March 28.

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF ITALY SINCE THE YEAR 1870. Cesare Lombroso. *Monist* for April.

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES READE, WILKIE COLLINS, CHARLES DICKENS, AND BRET HARTE. Joseph Hatton. *New York World* for April 19.

EDWIN ARNOLD. With Portrait. *Book News* for April.

SPANISH LITERATURE. Translated from *Paris Revue des Deux Mondes* in *Public Opinion* for March 28.

DIRECTIONS FOR HOME BOOKBINDING. *New York Herald* for April 19.

NEWSPAPER ERRORS. "M. M." *Epoch* for April 24.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION. New York papers for April 11.

MRS. ELIZABETH B. CUSTER. Reprinted from *Boston Globe* in *Chicago Globe* for April 13.

FRENCH AUTHORS' PROFITS. *New York Commercial Advertiser* for April 11.

A TALK ABOUT BOOK-MAKING. Henry G. Coyle. *Springfield* (Mass.) *Homestead* for April 18.

KATE FIELD. Edith Sessions Tupper. *Buffalo News* for April 15.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT. *New York World* for April 12.

ONE YEAR'S EXPERIENCE OF A LITERARY ASPIRANT. E. B. Findlay. *New York Home Journal* for April 15.

TYPEWRITER OR PEN? (Preference of Editors and Authors. Margaret Hamm. *St. Louis Republic*, *Syracuse Herald* for April 19.

AT THE GRAVES OF SHELLEY, KEATS, AND JOSEPH SEVERN. Frances Hodgson Burnett. *New York Herald* for April 12.

FICTION AS A SCIENCE. Thomas Hardy. *New York Herald* for April 12.

NEWSPAPER WORK AS A PREPARATION FOR NOVEL WRITING. *New York World* for April 12.

JEROME K. JEROME. "H. T. S." *Chicago Post* for April 6.

ANDREW LANG. "H. T. S." *Chicago Post* for March 30.

BOSTON LITERARY MEN. "O. M. E. R." *Worcester* (Mass.) *Spy* for April 5.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S HOME. Edgar L. Wakeman. *Pittsburg Dispatch*, *Albany Press* for April 5.

HENRIK IBSEN INTERVIEWED. Alexander von Huhn. *Louisville Courier-Journal* for April 4; *Chicago Inter-Ocean* for April 5.

NEWS AND NOTES.

George Macdonald has a new novel, called "There and Back."

Joel Benton, the poet and littérateur, is now engaged in collecting his various papers on the late P. T. Barnum, who was his friend of many years standing.

L. J. Vance, ex-editor of the New York *Epoch*, is now president of the Advance Press Syndicate, Warren street, New York. He is also one of the staff of *Once a Week*, and book reviewer for one of the New York dailies besides.

Celia Thaxter has already reopened for the season her cottage at Appledore, Isles of Shoals.

Mrs. Mary Tappan Wright, who contributes to the May number of *Scribner's* a bright and cheery story, entitled "A Fragment of a Play," is the wife of a Harvard professor.

Owing to the serious illness of the editor, Maximilian Toch, the publication of the *Photographic Globe*, New York, has been suspended.

"Men with a Mission" is a new fifty-cent series of brief biographies in handy form, devoted to characters in English and American history, whose lives were full of action and great aims. The volumes nearly ready are devoted to Tyndale, Stanley, Latimer, and Kingsley. Those to be issued during the spring are devoted to Lincoln, Howard, Lord Lawrence, and Livingstone. Thomas Whittaker, New York, is the publisher.

Mr. Metcalf, who has recently resigned the editorship of the *Forum*, is an authority on caves. This is said to be his hobby. Another original fad is that of Edward A. Oldham, the Southern contributor to the *Century*, who has a collection of photographs of famous trees. He is accused of being a veritable crank on this subject, and goes into raptures at the sight of a beautifully developed oak or tall and majestic pine.

"Julien Gordon" (Mrs. Cruger) has a brief article in the *North American Review* for May on "The Modern Extinction of Genius," in which she takes the ground that they speak not wisely who say that the former times in literature were better than the present. She singles out for special praise Tolstoï, Daudet, De Maupassant, Bret Harte, Valera, and other recent novelists. The policy of the *Review* to lay before its readers from month to month the carefully matured opinions of the most eminent men and women in this country and Europe, upon topics of interest to all intelligent readers, is fully maintained in this number.

A jolly party is now travelling to the Pacific coast. It consists of Julian Hawthorne, Mayo Hazeltine, Nugent Robinson, and Joseph Stoddard. They were entertained at the University Club at Chicago, and by the various clubs in San Francisco. They will return by the *Northern* Pacific road the second week in May.

The prizes offered by the American Economic Association for the best essays on the subject of "Women Wage-Earners" have just been awarded. There were about thirty competitors. The first prize of $300 was given to Miss Clare de Graffenreid, of Washington, D. C. The essay written by Mrs. Helen Campbell, of New York, received the second prize of $200.

John Ernest McCann stood manfully by the *Echoes of the Week* to the last echo, which was published some weeks ago. In collaboration with Nugent Robinson, he wrote two plays of one act. One play has been sold to Augustin Daly, the other to Richard Mansfield.

Helen Marshall North, in the *New York Ledger*, says that Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler is rapidly recovering from her recent illness, and will soon publish a novel that may eclipse all of her previous efforts.

The "American Catalogue" of new books prepared by Adolph Growoll, managing editor of the *Publishers' Weekly*, is made by photography — not by photographing printed pages, but from paragraphs suitably rearranged. Each number of the *Publishers' Weekly* gives a list of the week's new books. At the year's end an annual catalogue presents the titles in alphabetical order. Mr. Growoll clips them out from the *Weekly* and pastes them on sheets of paper the size of the Annual's page. Photo-lithographed, his sheets give him plates for the press at something less than half the cost of resetting the matter in type.

Says the *Publisher's Weekly:* "The statement that Graham R. Tomson is the pseudonym of Miss Frances Wynne has been questioned. We made the announcement on the information of an authority whose accuracy we had no reason to question. 'M. E.' writes that the wife of Arthur Tomson, a well-known English artist, is the author of a dainty lyric with which the name of 'Graham R. Tomson' has become identified. Her name in full, he claims, is Mrs. Arthur Graham Tomson, but that for some reason she prefers to be known as Graham R. Tomson. Her maiden name, on the authority of a letter written to Mr Griswold, is said to have been Graham Rosamond Ball."

The successful competitors for the one-thousand-dollar prize offered in 1889 by the American Secular Union for the best essay, treatise, or manual adapted to instruct children in the principles of morality, without inculcating religious doctrines, are N. P. Gilman, editor of the *Literary World*, and E. P. Jackson, a master in the Boston Latin School, between whom it is to be divided.

A new book on Carlyle, written by Dr. Ewald Flugel of the University of Leipsic, and translated by Miss Jessica Gilbert Tyler, daughter of Professor Moses Coit Tyler, of Cornell University, will be published this summer or autumn.

A new book of short stories is promised from Joel Chandler Harris, who figures in the minds of a host of readers as "Uncle Remus." It is entitled "Balaam and his Master, and Other Stories," and will be issued from the Riverside Press.

The *New York World* for April 22 says: "Advices from Camden state that Walt Whitman got out in the mid-April sun and warmth of Thursday, propelled in his wheel chair, the first time after four months of imprisonment in his sick-room. He has had the worst winter yet from grip and gastric troubles and threatened blindness, but keeps good spirits, and has a new little forthcoming book in the printer's hands." Mr. Whitman's book is to be called "Good-by, My Fancy!" and will contain in its seventy-five pages all of his recently published verse and prose, besides a number of new poems.

Stuart Merrill, the translator of "Pastels in Prose," has just published a book of French poems in Paris. Though Mr. Merrill is an American by birth, he has lived nearly all his life in France, and French is consequently the language which he uses with the greatest ease, and in which he chiefly writes. He has been spending the present winter in New York, busily engaged in several literary schemes.

William Shepard contributes to *Lippincott's* for May an interesting article upon "Lost Treasures of Literature," in which he tells how many priceless manuscripts of the greatest authors have been lost or ruthlessly destroyed.

Griffin, Farran, & Co., London, announce "Younger American Poets, 1830-1890," edited by Douglas Sladen, with an appendix of "Younger Canadian Poets," by G. B. Roberts, of St. John, N. B.

Says the *New York Home Journal* for April 15: "Mrs. Fanny Barrow, so well and lovingly known in the literary world of young readers and old readers as 'Aunt Fanny,' has been very ill for the past six weeks, and is, we regret to learn, not yet convalescent."

The *Boston Transcript* gives the full name of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth as Emma Dorothy Elixa Neuette Southworth. "When I was born," said Mrs. Southworth, "my people were too poor to give me anything else, so they gave me all those names."

The *Quarterly Register of Current History* (Detroit) is something new. Its purpose is the "bringing together at intervals of three months of such matters as may be valuable for permanent preservation." The first number treats of the most important events of 1890.

Annie Besant is not, as commonly supposed, a sister of Walter Besant, but his sister-in-law, having married a brother of his in 1867, when she was twenty years old.

"Stanton Page," the author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," is Henry B. Fuller, of Chicago.

Marion Crawford's new story, just completed, is called "Khaled."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has been visiting her brother at Putnam, Conn. Her birthplace, Pomfret, is but a short distance from Putnam.

On the title-page of "Jerry," now published in book form by Henry Holt & Co., appears the name of the author, Sarah Barnwell Elliott.

C. N. Caspar, the enterprising Milwaukee publisher, has done a useful service in preparing the "Practical Catalogue of Law Books" that he has just issued. It is arranged by subjects, has a complete index to authors, and includes lists of the latest editions of all standard text-books. Mr. Caspar means to follow this with other bibliographies of special subjects.

A second edition of Arthur Howard Noll's "Short History of Mexico" has been required.

Four of the photogravures in *Sun and Shade* (New York) for April are from paintings, those from Boughton's "Olivia" and from W. R. Orchordson's "Hard Hit" being especially good.

Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, says that during 1890 he received at his office a total number of 15,205 manuscripts. Of these, 2,280 were poems; 1,746 stories; and 11,179 miscellaneous articles. Of the poems, sixty-six were accepted; of the stories, only twenty-one; and of the articles, 410, of which latter, however, over 300 were solicited articles. Thus, it will be seen that of the entire 15,000 manuscripts only 497 were accepted; a trifle over three per cent. Deducting from this the 300 accepted articles written at the editor's solicitation, the net percentage of unsolicited manuscripts accepted is brought down to 197, or a little more than one per cent.

The *Magazine of Poetry* (Buffalo, N. Y.) for April contains sketches and portraits of Robert Buchanan, Arlo Bates, George Bancroft Griffin, Margret Holmes Bates, Robert Lord Lytton, Sir Edwin Arnold, Orelia Kay Bell, Mrs. M. Swafford, Charles M. Dickinson, and other writers, together with many of their best poems and the usual interesting departments.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards has left England for the Riviera, Italy, and Sicily — for the benefit of her health. She has never entirely recovered from the effects of the accident she met with, just a year ago, at the end of her lecturing tour in the United States.

T. Fisher Unwin (London) is shortly going to publish what promises to be a very interesting work. This is nothing less than "A History of the Press," dealing, first, with the British press, and, afterward, with that of the Continent and America. The story of the foundation and rise of the various great journals which exercise such a wondrous power among men, will be related, and the entire first volume will be devoted to the *Times*. Other volumes will deal with "The Provincial Press," "The French Press," "The German Press," "The American Press," and "The Comic Press."

Mary R. P. Hatch, author of that successful story, "The Bank Tragedy," has another novel, "Palimpsa: a Psychical Study," ready for publication.

Horace L. Traubel contributes to the *New England Magazine* for May an article called "Walt Whitman at Date." For the last twenty years Mr. Traubel has been a constant companion and friend of the poet at his Camden home, and in this article he reveals more of the man personally in his daily communion with his fellows than has ever come before from such a reliable source.

Olive Schreiner, who wrote "The Story of an African Farm," will visit England this summer. She is now engaged on another story.

D. Appleton & Co. announce for early publication: "We All," by Octave Thanet, with many illustrations, a new book in the successful series of good books for young readers; "Tourmalin's Time Cheques," a new story by F. Anstey, author of "Vice Versa," etc.; "The Maid of Honor," by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, author of "Lady Grizel"; "From Sunshine to Shadow," a novel, by the Marquis of Lorne; "Consequences," a novel, by Egerton Castle; "Baldwin's Applied Psychology and Art of Teaching"; Herbart's Psychology"; "A Descriptive Guide Book to Canada," including full accounts of the opportunities for sportsmen and tourists, by Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian poet and littérateur; new and revised editions of Appleton's "Dictionary of New York, Summer Resorts, and General Guide to the United States and Canada"; and "North America," Volume XV. of Reclus' great work, "The Earth and its Inhabitants."

If any well-informed man were asked what are the most important topics that have engaged public opinion during the month of April, and about which the public desires authoritative information, he would be sure to answer (1) the Italian difficulty, (2) the new Australian commonwealth, (3) our reciprocity treaties with South America, (4) religious discussions caused by a large number of trials for heresy, and (5) silver coinage. The *Forum* for May contains articles on every one of these subjects, all by writers of the highest rank.

Miss Phelps will shortly delight and reassure her host of readers by bringing out a book of her unsurpassed short stories, named from the leading story, "Fourteen to One."

D. C. Heath & Co. have in press for early publication "An American Literature for High Schools and Colleges," by Julian Hawthorne and Leonard Lemmon. Regarding it Mr. Hawthorne says: "My aim has been to make this book an organic structure; to represent the authors to the pupil as living persons; conveying to them a comprehension of the nature of the authors' mind and genius, of what they tried to do, and of how near they came to doing it, — rather than enumerate in conventional phrases their merits and defects. I have maintained throughout the book a thread of reference to the general historical situation during the successive literary periods, and have indicated how the literature was thereby affected; and I have shown by what political or other influences bias and tone were given to writers and books. In short, I have tried to produce a manual as different as possible from the ordinary, hackneyed school text-book; one that would stimulate the pupil's thought and arouse his sympathies, rather than merely tax his memory; and that he would read with spontaneous interest instead of perfunctorily and mechanically."

Ignatius Donnelly's latest book, "Cæsar's Column," is now in its seventeenth edition. The publishers, F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago, announce that a Swedish translation is in press, and that a German translation, also, will be issued this year. Special editions for the English and European markets will be brought out by Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington, the great London publishing house, who have also arranged with the Chicago publishers to bring out Mr. Donnelly's forthcoming book, "Dr. Huguet," simultaneously with its publication in America.

H. O. Houghton, of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., has the sympathy of a multitude of friends, who mourn with him the loss of his wife, Mrs. Nanna W. Houghton, who died at their residence in Cambridge April 13, leaving three daughters and one son.

William Dean Howells and his family are to make their permanent home in New York City next autumn, after the graduation of their son from Harvard, in the class of '91. They are now living at No. 54 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, but, as Mr. Howells expresses it, are "ready as soon as the diploma is." Young Howells is said to be one of the brightest men in his class at college.

A paper on "The Early History of the Press of the United States" was read before the Historical Society of Washington April 14, by Ainsworth R. Spofford, LL. D., Librarian of Congress. The first printing press used in America was set up in the City of Mexico in 1535, the first English press was established in Philadelphia in 1685, and the first newspaper (the *Boston News - Letter*) was published April 24, 1704. Fourteen years later it boasted a circulation of 300 copies. It was discontinued at the outbreak of the Revolution. At the beginning of the present century there were ninety-one newspapers published in the United States as against 18,000 at the present time. But previous to the Revolution there had been over 8,000 books, pamphlets, and periodicals published here, 7,350 of which were of American authorship.

One of the best-posted writers on political economy is Walter O'Dwyer, of the *New York Press*, who has lately come to Gotham from Montana, where he edited a paper.

Emile Zola will begin work as soon as possible on his next novel, "La Guerre." He will visit the city and battle-ground of Sedan, in order to obtain material for an account of the famous battle fought there between the French and the Prussians, September 2, 1870, when Napoleon III., at the head of an army of 90,000 men, surrended to the victorious Prussians. This description of the battle of Sedan will occupy a third of his forthcoming novel.

Nellie Corrinne Bergen is a new and clever writer in both prose and verse whose name is occurring quite frequently in current literature. She lives in Washington, where she writes for the *Post*. She is a native of East Saginaw, Michigan, is preparing a novel for the press, and is described as being a beautiful brunette.

"Jerome K. Jerome" is a pseudonym. The real name of the successful young dramatist and humorist is J. W. Arrowsmith, and his home is in Bristol.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins has gone to Philadelphia to pay a visit to the family of Dr. Furness. She will afterward spend a little time in Metuchen, the Jersey home of H. M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine.*

The publishers of the *American Bookmaker* (New York) have issued Part I. of "The American Dictionary of Printing and Bookmaking," — technical, historical, biographical, — which when complete will make a book of 600 pages, profusely illustrated. This valuable work, the most comprehensive of the kind ever pnblished, will be issued quarterly, and will be presented without cost to all subscribers to the *American Bookmaker.* No one else will be able to obtain these parts, as no sales will be made until the whole volume is completed, when the price will be twelve dollars a copy. The subscription price of the *American Bookmaker* is two dollars a year, and the publishers guarantee to deliver the "Dictionary" complete to subscribers who will pay now for three years in advance. Considering the character and value of the work, this offer is a very generous one.

The English Club of the Harvard "Annex," although small in numbers. has entertained some very distinguished people during the year. Its first guest in January last was Richard Moulton, A. M., of Cambridge, Eng., who read Browning's "Caliban upon Setabos" before a large and cultivated audience. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes consented to meet the young ladies of the "Annex" at a quiet reception, which was tendered to him April 14. Dr. Holmes was at his best and wittiest; he read with charming ease and feeling his poem of "The Chambered Nautilus," and concluded with the piquant "Dorothy Q——." His remarks about poetic inspiration were listened to with deep interest by the 150 "Annex" students. The last reception of the season is to be that given to W. D. Howells, who has graciously consented to meet the girl students May 2.

The *Magazine of Art* (New York) for May has for its frontispiece a photogravure of Sir Everett Millais' painting, "Jephthah's Daughter," one of the most striking paintings of this popular artist. The opening article is devoted to Benjamin-Constant. An especially timely paper is the one on Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier by Walter Armstrong. These and other articles are beautifully illustrated.

Arthur J. Munby, the author of a charming poem beginning, "I sat with Doris, the shepherd maiden," — author also of "Dorothy," the dainty pastoral published anonymously some years ago, — is bringing out a volume of his collected verse.

A number of receptions to literary people have recently been given by the New England Woman's Press Association. April 9 the club entertained at the Parker House Mrs. Elizabeth T. Custer, and for three hours the parlors were thronged with poets, authors, army officers, and city and state officials thronging to do honor to the spirited and plucky little woman. Among those present were Secretary Tracy, of the cabinet, Governor Russell and staff, Admiral Kimberley, ex-Governor Long; and among the poets, James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the *Pilot*, Oscar Fay Adams, Arlo Bates, Howard Ticknor, and many others. A reception was given April 24 to Mrs. Annie Besant, sister-in-law of the novelist, Walter Besant, a woman prominent in many radical reforms, interested in theosophy, and a vigorous worker, both with tongue and pen. To celebrate the twenty-first year of the entrance into journalism of Mrs. Sallie Joy White, of the *Boston Herald*, for so many years president of the association, an elaborate reception was given on the evening of April 29 at the Parker House. The rooms were elaborately decorated with flowers, and a diamond breastpin, the gift of the members of the association, was presented to their former president.

Every reader of THE WRITER is directly interested in the copyright laws of the United States, a complete reprint of which is included in the magazine this month. It has been prepared with great care by the F. H. Gilson Company, printers and bookbinders, of Boston, and will be found useful for convenient reference.

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A SUGGESTIVE FICTION.

"Take another glass of champagne, old boy," he said.

So I did. I was in the literary line myself, and had long been familiar with the story of the prize-liar, whose laurels were won by the opening sentence, "There was once a rich editor"; and yet here was a rich editor setting up the champagne. I blinked uneasily and drained the glass.

"There's another bottle coming," said Bloggins. "Here, Jawker!"

Jawker was the butler, and he was real and English.

"See here, Bloggins," said I, "I am properly impressed by these evidences of lavish wealth. What I want to know is how you do it. When I was last in New York you were assistant sub-editorial clerk on the *Eighth Day Baptarian*, and your salary was a profound secret. Now you have a butler who believes in you and treats you with pretended respect. What is the missing link that unites these days and those days?"

"Ah!" said Bloggins, dreamily, "a short time ago and I could not have answered you. But now I have made enough. I shall retire in a few days to a country hamlet where I am unknown and may be respectable."

"Bloggins," I said, with some emotion, "in the old days when we were subs together I lent you eight dollars. It is not yet repaid. I have never forgotten you, and now that you have put yourself in a fair way to live upon unearned increments and the toil of widows and orphans, does not a feeling of auld lang syne come over you — or, in other words, can't you put me on to this same racket?"

"I can, and I will," said Bloggins, heartily. "Listen."

Opening both ears, I turned them Bloggins-ward, awaiting vibrations.

"I started two magazines —" he began.

"Insatiate Bloggins! would not one suffice?" I murmured, toying dreamily with Bartlett's invaluable manual.

"*Two* magazines," he repeated, impressively. "One in Boston, a town near Harvard College, you know."

"Yes, yes," and I nodded to him.

"And the other in New South Wales."

"And why in New South Wales?"

"Simply because it is a long way from Boston."

"Is that an advantage from a literary point of view?" I inquired.

"In this case I considered the case from the

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financial side," answered Bloggins, with a sort of dry champagne wink.

"I fail to comprehend you, — I do not catch on," I admitted.

"Both magazines," said Bloggins, "paid only on publication."

"A reprehensible, though popular, failing," I remarked, with visions of my seven serials that had outlived twelve periodicals, and were still "on file."

"The advantages of that plan were early recognized by me," said Bloggins, "and it was to develop them that I started my two journals. I named them, respectively, the *American Eagle* and the *New South Welsh Kangaroo and Emu*. By giving these strictly local names I succeeded in confining the circulation of each to its own field."

"Aha!" was my comment. It always sounds well, and means nothing.

"Yes," he replied. "Then I accepted manuscripts for the *Eagle* and for the *Emu*, shipped the *Emu's* batch to Boston, and returned the consignment by sending the *Eagle's* budget to New South Wales by the next steamer."

"But how about the local color?" I as ked after a moment's reflection.

"I hired a skilled local colorist in each place at a small salary, and had it put in to suit."

"I see. But suppose an author happened to see his piece, or hear of its publication?"

"Several did. We then sent them our Piracy letter, pointing out that owing to the lack of international copyright we could not prevent the stealing of our articles, and had no redress. We explained that a number of manuscripts had been taken from our office, and that this must have been among them. Which was true."

"Was it a success?"

"Tremendous success! We never paid a cent for any literary material."

"But what did the authors get?"

"The practice of writing and the pleasure of receiving our acceptance circulars. I have no doubt that the *Emu* and the *Eagle* have conferred happiness upon thousands!"

"Bloggins!" I said, enthusiastically, "you are a genius!"

Tudor Jenks.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE ACCURACY OF REPORTERS.

Reporters and editors need no defenders. Yet a newspaper man dislikes to hear what he believes to be indiscriminate criticism of the journalism of to-day. Go about the country, and in public places there is a growing tendency to sneer at the integrity of newspaper men. Some critics are so thoroughly imbued with the idea that reporters are impudent, conscienceless intruders, that it gives them hearty pleasure to air their opinions on every conceivable occasion, and to denounce newspaper men in general as being untrustworthy, and capable of any act whereby a sentional "beat" may be secured. Every self-respecting reporter and editor knows very well the absurdity of these criticisms. If the would-be critics of the press fully understood the earnest endeavors made by reporters and editors to get accurate accounts of the world's doings, they might find occasion for a little applause.

People who criticise the press for inaccuracies are sometimes themselves the guilty ones. A notable instance occurred in New Orleans recently. The Italian consul, Signor P. Corte, made a statement to a staff correspondent of the *New York Tribune* concerning the Mafia riot. This statement it was understood should be published. It was published. Signor Corte was at once given a vacation by his home government. Before leaving New Orleans he remarked that the *Tribune* reporter ex-

aggerated his statement, whereupon the *Tribune* replied editorially that P. Corte dictated the statement to his secretary, in the presence of its correspondent, and signed the document. The *Tribune* refutes this slander about its correspondent in black and white by producing Corte's certification of the correctness of a report which, on second thought, he is attempting to deny.

The average reporter is a gentleman. In trying to get the news he is pursuing a perfectly legitimate business, and is entitled to the respectful consideration of the people he approaches. His duties are frequently of a delicate nature. A considerable experience with reporters in large cities leads me to believe that such duties are fulfilled in a becoming manner. An editor has an interest in being properly represented by his reporters, and he is likely to discipline or dismiss any member of the staff whom he finds inaccurate or otherwise incompetent.

M. Y. Beach.

UTICA, N. Y.

NEW ENGLAND WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

It was in the autumn of 1885 that Mrs. Marion A. McBride, secretary of the Woman's International Press Association, urged upon some of the newspaper women of Boston the advisability of banding themselves together into some sort of a club or guild for mutual pleasure and profit. Tuesday, November 17, 1885, six of these busy wielders of the pen met with Mrs. Sallie Joy White, of the *Boston Herald*, for the purpose of discussing the plan. Besides the two ladies mentioned, there were present at this meeting Mrs. Cora Stuart Wheeler, Miss Helen M. Winslow, Miss Grace W. Soper, of the *Boston Journal*, and Miss Estelle M. Hatch, now Mrs. Samuel Merrill ("Jean Kincaid"), of the *Boston Daily Globe*.

This meeting resulted in the formal organization of the New England Woman's Press Association, with Mrs. Sallie Joy White, who was the oldest worker of the group, president, and Miss Estelle M. Hatch, secretary.

For more than a year the newly formed club held no meetings, but much time was spent by the secretary in corresponding with all the newspaper women of New England of whom she could hear, and in interesting them, if possible, in the plan of organization.

The first regular meeting of the association was called December 8, 1886, at the residence of the secretary, where several subsequent gatherings were also held. There were present about a score of those who had expressed their desire to be members, and the meeting was most enthusiastic. At the next meeting, January 18 1887, a constitution was adopted. This meeting was a memorable one, from the fact that the association showed, in a practical manner, its determination to live up to that clause of its constitution which states one of the objects of organization to be the forwarding, "by concerted action through the press, such good objects in social, philanthropic, and reformatory lines as may from time to time present themselves." This was early in the history of the movement which resulted in the law placing "police-matrons" in our station-houses. After eloquent speeches on the subject from Miss E. S. Tobey, Madame Charpiot, and members of the club who were already interested, the infant association pledged itself with great earnestness to the support of this measure, a fact to which its subsequent triumph was largely due.

After this the association held regular monthly meetings, for a time with Mrs. McBride at the office of *Law and Order;* then in parlors rented of the New England Woman's Club or

the *Woman's Journal*, and finally at the Parker House, which has been the headquarters of the association now for some time.

June 18, 1887, the association made what was really its first appearance in public, by way of a reception given at the Parker House to Mrs. J. C. Croly ("Jennie June"). The reception was brilliant, and a success from every point of view. Mrs. Croly read an interesting paper, entitled "Thirty Years in Journalism," before the club and its guests, including many well-known society and literary people, and the after-supper speeches were bright and to the point.

January 31, 1888, the association gave its second large reception to its friends, the affair being made the occasion of an especial compliment to members of the Boston Press Club, many of whom were present.

It was about this time that the "daring scheme" of having a benefit at one of the theatres, like that which the Boston Press Club has each year, was proposed by the secretary, Mrs. Merrill. The idea was received with enthusiasm, and the matter was placed in the charge of a committee, consisting of the president (Mrs. White), the secretary, and Miss Minna C. Smith, then of the *Advertiser*. By the illness of Mrs. White and the absence of Miss Smith in California, the committee was practically reduced to one member. Moreover, though talked of for some time, the arrangements were necessarily very much hurried at the last; yet the benefit, which took place April 3, 1888, at the Hollis-street Theatre, kindly given for the occasion by Manager Rich, must be considered a great success. Madame Modjeska and many other eminent artists appeared in the programme, and nearly $700 was put into the treasury of the association. One of the pleasantest features of the affair, however, was the cordiality with which artists, managers, and the public responded when asked for help, and the heartiness with which they urged making the "benefit of the N. E. W. P. A." an annual event.

The history of the organization since this time has been one of steady progress in numbers, prosperity, and influence. The association has at present a membership of nearly 150, and the list includes many names well known in journalistic and literary circles. The ruling idea of the organization from the outset has been to unite all who are regularly and professionally connected with the press of New England, either as writers, editors, business managers, or correspondents, — all, in short, for whom work on the press is a vocation, and not an avocation; a bread-winning occupation, and not an amusement. It is not an authors' club, though many of its members have written books, but a union of earnest workers, whose labor is chiefly, if not entirely, on periodical publications. Of late, since it has made "a name and fame" for itself, the pressure of those desiring to become members of the organization is great, and some who are eligible according to the letter only, and not according to the spirit of the association, have slipped through the close bars of its constitutional provisions; but for the most part the club is still, what its founders intended it should be, a union of "newspaper women."

The association holds two regular meetings each month during the season, that on the first Wednesday of the month being devoted to business only; while on the third Wednesday a literary meeting begins at 4 P. M., with a paper and discussion, followed by a "high tea," with music, poems, after-supper speeches, etc., under the able guidance of Miss Catherine E. Conway, of the *Pilot*, who was for three years the valued chairman of the programme committee. The literary side of these evenings has always been of a high order, and the gatherings, often numbering seventy-five or a hundred members and guests, have come to be regarded as interesting occasions.

The association has become famous for the entertainments it gives on special occasions, or in honor of distinguished people. One need but mention some of the events of the past two seasons, including the breakfast given in honor of Miss Amelia B. Edwards; the reception to Madame Modjeska, the early benefactor of the association; the luncheon in honor of Henry Neville; the large and brilliant "afternoon teas," at which Madame LePlongeon and Mrs. E. B. Custer were the guests of honor; and, finally, the large reception and dinner given recently in honor of Mrs. White's twenty-first year in journalism, at which the club presented to Mrs.

White a handsome diamond breastpin and solitaire earrings.

The association has done much good work in other lines also, and has been the means of giving to the public of Boston and vicinity interesting courses of lectures by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Madame LePlongeon, the famous Yucatan explorer, and Professor Richard G. Moulton, of England, the literary critic and university extension lecturer. Some of these have brought dollars for the club treasury, and some only glory.

The association, however, is far from being satisfied with past achievements, and the "President's Message," given by Mrs. Merrill soon after her election to that office at the beginning of the present year, outlined much which it is hoped soon to accomplish for the benefit of the organization, its members, and "newspaper women" in general.

The officers of the association at present are Mrs. Estelle M. H. Merrill ("Jean Kincaid"), of the *Boston Globe*, president; Mrs. Allie E. Whitaker, of the *New England Farmer*, and Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, of the *Woman's Journal*, vice-presidents; Miss Katherine S. Parks, of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, recording secretary (*vice* Helen M. Smith, of the *Bar Harbor Record*, resigned); Miss Belle Grant Armstrong ("Dinah Sturgis"), of the *Dorchester Beacon*, *Ladies' Home Companion*, etc., corresponding secretary; Miss Katherine E. Conway, of the *Pilot*, Mrs. Evelyn G. Sutherland ("Dorothy Lundt"), of the *Commonwealth*, and Mrs. Agnes Dalrymple Bishop, of the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, members of the executive committee; Miss Helen M. Winslow, treasurer; and Miss Floretta Vining, auditor.

The *personnel* of the Woman's Press Association, the 150 different sorts of work which these 150 women are doing in the journalistic field, offer a tempting theme for the pen of one who knows it well; but that, as our friend Kipling always says, "is another story."

Estelle M. H. Merrill.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

LAURA GARLAND CARR.

Probably no poet of distinction has been born and has spent his life in a flat, inland country, where nature speaks in monotone. Natural scenery suggests graceful form and tint to the painter, and to the writer happy idealization and harmonious rhythm. Moreover, that homelike feeling and that glow of patriotic sentiment, which pervade all poems which have long life, are wanting where no natural lines bound, or no salient natural features distinguish, one's domestic estate. Hills, valleys, and shores are the nurseries of poetic minds.

Laura Garland Carr, a volume of whose poems is soon to be published by The Writer Publishing Company, had her birth in Barnstead, N. H., one of those modest, noiseless, and wholesome old hill towns which serve as reservoirs of the unpolluted Anglo-New England blood, and induce a close and undisturbed intimacy between the mind and mother earth in her fairest and most interesting expressions. From this town, thirty years ago, many went forth and few came back; and a foreigner was a curiosity. Mrs. Carr's grandfather was one of the first settlers, and between his house and her father's was a grassy path through the field, trodden and retrodden daily by little feet. The father died when the daughter was three years old. The grandfather, blind for the last twelve years of his life, was a versifier of local renown, and probably of some poetic talents, and beguiled many an otherwise dark day with this delectable pastime. The granddaughter was early conscious of this inheritance, but did not give it indulgence until her seventeenth year, after which time she contributed to the Boston

Olive Branch and other papers which invited the efforts of young writers. In early childhood her home was changed to the shores of the New Hampshire lakes, the beautiful village of Meredith Bridge, now Laconia. But the Barnstead home and fields, and the foot-path to grandfather's house, and the big familiar hills, and the meadows "freckled with cowslips" seem, more than her new picturesque surroundings, to have haunted the young poet, and all the more because the memory of them was changing with the years into a dream and an ideal.

A common-school education, supplemented by a year at the local Gilford academy, and further supplemented by that best of disciplines, the teaching of a district school, supplied the mental outfit, so far as educational institutions could do it.

Mrs. Carr has married twice, Mr. Carr being not only an estimable citizen and man of business, but quickly appreciative of his wife's best poetic work. For twenty-seven years their home has been in Concord, on the Merrimack, where a daughter was born, who died in her lovely girlhood. As domestic cares thickened Mrs. Carr ceased to invite the Muses, and for fifteen years nothing from her pen appeared. The reunion, in Concord, in 1878, of the "sons and daughters of Barnstead" called her forth again, and, thus stirred anew, she felt the old inspiration come back with increased power and felicity, and resumed her poetic writing after the long vacation. The forthcoming volume of her poems is composed of selections from poems written in these later years.

After the death of her only child, chiefly for self-rescue, she devoted herself to an earnest study of the German language and literature, which are still her great literary delight, while from the French she acknowledges a lesser, but still a considerable, benefit.

Her productions of late years have chiefly appeared, as they were written, in the *Boston Transcript*, *Boston Journal*, *Wide Awake*, and the *New England Magazine*. These include original poems, translations, and short stories.

Perhaps no author has had two more distinct periods of fertile literary production than Mrs. Carr, or with a wider interval. But this is the less remarkable because her work is altogether spontaneous, called forth rather than labored forth, and pregnant with the mood and experience of the time.

The method of Mrs. Carr's authorship is as interesting as it is peculiar. She has never sat down at her desk with the brown intention of writing a poem. Under such restraint her mind and pen refuse to move. She composes chiefly while at her household work, and can produce most and best when her duties make stirring demand upon her physical powers, provided they do not overload the mind.

Mrs. Carr has a happy presence, and is the queen of friends, though general society has little of interest to her, and purely conventional commingling is even repulsive. The hours saved up by such abstinence are coined into literary enjoyment, alone, or with a few friends of similar tastes and pursuits. And yet few persons have been better observers of society, or more *en rapport* with human kind. Her sister, Mrs. Mary H. Wheeler, has contributed poems of unusual merit to different periodicals.

No studied attempt will be made here to characterize the writings of Mrs. Carr. They are, as a rule, truthfully expressive of the physical and mental scenery which witnessed their birth. The good reader finds little difficulty in walking and resting with her by the way, finds himself seeing clearly with her eyes, humming her melodies, discovers with her that nature is far more than a bundle of things, living, breathing, sighing, laughing, in the old haunts, amidst some life struggle, or on a holiday afternoon among the bees and birds. There is not a false moral note. All is real, whatever else; we, too, have seen and felt it without knowing. There are no fictitious ecstacies, no fooling with grotesque metaphors, no forcing in of foreign or archaic words; the singer, whether her notes be high or low, perfect or broken, keeps sincerely to the theme, and is on childlike and confiding terms with life and the universe.

Mrs. Carr is in the midday strength of her powers, and it may be hoped that the volume now being issued will be the precursor of others.

I cannot close without calling attention to the much overlooked fact that the retired hill

and mountain regions of New England abound in poets by nature. The most expressive and befitting metaphors are common among the farmers and craftsmen who live and think so largely by themselves and for themselves. A name, a predicate, a simile, an antithesis, a picture in sound, leaping from a mind that knows nature and her things and forces, not by the book, but by immediate sense and sentiment, is a rich contribution to our vernacular, and especially to our poetic resources. The England of Chaucer or the Scotland of Burns and Scott were not wealthier in such materials than is rural New England to-day. To these native poets, who die without the name, cultivated sons and daughters succeed, who pour forth that of which the fathers and mothers could only speak a few broken, but inestimable, words. From such origins the true singers are born, and the English language in America is to be refreshed. *S. C. Beane.*

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

WRITING TO A PUBLIC.

While, in order to win popularity and immediate success, it appears to be a necessity to write to a probable public, it is no less true that the greatest minds — those which have influenced the thought, not of individuals, but of the race — have simply written out what was in them; written not for popularity nor fame, nor even for money, but for posterity, for all time.

Primarily, though, I am inclined to think they wrote for themselves, because they could not help it, absolute necessity for expression being one of the laws of genius. A poet sings as does the bird, and a brain that is bursting with thought must give itself vent. Herein lies the difference. The magazinist writes to his public, the genius must form his public; the first must please his audience, and if he succeeds, he has his reward in applause and bouquets. But genius toils during long and apparently fruitless years; he cannot get before the footlights. He is unheard, unappreciated by the public, while too often misunderstood, taunted, and scorned by his private critic. To many people print is the criterion of excellence, and they would not estimate Shakespeare himself in manuscript.

No less than other men would our genius enjoy fame, success, and the ease of wealth, but not for these will he exchange his soul. Genius cannot popularize itself; it must wait for the thought of the times to catch up with it, for it is the very essence of genius that it is before and far away beyond its generation. The greater the genius, the longer the waiting.

Remember Hawthorne, the hermit, secluding himself in a bleak New England chamber for seventeen years before his marvellous witchery began to win recognition; Carlyle at Craigan-Puttoch, and again at Cheyne Row tearing his hair over the "French Revolution," and bitterly reviling in his heart the pigmy public which could "eat; drink, and be merry" on the edge of a no less terrible social abyss. Emerson never won riches, and grand old Walt Whitman has lived in poverty all these years. Shelley, the exile, was banished from Oxford, scorned by his own, robbed of his children, and yet to-day the Clarendon Press is bringing out his "Adonais" in an *edition de luxe*. Browning lived to realize fame and a sufficiency of success; but read his "Men and Women" to learn if he knew or not the depths of sorrowing disheartenment.

"Given the conditions, who would be a genius?" cries one, and the answer comes swift: "Surely, not he who asks the question and flaunts the doubt."

Genius may not choose; it must be because it is, and it is bound by the laws of its being no

less than is Mediocrity that sneers. Genius would not choose to be other than itself, and would find itself but poorly repaid by gold, and lands, and the world's smiles, if thereby it must relinquish its sweet pains, its never-satisfied longings, itself: Genius alone being "its own exceeding great reward." Think you the free Shelley in his modest home at Spezzia was consumed with longing to lead the life of an English country gentleman, and ride to hounds at the head of the county? The poem must be born, the story must be told, the glorious work must be done, though one starve, though one die for it.

As no genius can clip its wings, so no mere talent can rise beyond a certain mark, though that may be, and should be, a high-tide mark. The point I wish to make in this paper is, that to write as critics and advisers say one should with the reader, or, worse still, the editor, always in mind, is crippling to the best powers, and can never be inspiring to those of less ability. In the mind should be always, not your public, not your publisher — but your Idea!

Write what is in you, speak the truth boldly and unashamed. The truth as you see and feel it, not that portion of it which you think suited to the *Youth's Companion*, or the *Atlantic*, or the *Detroit Free Press*. Copy out your article or poem, and by all means fit it into a magazine or newspaper, if you can. If not, lay it away in cotton wool, like a treasured gem. Two years later you may like to burn it. Ten, twenty, one hundred years hence, *perhaps* the earth and all the nations of the earth may ring with it.

Whoever you are, genius, or talent, his next of kin; man of letters, of aptitudes, of tastes: write always at your best. Surely in doing this one cannot err. Believe in yourself and in your calling. If you cannot, better to select some other means of gaining a livelihood.

Wait until your thought, or poem, or story burns, then write it with the might of a wingèd pen. As for print — that can wait, and so can you.

Of late years the most fascinating books are those which have been written for children, not exactly that we have all become "like unto a little child"; but because we have grown so ultra-fastidious, that the public, or those magazines which aim to keep a "finger on the public pulse," are afraid to give utterance to such bold, pure, startling truths as Olive Schreiner's "Dreams." Not that I would decry the magazines: I only claim that there is a very pretty little world outside of them. If you fit into the big monthlies, you are to be congratulated, and they no less, being sadly in need of fresh, young blood. If you do not, and still are willing, nay, glad, to work on patiently, hopefully, loving the work for the work's dear sake, then, no doubt, you will one day enroll yourself in the new school of American writers, the dawn of whose coming is even now flushing the horizon, gladdening the hearts of those who can discern the face of the times.

Jeanie Porter Rudd.

FLORENCE, Italy.

UNKNOWN POETS.

There is no happiness like the dream that suggests a poem. If it could be transcribed to paper, there would be fewer imperfect poems and less disappointment. The trouble is we cannot quite reproduce the dream, and our picture lacks the harmony and beauty that inspired it.

We are carried into a world of perfection, and we say, "This is poetry." It is; but our failure to interpret the invisible is painfully apparent after the production has been rejected a few times, and we read it in a different mood. Some there are who have the divine art of putting the vision in words that will call it up again to the discerning mind that reads. Many fail of this, or only occasionally succeed. The highest re-

wards of poetry, however, are in the writing of it, and for this reason many so-called unsuccessful poets are slow to give up the work. If such writers would keep their productions for a year, weeding out the crudities meantime, and then submit with everlasting perseverance and patience such as they consider good at the end of that time, they would get into print oftener than they do. A good poem will keep, and if it is not good, why waste postage thereon?

To all poets, therefore, I say: Keep on writing, and keep dreaming, for poetry has rewards in itself that no editor can take from you.

MILLVILLE, N. Y. *J. F. Howard.*

MRS. LAURA HOLLOWAY LANGFORD.

One of the most interesting of the younger newspaper writers of New York is Mrs. Laura Holloway Langford, whose checkered career and steady persistence in the face of obstacles afford an excellent example for young writers. Mrs. Langford, who was born Laura Carter, is a Southern woman. Her father was Hon. Samuel Jefferson Carter, of Virginia. She was born in Nashville, Tenn., being of Huguenot and Quaker descent on her mother's side. Her early life was passed in affluence amid the cultivated society of the wealthy planters of Tennessee. She was educated at the Nashville Female Academy, and was married when in her young girlhood. The war brought great changes into her life. Some stirring personal adventures that she had during that period, when she exhibited a vast amount of personal bravery in the face of battle, are recounted with admiration by those who know her best.

As a widow she went to Washington in the early days succeeding the war, and there, in personal contact with the President's family, she gathered material for her successful book, "The Ladies of the White House." This book, published by subscription, has had a phenomenal sale, amounting to more than 100,000 copies. It has passed through numerous editions and has been translated into several languages. Mrs. Langford believes thoroughly in the publication of books by subscription, rather than through the ordinary method of publication. In that way the young author's work is pushed the sales and the profits are greater, and the book is sent throughout the country, so that an interest is aroused in future books from the same pen. But, of course, a subscription book has to meet a popular demand in order to secure a wide-spread success.

It was during the time of President Andrew Johnson that Mrs. Langford began in Washington her work as a Southern newspaper correspondent. She had always a taste for writing, and now her pen began to contribute toward her support and that of her family. Heavy losses fell upon her father, but the courage and energy of his daughter sustained him, and helped him to educate his large family of younger children.

Shortly after the close of the war and the Emancipation Proclamation, which brought poverty upon so many wealthy Southerners, Mrs. Langford came North with her family and settled in Brooklyn. She immediately turned her attention to newspaper work, for being left a widow, she was also a mother, and had a young son to support as well as her younger brothers and sisters. Women in journalism then were almost an unknown factor, and many and hard were the trials that this plucky little woman had to surmount. She began with space work, but soon found that was rather precarious and uncertain. Through an old Southern friend she became acquainted with the late Thomas Kin-

sella, who during his lifetime made the *Brooklyn Eagle* a power. After she had served her apprenticeship as a reporter, often working till one or two o'clock in the morning and then travelling by herself home unprotected, Mr. Kinsella, who admired her pluck as much as her intelligence, gave her an editorial position upon the staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. This position she held for fourteen years, and during that time nothing came amiss to her — politics, local improvements, art, literary news, and, above all, the questions that relate to the progress and enfranchisement of women. During much of this time St. Clair McKelway was literary editor of the *Eagle*, and Mrs. Langford's work and his were closely related in subject.

In the early days of her editorship Mrs. Langford resided on the "Hill" in Brooklyn, within a stone's throw of the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Clermont avenue. It was two long miles to the *Eagle* office, but, rain or shine, the sturdy little woman was in her place, and this practical work in a newspaper office, a fair field, with no favor shown, has been of incalculable benefit in developing her future career.

The woman who goes into journalism must be prepared to give up much that is valued and prized by her sisters: ease, the choice of hours and kinds of work. On the other hand, the wide experience gained and the knowledge of the world, the ability to write rapidly and concisely, to grasp the facts of the situation and set them down in a telling way in an instant, while the compositors upstairs are waiting for copy — all these are gifts not to be despised.

During the time that Mrs. Langford was engaged in newspaper work, pure literature also had its charms for her. She snatched a few moments here and there out of her busy day to work upon magazine articles or books. Besides "The Ladies of the White House," she has published "The Hearthstone: or, Life at Home," "The Mothers of Great Men and Women," "An Hour with Charlotte Brontë; or, Flowers from a Yorkshire Moor," "Adelaide Neilson: a Souvenir," "Chinese Gordon, the Uncrowned King," and "The Woman's Story."

Mrs. Langford has always been greatly interested in the subject of Theosophy, and had a personal acquaintance with Madame Blavatsky. At some of the delightful Sunday evening reunions held in the author's cosy home at 181 Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, where she has resided for a number of years past with her friend the poet, Edna Dean Proctor, the visitor will be almost sure to meet people distinguished in literary or social circles; prominent among them was E. D. Walker, the author of that fascinating book on "Reincarnation," published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. some four years ago. Mr. Walker, it will be remembered, was one of the editors of the *Cosmopolitan*, and his tragic death by drowning recently was sincerely mourned. While studying the doctrines of Theosophy, Mrs. Langford compiled a "Buddhist Diet Book." After she relinquished her newspaper position she went abroad for study and rest, and while in London became associated in the publication of a book, "Mysticism in the East," which created quite a sensation. It is also rumored that Mrs. Langford has in preparation a Life of Madame Blavatsky, whose sudden death has recently attracted so much attention; she has ample materials in hand for the life if she can be prevailed upon to write it.

Since her retirement from the staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, Mrs. Langford, if anything, has been busier than before. She has an editorial connection with the *New York Sun*, and many of its short, pithy editorials are from her pen. She has written much for the *New York Graphic* in its palmy days, the *Mail and Express*, *New York World*, and other leading metropolitan dailies, while the syndicates have been eager to secure her services.

Although a literary woman, Mrs. Holloway has an admirable head for business; keen, acute, and far-seeing. Even the sharp editor of a pushing New York daily has more than once found it difficult to get ahead of this little keen-eyed woman, who demanded simple justice, and the carrying out of the Biblical proverb, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." She is always willing and ready to help with advice and pen other women-laborers in the same field, and her experience, although gained by hard work, is generously placed, whenever it is pos-

sible, at the service of any woman whom she can trust.

For years Mrs. Langford, better known to many as Mrs. Holloway, has been one of the most active officers of the Brooklyn Woman's Club, which concerns itself with social and literary reforms. One of the most striking and beneficent projects recently started by Mrs. Langford is "The Seidl Society," which began in the summer of 1888 at Brighton Beach, when Anton Seidl was persuaded to give a series of concerts. The president of this society, then Mrs. Holloway, arranged matters so that women with children and without escort could enjoy the best of music at a nominal price. Many poor working girls were taken down free to the beach, given a dinner and a day at the seashore, and a concert in the evening. Lately the society has given superb concerts in Brooklyn at about one-third of the usual prices, and has put Wagner's "Parsifal" upon the stage on a superb scale. The story, too, of Mrs. Langford's efforts has a romantic finale, which seems almost like poetic justice. For, in her attempt to help the working girls, she became involved in correspondence with the Brighton Beach railroad and Fulton elevated road in her efforts to secure reduced rates, and was thus brought into contact with the treasurer of the Brighton Beach road and president of the Fulton elevated. A delightful wedding in April last was the sequel. Notwithstanding her new happiness, Mrs. Langford keeps hard at work, despite her frail physique.

Mrs. Laura Holloway Langford's personal appearance would scarcely lead any one to suspect the immense power of work hidden within that petite frame. Mrs. Langford is rather small, with a slender, sprightly figure, and a quick, alert glance that reminds one of a bird. Her gray blue eyes sparkle underneath a broad forehead, that is crowned by nut-brown hair loosely coiled upon the top of her head and escaping in little fringes that hide the height of her forehead. Although a busy newspaper woman, she is always neatly and prettily dressed in simple colors. She was one of the most self-possessed and taking speakers in the International Council in Washington. Her speech upon "Women in Journalism" was listened to with interest, for she is, above all, a woman who has thought much and done much for the development, the education, and the progress of women.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, of Washington, in an article describing the women speakers at the recent Women's International Council in Washington, says of Laura C. Holloway: "She came too late to attend the Press reunion called by the National Woman's Press Association at Willard's, but I had the pleasure of listening to her at the conference on 'Women in Journalism.' In her brief talk of twenty minutes, one saw a beautiful, graceful, well-dressed woman, perfectly self-poised and self-possessed, talking from a wealth of knowledge of what women have done in the profession; declaring that the printing press was invented by a woman in Japan long before the invention was known to the people of Germany,— that women had been in journalism more than one thousand years, and going on to prove her assertion by facts and argument; giving the statistics of women employed in newspaper work during the several decades past; alluding pleasantly to examples of women who had helped their husbands edit papers, though in secrecy and silence; saying that a New York paper had declared that 'women made poor reporters because they could not go into the slums,' which she considered a compliment to the women of the quill; alluding to the publication fifteen years ago in New York of the *Revolution*, and then turning suddenly to the ex-editor of that lively sheet, and exclaiming, 'Susan, you were the first journalist!' The quick-witted audience saw the point, but the grave old ladies on the platform did not seem to take in the situation.

"Mrs. Holloway did not tell us of her own extraordinary success in that line of work that she so pleasantly recommended her sisters to follow, nor even intimate that it might conduce to that longevity to which she had so incidentally alluded. Her brief address was well appreciated by her hearers, who earnestly desired to see and hear more of the little woman who had so much interested them, and whose last suggestion was, that the best school for any young journalist was a newspaper office."

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. *E. A. Thackray.*

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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The usefulness of the service which a well-conducted literary bureau may perform is illustrated by the published statement of the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, that he received during 1890 more than 15,000 manuscripts, of which he accepted only 497 — a trifle more than three per cent. Of these accepted articles 300 were solicited, so that the number of unsolicited manuscripts accepted was only 197 — a little more than one per cent. of those received. The experience of the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* is by no means unique. The editor of every popular periodical in the country can say practically the same thing: hardly one manuscript in a hundred of those submitted to him for examination is adapted to his purpose. Editors of well-known publications are continually flooded with manuscripts, good, bad, and indifferent, and in order to get at the wheat they want, they have to clear away mountains of chaff. No editor can return a manuscript without some examination. Gems are found when they are least expected, and even the editor who is fortunate enough to command the services of the writers whom he may select cannot afford to neglect altogether his unknown contributors. In most cases, a slight examination of a manuscript will decide its fate, but even a slight examination takes valuable time, and the labor of recording and returning thousands of manuscripts involves both labor and expense.

* * *

Here is where the literary bureau may be of service to writers and to editors alike. Every editor knows that two-thirds of the manuscripts he receives are altogether unadapted for his purpose. They are not necessarily worthless; many of them are excellent in their way, but they are not suited for his publication. The Reader of the literary bureau, if he is, as he should be, a person of trained literary judgment, knows nearly as well as the editor of the *Century* what would be chaff for the *Century*, although he may not be able to decide what the editor of the *Century* would regard as wheat. In a general way, he knows what the editors of different publications want, or, more important still, what they do not want, and he is able, moreover, to get from them special knowledge of this kind, which they have not time to give to the thousands of contributors with whom they deal. It is safe to say that if the 15,000 manuscripts submitted last year to the *Ladies' Home Journal* had been submitted first to such a Reader, not more than 1,000 would have reached the editor, and yet the editor would not have missed seeing one that had a possible chance of acceptance. The others would have been either returned to the writers with a frank, business-like statement that they were probably unsalable anywhere, or else submitted to other publications to the purposes of which they might be suited. The saving of expense

to the *Ladies' Home Journal* and to the 15,000 writers, who are wasting postage like ammunition fired in the dark, is a sufficient justification for the existence of the literary bureau.

* * *

Not only do the Readers of the well-conducted literary bureau know where it is useless to send a given manuscript, but they have special knowledge of markets for it, which it would be impossible for the ordinary contributor to get. There are about fifty leading periodicals in the United States, to which four-fifths of the manuscripts prepared every year are submitted. The names of these every writer knows; they are overwhelmed with manuscripts, and a new writer has to try again and again before he can get a hearing in their pages. These fifty periodicals, however, by no means represent the whole literary market in the United States. In addition there is a multitude of smaller weekly and monthly publications, class journals, and papers of local circulation, all of excellent standing, which buy articles at fair prices, and which are not overrun with manuscripts, because their existence is not generally known. The well-conducted literary bureau is sure to keep in touch with such periodicals, and their editors coöperate with the bureau, to the advantage of editors and contributors alike. As a result many good manuscripts which could not find a place in the famous publications are sold at a satisfactory price, and their authors get the audience which may mean the beginning of literary reputation.

* * *

One of the best functions of the well-conducted literary bureau is to discourage writers who are manifestly unable to write well. An honest bureau, with a reputation to sustain, cannot afford to advise the sending out of a manuscript which is manifestly unsalable. Such a manuscript is returned to the writer, with a frank, kindly letter pointing out its defects, and in cases where no literary ability is shown, the writer is advised not to make any further attempt to enter upon a literary career. The value of such advice, given by a competent critic, is incontestable. The writer is saved expense and future disappointment, and, instead of wasting time in useless effort, is led to turn his attention to work for which he may be better adapted than that which he has undertaken.

* * *

The well-conducted literary bureau, in short, is an ally to writer and editor alike. It helps the well-known editor by keeping from him the manuscripts which it is palpable he could not use, and the less famous editor, also, by turning toward him manuscripts which may be useful to him, and which otherwise he would not get. It helps the writer by saving him the postage he would surely expend in discouraging attempts to get into periodicals which are necessarily closed against him, and by directing him to editors whose doors are open for his entrance, or else by advising him frankly to discontinue literary work. It is often worth, to a writer, more than the fees the bureau charges to be told that he has mistaken his vocation, and that he is wasting time and money trying to do work for which he has no ability. The well-conducted literary bureau often has occasion to advise a writer thus, — and, it may be said in passing, it is seldom that the advice is not received in the spirit in which it is given. So far as having any special ability to place manuscripts beyond that which any intelligent critic who makes a business of studying the literary market must have, the well-conducted literary bureau claims none. It does not pretend to be able to sell manuscripts on commission any more readily than the author can sell them for himself under its advice, excepting to this extent, that the bureau is likely to be kept informed of the frequent changes in the periodical world, to learn when certain periodicals are overcrowded, and to have the general advantage which daily experience in dealing with editors gives. The well-conducted literary bureau, however, claims no "influence with editors," beyond the influence which knowing that a manuscript has passed through the hands of a competent critic naturally has. Contrary to the general idea, revision of manuscripts is a small part of the work of the literary bureau. Its best service, and that which is most commonly required, is that of acting as a sort of literary clearing-house, turning manuscripts in the directions which it is best for them to take.

Clear-sighted editors see how the bureau may be useful to them, and make frequent demands upon it, besides taking pains to explain their needs. The bureau frequently receives letters containing such sentences as these: "We have no room for love stories, but we cannot get enough of good, practical articles on the plain topics of every-day life." "We will pay a good price for practical articles on music-teaching, and the best way of developing the talent of musical pupils." "We are just starting a boy's paper, and will pay well for manuscripts suited to our purpose." "We want novels of American life, suited for publication in the series we have just begun." "We are overcrowded now, and are returning all manuscripts, without regard to merit. Do not send us anything before October, unless it is an article of especial timeliness." "We want a serial of 30,000 words in which the readers of an agricultural paper would be interested." "We want fifty dollars' worth of special matter for a special number of our trade paper." All of these quotations are taken from letters received by The Writer's Literary Bureau. In addition to making these special requests, editors are usually ready to explain their general wants. The literary bureau receives so many manuscripts that almost any wants can be supplied, and writers are brought into communication with the editors to whom they may be of the greatest service. The scope of the literary bureau is extending, as its usefulness becomes more clearly evident. Already it is an important factor in establishing the relations between authors and editors, and its importance in this respect is sure to increase as its service becomes more generally known, and the writers and editors to whom it may be useful take greater advantage of the opportunities which it affords. W. H. H.

TWO CHECKS FOR ONE ARTICLE.

Having read in an old number of THE WRITER about the "Adventures of Two Manuscripts in Wonderland," I thought it would interest some of the readers to hear about an experience of mine.

One beautiful morning, early in the year, I sent a short article to a certain paper. I calmly asked for a reward, not in the shape of a subscription for the paper, but something more useful at the stores. No answer came. The days rolled on and made weeks, then months. At last I sent a letter, enclosing a stamp, asking about the general constitution of my effort in fiction. Still no reply could I get.

Another letter was sent; another stamp wasted. Still no answer came. Almost six months had passed since I had mailed the story; so I sent a letter to the editor politely informing him that, as he would not deign to notice my work, I had withdrawn it. Then I imagined that the matter was finally settled. But judge my surprise, kind reader, when the next mail brought me a check for the story, which had been published soon after I had sent it. You may draw your own conclusions.

But still greater was my surprise when, several days later, I got another check for the same story. The second check was larger by one figure, too.

I was bewildered — well I might be. I wrote to the editor, who answered: "Probably a mistake. But keep check this time."

And I did.

William Robert King.

NEW LONDON, Conn.

MICHIGAN WOMAN'S PRESS ASS'N.

The newspaper women of Michigan met at Traverse City in July last, and organized an association for mutual encouragement and interchange of ideas. Any woman regularly connected with the editorial department of any state paper, or acting as correspondent for any paper in Michigan, being eligible for membership, twenty-six became charter members. Among those present were: Mrs. M. L. Rayne, of the *Detroit Free Press;* Miss Cora Dupuy, of the *Journalist;* and Mrs. Etta S. Wilson, of the *Grand Rapids Telegram-Herald.* An invitation was accepted to meet at Battle Creek the next year. The following were elected officers: President, Mrs. Frank Howard, Detroit; vice-president, Mrs. M. E. C. Bates, Traverse City; recording secretary, Mrs. Claudia Q. Murphy, Detroit; corresponding secretary, Mrs. S. Isadore Miner, Battle Creek; treasurer, Mrs. Belle M. Perry, Charlotte; executive board, Miss

Hattie C. Sleeper, Port Huron, Mrs. Sarah J. LaTour, Detroit, Mrs. Eva C. Doughty, Gladwin. *Hattie C. Sleeper.*

PORT HURON, Mich.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) Which is better: to offer to one periodical all the articles which one writes of a kind suitable to that periodical, in the hope of becoming a "favorite contributor," or to seek to become known by one's articles to many editors?

(2.) Is it a fact, as stated by a recent writer, that there is a discrimination made between men and women in payment for literary work? In that case, would it not be well for a woman writer to take a masculine pseudonym?

A. L. A.

[(1.) Each writer must decide for himself, according to his purpose, whether he prefers to write much for one periodical or a little for each of many periodicals. As a rule, if a writer has an assured market for all that he can produce, and the price paid to him is fair, he will do as well not to seek other fields, excepting in special cases.

(2.) If any editors pay women writers less than men writers for similar work, they are the only ones who know about it. One woman's experience with a masculine pseudonym is related by Jennie Porter Arnold in THE WRITER for March. — W. H. H.]

(1.) Which is correct: "None of them were" or "None of them was"?

(2.) Why is "Jno." used as abbreviation for "John"? S.

[(1.) "None of them was" is right.

(2.) The use of "Jno." as an abbreviation for "John" is inexplicable. It would be useful as an abbreviation for "Jonathan," if its use were generally understood. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The question whether the expressions, "he don't," "she don't," and "it don't," are allowable elicits the reply in the May WRITER: "The use of don't with a singular subject is ungrammatical and improper." Certainly in the cases mentioned by the inquirer "don't" is not grammatical, for it is a contraction of the words "do not." And no one would think of saying "he do not," etc. But with a singular subject of the first person or of the second person "do," and consequently "don't," is perfectly proper and right.

PERSIS E. DARROW.

WENTWORTH, N. H.

Your proof-reader made a pretty fair stagger at the "pp," but he was not precisely correct. It stands for the *Latin* "*per procurationem*," and for the *English* "per procuration." I receive every week documents from an English commercial house, signed, "The —— Company, pp Ebeneezer Sargent." H. L. R., JR.

WINCHESTER, Mass.

I notice in the May issue of THE WRITER a query as to the meaning of "pp," after the printed signature on a receipt, and the suggestion that it may be an abbreviation of "per proximum." Permit me to recommend, in the interest of simplicity in diction, that plain English be substituted by us all hereafter for the Latin preposition. Let us have our receipts signed "Smith, Jones, & Co., *by* John Doe, cashier," instead of *per*; and let us say and write "Two dollars a year," instead of "*per annum*" or "*per* year." Little things these, but anything that simplifies the phraseology, in however small a degree, clarifies the meaning and quickens the understanding correspondingly. E. F. B.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Commenting on the paragraph in THE WRITER about the use of the word "quite," the editor of the *Lowell Mail* says: "There is not in the English language a word worse used than this same vocable "quite." It is applied to mean some, in regard to quantity as well as quality. The correspondent of THE WRITER is correct so far as the someness in quality — 'quite pretty' means, in this erroneous sense, 'pretty in some degree.' 'Quite a number' means, in a similar erroneous employment of the word, 'a number somewhat large.' Even the correspondent is not quite accurate in his

terms. He says 'quite pretty' is used to mean a diminution of the quality pretty, and uses 'rather pretty' as equivalent to 'somewhat pretty.' 'Rather pretty' means 'rather pretty than otherwise,' and is not a diminutive of the quality, but only a softened way of saying 'she is pretty; I rather think so than not.' 'Quite pretty' means 'fully, perfectly, completely pretty.' 'Quite a number' is a rather foolish phrase. Any number, all it means being counted in, is quite that number. 'Quite a number' is used to mean 'some' of the class referred to, while by its derivation and proper use the word 'quite'— from 'quit'—wholly to release—should never be used except to express the sense that the following words would express, were any one of them to be used in its place: exactly, fully, entirely, wholly, completely, absolutely, perfectly."

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE JOURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. From the Original Manuscript at Abbotsford. 621 pp. Cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

There is always a fascination for the young literary worker in tracing the records and following the life of a distinguished man of letters. When this man is not only distinguished in literature, but the possessor of sterling, noble qualities of heart, as well as brain, that endear him to all mankind, this fascination grows stronger and more reverent. No author, young or old, struggling or successful, even if he is a realist of to-day and does not sympathize with the romantic school of which Sir Walter Scott is the chief exponent, can lay down this "Journal of Sir Walter Scott," telling of the novelist's successes, his failures, and his melancholy and fruitless struggles at the close of his life, without a deep-rooted feeling of reverence, and even love, for the sturdy Scot who fought so bravely, pen in hand, against illness and debt, fearing nothing but disgrace.

This popular edition in one volume meets the needs of the young author, although a little wider margin for annotations and comments would not have come amiss. The two cheery portraits of Sir Walter Scott given in the more expensive edition are lacking in this, but the pen pictures he draws frankly of himself go far toward filling their place.

It is pleasant and profitable to go behind the scenes in the workshop of so great an author as Sir Walter Scott, to see how he, too, was tempted to lay aside his "stint" of work and take up his "Journal," merely because the first was work that *had* to be done, while the "Journal," so long as he regarded it as play, was a pleasure. Yet how sturdily he battled with temptation and moods, writing his appointed task every day. This was easy enough for a man of Trollope's temperament, but to a man of Scott's wide-awake, active spirit it must, sometimes, have been little short of torture.

The account of Lockhart's editorship of the *Quarterly Review* and the salary paid him is of interest to literary workers; his struggles with Southey, who hated to be boiled down, complaining that Gifford, before Lockhart's time, "cut out his *middle joints*," will touch a sympathetic chord, both in the authors' and editors' breasts. An odd story is told of the poet Gillies, who wrote his poems with a brush in india ink upon large cartridge paper, and submitted them to the publisher on the backs of two porters, carried in immense bales. It is small wonder that Constable refused the manuscript of so formidable a volume of poems. The sturdy manhood of Scott is shown by his manly tone in the midst of illness and money troubles; he does not "bate one jot" of work, even though he cannot hope. In the midst of the perplexities in which Constable's money troubles involve him, he writes: "I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd, when I set myself to work *doggedly*, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man that I ever was, neither low-spirited nor *distrait*. In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer; the fountain is awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in its passage. . . . Will—exertion—exertion. O Invention, rouse thyself! May man be kind! May God be propitious!" . .

After having been in the house for eight days, he writes: "On Monday and Tuesday my exertions were suspended. Since Wednesday inclusive I have written thirty-eight of my close manuscript pages, of which seventy make a volume of the usual novel size. Wrote till 12 A. M., finishing half of what I call a good day's work—ten pages of print, or rather twelve."

It is pitiful to find how his overwork is telling on him; he writes: "I hope to sleep better to-night. If I do not, I shall get ill, and then I cannot keep my engagements. Is it not odd? I can command my eyes to be awake when toil and weariness sit on my eyelids, but to draw the curtain of oblivion is beyond my power." . . . "I labored freely yesterday. The stream rose fast—if clearly, is another question; but there is bulk for it at least—about thirty printed pages." This record of rapid work is phenomenal. Under the spur of necessity and noble pride Scott completed the whole novel of "Woodstock" in three months, and received

$40,000 for it. It is interesting to see how much of Scott's time toward the last is rigidly given to correcting proofs of his "Boney." The whole morning is often devoted to that task, then after lunch and a short walk, work again till dinner, a smoke, and to work again till supper. This is almost a daily programme. Sometimes he gets into a muddle, as when he writes: "I hate Anne—I mean 'Anne of Geierstein.' About three o'clock my story fell into a slough, and getting it out I lost my way, and was forced to postpone the conclusion until to-morrow." But his active brain will not rest, even in sleep. To-morrow he writes: "I have slept upon my puzzle, and will now finish it. Jove bless my *pia mater*, as I see not further impediment before me."

All through the "Journal" are hints, suggestions, and flying notes which would be invaluable to literary workers, as showing the spirit and method of Sir Walter's work. No one who loves literature can afford to forego the pleasure of owning this volume, which is cheap enough in its popular edition to suit even the traditional poor author's pocket. E. A. T.

LIFE OF CHARLES DARWIN. By Charles Frederick Holder. 279 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

The life of "one of the greatest naturalists of the age" has been simply told in an interesting fashion, suited both to young and old, by Mr. Holder. Material has been drawn from the more ample life of Darwin by his son, Francis Darwin, of Cambridge, Eng. The marvellous perseverance of Darwin, as well as his keen powers of observation, are illustrated by anecdotes of his early days on board the Beagle, when, like Anthony Trollope, even though overcome by seasickness, he strenuously kept to his task of writing. An interesting account is given of the success of Darwin's first book, the "log-book," which was separated from the captain's report, and republished in 1845. Darwin was delighted with its success, and frankly writes: "The success of this my first literary child always tickles my vanity more than that of any of my other books." A most interesting account is given of the Darwin Memorial in America, which consisted of a series of papers, read by distinguished American scientists, discussing the various branches of science to which Darwin had given his thought and life. These papers were read at the meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, May 12, 1882, about a month after the death of the great scientist. It is scarcely necessary to add that the "Life of Darwin" is well printed and tastefully bound, as are all the books issued by the Putnams. A fine portrait of the scientist in his later years adds to the value of the work, which is further enhanced by a careful bibliography. To all lovers of science, young and old, to all admirers of honest and sturdy work, and of a fame won not less by patience and cultivation of his powers of observation than by genius, this life of Darwin is commended. E. A. T.

AS WE SAW IT IN '90. By Grace Carew Sheldon. 248 pp. 25 cents. Buffalo: The Woman's Exchange. 1891.

A bright series of letters by a bright woman, telling the story of her European trip, is contained in this little paper-covered volume—"As We Saw It in '90." It is becoming year by year more difficult to write anything fresh and unhackneyed about the Old World, but Miss Sheldon evidently loves travel, has had her eyes wide open, and her facile pen is ready to record her impressions. She sees with enthusiasm, tempered with good judgment, and describes with vivacity. These letters first appeared in the *Buffalo Courier* in the summer of '90; the author is her own publisher, and all those who believe in the right of the author to enjoy the fruits of his labor, and wish as well to read a spicy, vivacious book written by a wide-awake American girl, will do well to purchase a copy of this unpretending volume. E. A. T.

NOT TO THE SWIFT. By Lewis H. Watson. 399 pp. Cloth. New York: Welch-Fracker Company. 1891.

"Not to the Swift" is a novel designed primarily to expose "The Order of Jesus," and show the power it is attaining in this country. The "prologue" begins in a striking manner, and the "epilogue," too, is forcible. The time of the story is the period of the Civil War, in which the principal actors are concerned. The plot of the story is interesting and somewhat original, and the device by which a young woman compels her tardy lover to declare himself is unique. The book is well printed on good paper, and the literary style shows that the author is by no means a novice. E. A. T.

QUEEN OF THE WOODS. By Andrew Theuriet. 255 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

The publishers of this translation of one of Theuriet's best works have given to it a very attractive dress. It is illustrated with thirty-two half-tone reproductions of the original photogravures by French artists, which add greatly to the interest of the story. The story itself is pure and wholesome, and expresses well the charm of country life. W. H. H.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF DIO LEWIS, A. M., M. D. By Mary F. Eastman. 398 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Fowler & Wells Company. 1891.

All who are interested in some of the leading reforms of the day, temperance, hygiene, the physical education of girls, and other similar topics, will take up with interest this biography of Dio Lewis, ably written by a bright New England woman who has the courage of her convictions. The account of Dio Lewis' school for girls at Lexington is alone worth the price of the book, and his later work at the Arlington

Heights Sanitarium is graphically told, with the story of the remarkable cure of a celebrated physician addicted to the opium habit. This biography is commended, not only to Boston readers, who will be interested in the account of schools and reforms carried on in the neighborhood of that city, but to all earnest minds who believe that "a sound mind in a sound body" is a requisite. E. A. T.

COLKIN'S HANDY MANUAL OF USEFUL INFORMATION. 442 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

This "handy manual" contains concise information on a great variety of topics, and is useful for easy reference. The publishers say that it contains a million facts, and the statement may not be overdrawn. A copy of it will be useful to any one. W. H. H.

SIX CENTURIES OF WORK AND WAGES. By J. E. Thorold Rogers. 160 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: Humboldt Publishing Company. 1891.

This is the first number of a new series, The Social Science Library, which bids fair to equal the Humboldt Library in interest and value. Nothing better could be said of it. W. H. H.

HANDY LIST OF AMERICAN PUBLISHERS. 92 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Publishers' Weekly Office. 1890.

This list of publishers is reprinted from the American Catalogue, and besides including the name and address of every publisher now engaged in business, shows the firm changes since 1884. It includes the addresses of many authors who have been their own publishers, and is the most nearly complete list of the kind ever issued. It will be useful to all who have to deal with publishing houses. W. H. H.

SPEECHES, LECTURES, AND LETTERS. Second Series. By Wendell Phillips. 476 pp. Cloth, $2.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

In 1863 Wendell Phillips, at the request of many friends who had been thrilled by the stirring speeches of the golden-tongued orator, revised for publication a selection of his speeches, lectures, and letters. Although the orations were mostly confined to anti-slavery topics, the wonderful power and eloquence of the orator, his burning zeal for what he considered to be the right, as well as the grace of form of his speech, have tended to preserve his lectures, even though the immediate occasion of his eloquence, thanks to the civil war, has no longer an existence. This second series, beautifully printed and carefully edited, as are all the works that issue from the scholarly University Press, contains lectures and orations on more varied subjects, among them some of the most celebrated that Wendell Phillips ever delivered. One of these is that interesting and surprising lecture upon "The Lost Arts," written in 1838, which Phillips delivered more than two thousand times. This, with the exception of "The Right of Petition," is the earliest address in the present volume. The last oration (although there is a "Tribute to Harriet Martineau" dated 1883) is the extraordinary and outspoken one which caused such a sensation when it was given as an address at the centennial anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard College, June 30, 1881. Wendell Phillips has never written anything stronger than this scathing oration, "The Scholar in a Republic." In this outspoken address, which is brilliant with enthusiasm, Wendell Phillips made a strong plea for universal suffrage and the rights of the oppressed of every nation and clime, including not only the negro, but the Irishman, Nihilist, and womankind. He arraigns the scholars of the nation for their supineness before the burning questions of the day and their lack of interest in humanity and progress. Civil-service reform is laughed at, and Nihilism defended; but though the logic may be weak, the power of the orator is great and carries his readers with him. The book is a notable one and deserves careful reading. E. A. T.

JERRY. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. 473 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1891.

Few magazine novels have attracted such wide-spread attention and interest as did "Jerry" upon its appearance in *Scribner's Magazine*. The work was anonymous, evidently the work of a new and yet strong writer. Many were the compliments lavished upon the "young man" who could wield so powerful a pen and describe character so accurately. Great was the astonishment, even of the practiced critic, when it was whispered, a few months before the close, that the "young man" was a woman. The beginning of "Jerry," the account of the runaway, is the strongest part: the delineation of the hero's character is pathetic and true to life; and his adventurse, although not sensational, are dramatic, and so interesting that the reader of the story in serial form was loath to wait for the next number. The end has been pronounced a trifle disappointing. Still, no one who is interested in the development of American fiction can afford to let "Jerry" pass by unheeded. E. A. T.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

"DOWN THE O-HI-O." By Charles Humphrey Roberts. 313 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 1891.

RUBBER HAND STAMPS AND THE MANIPULATION OF RUBBER. By T. O'Conor Sloane, A. M., E. M., Ph. D. 146 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Norman W. Henley & Company. 1891.

LOOKING FORWARD; FOR YOUNG MEN. By Rev. George Sumner Weaver, D. D. 218 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Fowler & Wells Company. 1891.

MARMION. By Sir Walter Scott. 283 pp. Boards, 50 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

PHOTOGRAPHIC OPTICS. By W. K. Burton. 170 pp. Paper, $1.00. New York: Scoville & Adams Company. 1891.

WHICH WINS? By Mary H. Ford. 312 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

THE NEW ERA IN RUSSIA. By Charles A. de Arnaud. 166 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1891.

THE MAID OF HONOR. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. 340 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

IN THE HEART OF THE STORM. By Maxwell Grey. 339 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

AN IDEAL FANATIC. By Hester Edwards Porch. 325 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

IDLE TIME TALES. By François Coppée, Honoré De Balzac, Alphonse Daudet, and Alfred De Musset. 227 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

A FAIR AMERICAN. By Pierre Sales. 362 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

A SHRED OF LACE. By Franklyn W. Lee. 317 pp. Paper, 50 cents. St. Paul: Price-McGill Publishing Company. 1891.

"HERE AND THERE." Puck's Library, No. 47. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

A WOODLAND QUEEN. By André Theuriet. Illustrated. 221 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Company. 1891.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White-Smith Music Publishing Company, 62 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal — "O, Fair Dove, O, Fond Dove," Jean Ingelow and Alfred S. Gatty; "Three Fishers Went Sailing," Rev. Charles Kingsley and John Hullah; "Looking Back," Louisa Gray and Arthur S. Sullivan; "Oh, My Charmer," Victor Hugo and Arthur S. Sullivan; "There's Nothing Like a Fresh'ning Breeze," Alberto Randegger; "Thou Art Gone," Bishop Heber and F. Petersilea; "Let Me Dream Again," alto or bass, B. C. Stephenson and Arthur Sullivan; "Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by," J. L. Hatton; "Life's Highway," Felix McGlennon; "The Lily and the Violet," Duncan B. Harrison; "Bella Napoli," barcarolle, Clifton Bingham and F. Boscovitz; "Leonora," soprano or tenor, mezzo-soprano or baritone, C. A. White; "A Night in Spring," Carl Bohm; "Beyond the Blue," quartette for mixed voices, C. A. White; "The Norseman's Song," bass solo, G. Hubi Newcombe and Jno. Charles Ervine; "Francesca," T. W. Parsons and Carl Pflueger; "Over the Harbor Bar," Frank W. Pratt and Godfrey Marks; "The Lily and the Rose," duet, Stephen Glover; "Not Dead, but Sleepeth," quartette for male voices, C. A. White; "O Be Joyful in the Lord," bass solo, organ accompaniment, arranged by A. Belcher; "Leonora," contralto or bass, C. A. White. Piano — "Happy Little Birds," polka, Antoine Lafont; "Lustspiel Overture," Kéler Béla; "A Happy Hour," scherzo, "In the Stream," "Little Midget," waltz, "Little Elf," polka, "Little Soldier," march, and "Through the Rapids," galop, Frederick E. White; "Valse de la Poupée, from "Coppelia," Leo Delibes; "En Ballon," polka-galop, Francesco D'Orso; "Coronation," march, Edward Stanfield; "Une Promenade de Matin," François Bendel; "Valse Lente," from "Coppelia," Leo Delibes; "Evening Prayer," C. Kolling; "Parisian Gavotte," C. A. White; "A Night in Edinburgh," Scotch reel, C. A. White; "La Cuba," "Mexican Mazurka," C. A. White; "Little Chatterbox," R. Eilenberg; "Jubelfeier," polonaise for six hands, W. K. Kramer; "Rigoletto," Eduard Dorn; "Minerva Schottische," George J. Adams; "The Water Sprites," C. A. White; "Eduard Grieg's Pianoforte Compositions," five numbers; "Chicago World's Exposition," for four hands, Banks M. Davison and Frederic E. White. Violin — "Montecchi ed J. Capuletti," "La Sonnambule," "Les Puritains," Charles Dancla. Guitar, two Mandolins, and Guitar — "Thinking," C. A. White; arranged by A. V. Holmes. Guitar — "Favorita," Spanish serenade, C. A. White; arranged by A. V. Holmes. Cornet and Piano — "Thinking," C. A. White.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Renewing Wrinkled Manuscripts. — Some of the contributors to THE WRITER complain of having their manuscripts returned to them in a tumbled condition. It occurred to my feminine mind once to iron out rejected pages, and the result was some fresh, unwrinkled sheets. I offer the suggestion for what it may be worth.

CONCORD, N. H. G. B.

Using a Slate in Composition. — In composing articles for publication, I almost invariably use a slate instead of paper. I first write out a paragraph on the slate, and then I go over it again and again, erasing a word or phrase here and there, or "filling in" wherever I think it is necessary, until I think it will do; then I copy it on my manuscript paper, and so on, until the article is completed. This I find saves time, ink, pens, and paper, and, what is still better, it prevents any disfiguring of the copy by marking or writing between the lines, all of this work having been already done on the slate. I usually keep my slate near the head of my bed, so that I can reach it when I wake up in the morning. Morning thoughts are apt to be our best thoughts. I therefore put my early morning thoughts "on the slate," and afterward on paper. A. W. A.

LYNN, MASS.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

PEN GOSSIP OF AUTHORS. G. W. Browne. *American Young Folks* for April.

ROBERT C. GIVENS. With Portrait. *Western Bookseller* for May 9.

HISTORY OF THE BOSTON GLOBE. *Weekly Journalist* (Boston) for May 14.

"PERSONAL AND LITERARY." Maurice Thompson. *America* for May 14.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. John Benton. *Toronto Week* for May 15.

POETRY AND SCIENCE. Harrison Allen. *Poet-Lore* for May 15.

BROWNING'S HEBRAIC SYMPATHIES. Mary M. Cohen. *Poet-Lore* for May 15.

AN UNKNOWN POEM OF MRS. BROWNING'S. William G. Kingsland. *Poet-Lore* for May 15.

LITERATURE AND POLITICS. *Canada* for May.

THE PRICE OF EMERSONISM. *Toronto Week* for May 1.

NEWSPAPER HONESTY. *Press and Printer* for May 2.

PEN-NAMES AND ANONYMITY. Reprinted from *New Orleans Times-Democrat* in *Public Opinion* for May 2.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. XVI. — Development of Form. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for May 7.

THE POET AND THE SPECIALIST. Maurice Thompson. *America* for May 7.

HISTORY OF THE BOSTON HERALD. *Weekly Journalist* (Boston) for May 7.

THE ETHICAL TEACHING OF WORDSWORTH. Charles F. Newcombe. *Toronto Week* for May 8.

TEACHING ENGLISH LITERATURE. Professor F. V. N. Painter. Reprinted from *School Journal* in *Educational News* for May 9.

NEWSPAPER FAKES. *Press and Printer* for May 9.

ROBERT BROWNING: A FEW UNPUBLISHED LETTERS. *Kate Field's Washington* for May 13.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. XVII. — Nature in Hebrew Poetry. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for May 14.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE. Reprinted from *Paper World* in *Newsdealer* for May 15.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Newsdealer* for May 15.

G. W. CHILDS. With Portrait. Julian Ralph. *Harper's Weekly* for May 16.

THE CONTRAST OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH LITERATURE. George Saintsbury. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Eclectic Magazine* for May.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COPYRIGHT. Sir Frederick Pollock. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Eclectic Magazine* for May.

OUR SERVILITY IN LITERATURE. Thomas Davidson. *Forum* for May.

LOST TREASURES OF LITERATURE. William Shepard. *Lippincott's* for May.

LITERARY DYNAMICS. Francis Howard Williams. *Lippincott's* for May.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH. Professor William Minto, M. A. *Chautauquan* for May.

LITERARY ENGLAND UNDER THE GUELFS. James A. Harrison, LL. D. *Chautauquan* for May.

RICHARD G. MOULTON. *Book News* for May.

SPANISH LITERATURE. Reprinted from *Revue des Deux Mondes* in *Newsdealer* for May.

AMERICA'S LITERARY FUTURE. Reprinted from *Louisville Courier-Journal* in *Newsdealer* for May.

MARRIED WOMEN IN FICTION. *Review of Reviews* for May.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW AND ITS EDITOR. *Review of Reviews* for May.

WALT WHITMAN AT DATH. Horace L. Traubel. *New England Magazine* for May.

W. D. HOWELLS. Edmund Gosse. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Literary News* for May.

HON. LLOYD BRYCE. W. G. Eliot. *University Magazine* for May.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Reprinted from *London Queen* in *Queries Magazine* for May.

INCREASED DUTY ON BOOKS. *Canadian Bookseller* for May.

INJUSTICE TO AUTHORS. *No Name Magazine* for February.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY. With Portrait. *Western Bookseller* for April 25.

THE HANDLING OF BOOKS. *Western Bookseller* for April 25.

FRANKLIN H. HEAD. With Portrait. *America* for April 30.

DO YOU READ POETRY? Caroline Gray Lingle. *Kate Field's Washington* for April 29.

OUR EVERLASTING POET. Caro Lloyd. *Kate Field's Washington* for April 29.

THE NEWSPAPER PROFESSION. *National Journalist* for April.

EMERSON FIFTY YEARS AGO. F. M. Holland. *Open Court* for April 30.

A VISIT TO J. G. WHITTIER'S HOME. *Toronto Week* for April 24.

THE LATE MRS. ANNIE LYNCH BOTTA. Kate Sanborn. *New York Ledger* for April 25.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. XV. — Development of Ideas. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for April 30.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT. Josephine Lazarus. *Century* for May.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT ACCOMPLISHED. *Century* for May.

THE POETRY OF THE ORIENT. Charles Pollard Cooke. *University of the South Magazine* for April.

IN COWPER'S ARBOR. Austin Dobson. *Christian Union* for May 21.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. XVIII. — Nature in Greek and Mediæval Thought. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for May 21.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH. Professor William Minto, M. A. *Chautauquan* for June.

MR. MORLEY AND LITERATURE. *Scribner's Magazine* for June

THE SCIENCE OF FICTION. Reprinted from the *Interior* in *Public Opinion* for May 23.

THE GREAT UNPUBLISHED. Frank Howard Howe. *Cosmopolitan* for June.

S. W. FOSS. (Editor of the *Yankee Blade*.) W. A. Parcelle. *Chicago Herald* for May 3.

TALLEYRAND'S MEMOIRS. *Nation* for May 14.

LOUIS J. JENNINGS. E. J. Edwards. *Philadelphia North American* for May 13.

MARY KYLE DALLAS. Harryot Holt Cahoon. *Troy* (N. Y.) *Telegram* for May 21.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER. Reprinted from *London Telegraph* in *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* for May 18.

WOMEN AS BOOK LOVERS. W. Roberts. Reprinted from *London Queen* in *New York Home Journal* for May 20.

EMMA L. TRAPPER. *Brooklyn Eagle* for May 17.

EMILE ZOLA AT HOME. Henry Haynie. *Boston Herald* for May 3.

ED. MOTT. Tom Masson. *Portland* (Me.) *Argus* for May 1.

LITERARY ODDITIES. *Queries Magazine* for May.

THE AUTHORS' CLUB. E. J. Edwards. *Atchison* (Kan .) *Globe* for May 15.

WORDSWORTH'S HOME. Edgar L. Wakeman. *Omaha World-Herald, New Orleans Picayune* for May 10.

THE TELEGRAPH EDITOR. Charles E. Thorpe. *Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette* for May 10.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Emile Zola has no chance of obtaining a majority at the next academy elections, and Pierre Loti is most likely to be the fortunate candidate.

The eighty-third volume of *Harper's Magazine* will begin with the number for June.

Round about Dorking, near which picturesque town the great novelist, George Meredith lives, he is greatly liked, and one man who does much work for him said of him the other day, "Ah! sir, Mr. Meredith is clever, I dare say, but I don't think so much about that, 'cause he's always so pleasant."

Edgar Fawcett contributes to *Lippincott's* for June a capital character sketch of a literary man, under the title of "A Literary Pet." The series of "Familiar Letters," by Horace Greeley, is concluded in this number. The last letter is a very touching and pathetic one, written but a few days after the writer was defeated at the polls. "So many of my old friends," writes Mr. Greeley, "hate me for what I have done, that life seems too hard to bear."

A. C. Cameron, for a long time editor of the *Inland Printer*, has become editor and proprietor of the *Artist Printer*, and has removed the publication office from St. Louis to Chicago. The *Artist Printer* is sure to prosper under his management.

A charming little poem, probably by Chaucer, has just been discovered by Walter W. Skeat, the English scholar, in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library. It is a playful love-poem addressed to a lady, and consists of three stanzas of eight-line, ten-foot, iambic verse, such as Dr. Guest calls the "ballet-stave." Guest says that Chaucer was the first to use this metre; it is the same as that employed in "The Monk's Tale." The verses are picturesque and bright, and have a strong Chaucerian flavor.

According to the usual plan, the *Theatre Magazine* (New York) will be published only once a month during this summer, from May until October, when the weekly issues will be resumed. The magazine is now in its sixth year, and thoroughly deserves all the success it has attained.

The late James Redpath believed himself to have been the first person to put the verb "to boycott" in print. One night, during one of his visits to Ireland, he sat writing a despatch to a New York paper, when suddenly he found himself at a loss for a word to express what was then happening to Captain Boycott. "Use Boycott's name as a verb," said a priest at his elbow, and Redpath accepted the suggestion. Next day Redpath met the Irish speakers, then just starting out upon a series of campaign meetings, and suggested to them the use of the verb "to boycott." The suggestion was accepted, and shortly after the word had wide currency in both Ireland and America. The story, by all researches, seems true. At any rate, there is no trace of the word "boycott" in literary use previous to Redpath's letter to the *Tribune* of New York.

Charles A. Dana finishes his day's work earlier than most New York editors, because the editorial system of the *Sun* is different from that of other newspapers. Most of the Metropolitan dailies endeavor to give editorial expression and opinion on the news as it comes into the office. But Mr. Dana's plan is to give the news time to digest, as it were, and to comment upon it the next day. All the editorials are revised by him in proof; and if he has a few moments to wait while an article is being put into type, he wheels around his chair and takes down a volume in some foreign language to study.

"A remarkable biography of a remarkable man" is what is said of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant's "Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant," published by Harper & Brothers. The work is in two volumes, and includes, besides an interesting narrative of the life of Mr. Oliphant, and of Alice Oliphant, his wife — with portraits of each — numerous extracts from his letters and from some of his other writings.

Secretary Proctor is erecting a building for the library in the village of Proctor, Vt. The nucleus of the collection of books was originally given by him for the benefit of the hands and employees of the marble company there. In giving it he agreed that for every dollar they would give to it, he would add a book and give a dollar. It has gone on increasing under this arrangement, which has been faithfully carried out by Governor Proctor, till now it numbers some four thousand volumes; and the *Burlington Free Press* believes that it will grow still faster, and be still more useful in its new building. This is a neat little structure of stone, with marble steps ascending to a porch supported by round marble columns. It contains a good-sized book-room above, and on the lower floor a room for the cabinet of curiosities which belongs to the library.

Maurice Thompson, writing of "Virility in Fiction," makes this keen hit at the erotic literature furnished by women. "I have noticed that when a woman writes one of these so-called 'virile' novels, she immediately sends her photograph to the engraver, and a little later she appears in a magazine with the upper limit of her corsage nearly coinciding with her waist-band."

A correspondent of the *Leeds* (England) *Mercury*, remarking that "if one were asked to guess the name of the person who was least likely to turn agriculture to profitable account, one would be tempted to suggest that of the Poet Laureate," adds that, nevertheless, "on the west side of the Isle of Wight milk carts may be frequently met bearing the name and style of 'Alfred, Lord Tennyson.'"

The $200 offered by the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for the best essay on "The Needs of the Farmer, His Hours of Labor, and the National Legislation Necessary to His Prosperity," was awarded to Abner L. Frazer, of Milford, Ohio, and appears in the *Cosmopolitan* for June.

An illustrated work entitled, "Engravings: How to Estimate Their Cost," has been issued by F. F. Burgin and Leon Barrett. It describes the processes by which engravings are made for books, magazines, and newspapers, with the cost, etc., and contains elaborate engravings and photogravure reproductions.

An English publisher is bringing out an elaborate work on "The Poets and Poetry of the Century." Vols. I. and VI. are nearly ready. A. H. Miles is the editor, and in Vol. I., which is devoted to the Georgian poets, he writes the critical articles. Vols. II. and III., dealing with later Georgian poets, are not yet ready, nor are Vols. IV. and V., which deal with Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, and others. The special aim of the work is said to be an anthology of unusual magnitude, the text of which shall be strictly accurate. Among the poets treated in Vol. VI. are William Morris, Swinburne, Robert Buchanan, Alfred Austin, Theodore Watts, Austin Dobson, and Mr. Monkhouse. The critical articles upon these are written by J. A. Symonds, Buxton Forman, Mackenzie Bell, Arthur Symons, Havelock Ellis, and others. This volume will be followed by others on later Victorian poets.

S. L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") and family will sail for Europe on June 6, and will probably reside abroad for several years.

The house in which Thomas Buchanan Read wrote "Sheridan's Ride" is still standing at 59 West Eighth street, Cincinnati. It is a plain, three-story structure, with an old-fashioned porch in front. The residence is in a pretty fair state of preservation. The room in which Read wrote the poem which made him famous is rather a large one, light and airy, and has acquired a local name as a bridal chamber, several romantic weddings having taken place in it since the war. It now rents to "roomers" for sixteen dollars a month.

A new magazine of Southern literature will start this month in Sheffield, Ala., with the excellent title, the *American Present*. The South has had no good literary organ since the *Southern Literary Messenger* of ante-bellum days.

Frank Dempster Sherman's "Lyrics of a Lute" has gone into its third edition.

Against the proposed removal of the house in which Hawthorne was born, from Salem to the Chicago Fair site, the *Boston Herald* utters an earnest protest. The paper says: "Interesting as it might be to the people of the country as one of the side shows of the great Fair, it would be a sickening spectacle to those who value the shrines and birthplaces of our great authors."

Mrs. Susan Teackle Moore, sister of F. Hopkinson Smith, is the author of "Ryle's Open Gate," a novel just published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Especially interesting to writers is an article in the June *Cosmopolitan* by Frank Howard Howe, for some time one of the editors of a New York monthly. Mr. Howe gives his personal experiences of the manuscripts of the "Great Unpublished," and offers much advice that will be found useful.

An attempt at summer novelty by the *New York Herald* is announced. That journal will have a series of summer letters by American women writers, each contributor describing the place and manner of her summer outing. The list of writers consists of Octave Thanet, Edna Dean Proctor, Anna Katharine Green, Susan Hale, Marion Harland, Rose Terry Cooke, Emma V. Sheridan, Jeannette L. Gilder, Elaine Goodale, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Julia Dorr, Kate Field, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Olive Thorne, Amanda M. Douglas.

The authorized life of Robert Browning, by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, is announced by Houghton. Mifflin, & Co. It will be in two volumes, which will contain a new portrait, and a picture of Browning's study. In the preface to the book Mrs. Orr says: "Such letters of Mr. Browning's as appear, whole or in part, in the present volume, have been in most cases given to me by the persons to whom they were addressed, or copied by Miss Browning from the originals under her care. . . . For my general material I have been largely indebted to Miss Browning. Her memory was the only existing record of her brother's boyhood and youth. It has been to me an unfailing as well as always accessible authority for that subsequent period of his life which I could only know in disconnected facts or his own fragmentary reminiscences. It is less true, indeed, to say that she has greatly helped me in writing this short biography than that without her help it could never have been undertaken."

Captain King talks his stories into a phonograph, from which a typewriter prepares the copy for the press.

An English clergyman — no American divine would ever have found the time to do it — has written a book which he calls "The Marvellous Budget," and which is the Odyssey of Jack and Jill. The first four pages are numbered one, the next four are numbered two, as many more are numbered three, and so on up to "page 8" and last. These pages are so arranged that any page marked two will read consecutively with any page marked one, and so on. "Now," says the clergyman, "if you will inquire of your clever cousin, Miss Girton, who has been in for mathematics at Cambridge, and so knows all about figures, you will learn that there are no less than 65,536 tales in this book about Jack and Jill, not two of which are exactly alike."

H. C. Bunner, author, and editor of *Puck*, lives at Nutley, N. J.; where he has a pretty cottage nearly buried in the woods. He is a great pedestrian and something of an amateur photographer. He has a wife and a little daughter named Nancy.

Miss May Angela Dickens, eldest granddaughter of Charles Dickens, has just begun a serial story in *All the Year Round*, entitled "Cross Currents."

Mrs. Stowe will be eighty years old June 14.

The new Boston correspondent of the *Critic*, succeeding the lamented Alexander Young, is Charles Edgar Lewis Wingate, of the *Boston Journal*, author of "An Impossible Possibility" and "Can Such Things Be?" Mr. Wingate is a Harvard A. B. (1883), and a contributor to *Lippincott's*, *Belford's*, *Our Little Ones*, etc. He continues his sketches of Shakespeare's heroines on the stage by following his article on "Famous Hermiones," published in the January *Cosmopolitan*, with an article in the May issue on "The Cleopatras of the Stage."

George Macdonald's new novel, "There and Back," has just appeared in Boston. His first romance was issued some thirty-three years ago, and almost every year since then has seen a novel or poems from his pen. He still spends his winters in Italy, coming to England with the early summer, and flying south again before the advent of the November fogs.

Joseph Hatton has frequently been seen lately upon Boston streets in company with Mr. Willard, and the two are frequently heard discussing points concerning "The Scarlet Letter," in regard to which Mr. Hatton is collecting matter for an historical article — and, gentle rumor says, a play.

D. Appleton & Company have begun publishing a summer series of light reading, each volume to be of a small, convenient size, daintily bound in half cloth, with specially designed cover. The first volume of the series is "Tourmalin's Time Cheques," the new story by F. Anstey, author of "Vice Versa" This will be followed by a novelette by the Marquis of Lorne, entitled "From Shadow to Sunlight." Miss Beatrice Whitby, author of "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," and Miss Kate Sanborn are among the other authors who will be represented in this series.

Thomas Nelson Page's first novel, "On Newfound River," a Virginia story, is announced by the Scribners.

"The Lounger" of the *Critic* explains that Mrs. Danske Dandridge, the poet, is not, as Mr. Howells seems to think, "one of those Scandinavians." She was born in Denmark, but is of American parentage, her father, Henry Bedinger, having been United States minister at Copenhagen from 1854 to 1858. She now lives in West Virginia.

Walter Besant writes to say: "I am informed by an American correspondent that it has been stated in a leading New York paper that I am about to start a company or a business for the purpose of publishing English books in New York. I do not know if you have seen this announcement. If you have, permit me to inform you that there is not a word of truth in it. I am unconnected with any such scheme, and have no intention whatever of meddling with business of any kind. Nor, to my knowledge, have any of those literary men in this country whom I know."

Heinemann & Balestier (limited) is the name of an English firm which is about to issue on the continent the works of American and British authors in a style similar to that of the *Tauchnitz* edition.

B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, is an expert stenographer. He carries a note-book with him at all times, and when an idea strikes him he jots it down for future use.

In the *New England Magazine* for June Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen writes an appreciative and bright account of B. P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington").

William Allen Butler has been elected vice-president of the council of the University of the City of New York, in place of the late Dr. Howard Crosby. Mr. Butler is that always surprising paradox — a distinguished business lawyer. More than twenty-five years ago his topical satire upon "Miss Flora McFlimsey," who had "nothing to wear," was published. Some few years ago Mr. Butler issued a novel, which did not attain great success.

"Historical Storms" is the title of a new book soon to be published by Sidney Perley, of Providence, R. I.

"The Philadelphian," a novel by Louis J. Jennings, M. P., is the latest addition to "Harper's Franklin-square Library." Mr. Jennings was a resident of New York from 1863 to 1876, and during a part of that time was editor of the *New York Times*. He is remembered in this country chiefly for the active part taken by him in promoting the overthrow of the Tweed conspiracy. He has been a member of Parliament since 1885. He is the author of a successful novel, "The Millionaire," published some years ago by Harper & Brothers.

The first number of the *Photo-American Review*, that for May, has just been issued. It is the official organ of the American Photographic Conference and of the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York, and is suited to the tastes of literary and artistic people. It contains many excellent half-tone pictures and a review of new books and magazines, which the editor intends to make as nearly as possible complete each month. In the May number there are nine pages of titles of recent books arranged alphabetically, and forty pages are given to short reviews of these books.

E. L. Burlingame, editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, has sailed for Europe with his wife. He goes for a brief holiday.

Yours truly,
James Lane Allen

THE WRITER.
Vol. V. No. 7. July, 1891.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. V. BOSTON, JULY, 1891. No. 7.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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JAMES LANE ALLEN.

During the last decade the Southern States, one after another, have been giving to the lovers of fiction each one or more writers of distinction; and abreast with the foremost of this goodly company, Kentucky has lately begun to claim a place for James Lane Allen.

Mr. Allen began his career as a writer several years ago in *Harper's Monthly* and the *Century Magazine* with a series of illustrated articles, descriptive of life, character, and social institutions in Kentucky. The matter in them was fresh and of intense interest, not only here, but in England; the spirit was scholarly, impartial, and deeply sympathetic. They appealed to the general reader by the broad culture evident behind them, and they were marked by a stateliness of style almost old-fashioned and a treatment equally philosophical and poetic. At the same time a number of brilliant letters, chiefly on Southern subjects, were coming out in the *New York Evening Post*, and occasionally a poem appeared in *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, or *Lippincott's*, or an essay, critical or humorous, in the *Critic* or the *Forum*. So that Mr. Allen was widely known as a critic and essayist before the first of his striking tales, published recently under the title of "Flute and Violin," came to print. Once begun, these last came rapidly; the tender picture of quaint relations between master and slave in the "Two Kentucky Gentlemen of the Old School"; the broken heroic figure of "Old King Solomon of Kentucky," whose royal rags were but once lifted from the dust; "The White Cowl" and "Sister Dolorosa," — two passionate protests, whether or not the writer meant them for such, against the ideals of monastic and conventual life, — protests that were keenly felt throughout the Catholic world; the story of "Posthumous Fame," which might have come from the pen of Hawthorne; and the subtle fusion of humor and tears in "Flute and Violin." These stories unfolded a creative power rarely allied with a faculty for criticism so strong that it seemed already supreme.

By birth, rearing, and education, Mr. Allen is a Kentuckian. He was born several years before the outbreak of the civil war, on a Blue Grass farm near Lexington, Kentucky, and not far from the spot where the generations of his family had lived since the first emigration from Virginia. His ancestry — on his father's side — leads back to Colonel William Payne, of Virginia, an officer of the Revolution; on his mother's, to Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish stock of

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the same period — his great-grandfather having been killed during the Revolutionary struggle.

His boyhood was spent at the old homestead, and was much like the life of every boy in the Blue Grass region to-day, except that a love of reading was early developed and carefully fostered by his mother, to whom he pays reverential tribute in the dedication to his stories.

Being much alone, he spent his days with books, or in the woods and fields, where a deep love grew unconsciously within him for the gentle landscapes, that are painted in story and sketch with such truth and tenderness.

Of the world outside he knew little until he was sent to the Kentucky University, once the Transylvania University — the first college founded west of the Alleghanies, and during the last three-quarters of a century the Alma Mater of many men distinguished in the history of the country.

The classical department was co-extensive with that of the best American colleges, and to the classics he gave especial energy. Finishing at the head of his class, he took a post-graduate course, and received the degree of Master of Arts. His first intention was to fit himself for a professorship of the Latin or the Greek language, and he had as a possible final aim the science of comparative philology. He had laid the foundation of this study by a course of instruction in Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, and Italian, and his wish was to seek better opportunities in Germany.

Compelled, meanwhile, to postpone this step, he taught in several Southern colleges; but, as he himself says, "liking college work always less and literature always more," he gave up teaching altogether, and began to write. With deliberate purpose and characteristic thoroughness he set about fitting himself for the work that not yet is done. No state was richer than his own in material for fiction, — the field was virgin soil, — and he turned to it with the love of his own land, that is with most Kentuckians little less than a passion.

The first step, then, was the series of descriptive articles already mentioned — written, as he says, "to train his eye to see and his hand to report things as they were." Serving this purpose, they did vastly more. They preserved historical matter that otherwise would have been lost; for much of the work was purely original, and the material was gotten slowly and with great care from mouths that are now dumb. They gave him a knowledge that no other man has of his future theme, — Kentucky life and character, — a theme in which fact is as romantic as tradition; and they helped him bend to the pliant uses of fiction a style that in the class-room was formal, colorless and philosophic.

These stories came naturally, — as flowers in a garden well tilled, — only not with so much joyousness and so little toil.

So, too, they are wrought with the most patient care; and upon the evidences of this fact rest the chief criticisms urged against Mr. Allen's work. There are few writers whose early faults of style are not buried in books and stories unpublished or forgotten. Mr. Allen has not this advantage. He has no unpublished stories. Being human, a critic, then, may feel that his work is polished with too great care; that the "literary intention" of it is too apparent; he may recall a little awkwardness of transition or a metaphor a trifle disproportionate to the importance of thought or incident illustrated, suggesting the spirit of Southern oratory; but he is apt to remember, too, the power of thought in the stories and the depth of feeling; the rare union of the two; the imaginative strength; the delicate, tender humor; the love with which the writer has handled his theme; and the reverence for that form of art in which he has striven to mould it.

And remembering, also, the short time in which the author has had to learn that part of his art which Mr. Besant says only time can teach to the writer who is wholly self-dependent, the critic may dismiss his criticisms altogether as trifling, or keep them in mind only as marks by which to measure the writer's steady advance from first to last.

His second term of apprenticeship just over, — for these stories are regarded as preparatory training for work on a larger canvas, — it will be seen that Mr. Allen is, as he regards himself, but little more than a beginner in fiction.

It is easy, then, to believe that he is perfectly

honest in his attitude toward his own work and in his intense aversion to being photographed or written of, before he has done what he deems worthy of note. Measuring what he has done only by the highest, he is himself his own sternest critic. About his collection of tales he confesses singular indifference, and with characteristic humor he presented himself a copy in this way: "To the Author, with his humble compliments and profound apologies."

With diffidence, then, the subject of his personality and appearance is approached. Merely to say that he is a Kentuckian would give a distinct impression anywhere in the land; for in personality and ubiquity the Kentuckian is to this country what the Irishman is to the world. Only Mr. Allen is beyond the proportions of the typical Kentuckian, as may be seen in this tribute of one who was once his pupil. I believe I know no man whom nature has made quite so near what a man should be in mind, character, and physique. Physically, Lane Allen, as he is intimately known, is in detail, or was before a recent illness, not much unlike Gordon Helm, the hero of "Sister Dolorosa": Saxon in type, tall, splendidly proportioned, with a magnificent head, and a strong, kindly face. I know not whether I admire him most for his brain or for his heart, his exquisite cultivation or his greatness of soul. His manner is what all Southerners like to believe was the manner of typical Southern gentlemen of the old school; and there is something in his bearing that gives an irresistible impression of superiority; so that while I have seen a good many men of distinction, I can remember no one who, in splendid balance of varied powers, does not shrink a little by contrast with James Lane Allen.

The friends who know him best, know that his full strength is yet untried; that the best in him is yet untold; and that with time and health he will give it permanent artistic shape. But they, with the Kentuckians at large, while confident and expectant, would rest proud and content, if he did no more.

John W. Fox, Jr.

BIG STONE GAP, W. VA.

AUTHOR AND EDITOR.

Having followed with keen interest the pros and cons of the arguments in the case of Editor *vs.* Author, as published in THE WRITER, I should like to add my bit of experience to the sum total.

Writing at first under the shelter of an assumed name, and finding sufficient reward in the pleasure of seeing my rhymes in print, I was one day startled by finding my real name staring at me from the columns of the *Independent.* The check that followed was recompense enough for the shock, and I then and there dropped the pseudonym and began to seek pecuniary return for my work.

Having too keen a sense of the ridiculous to allow my characters to make crimson cushions out of a scarlet dress, as did the author of a Sunday-school book I know of, or to picture peach trees blossoming profusely in September I have avoided some of the rocks whereon others have been wrecked, keeping a dictionary always at my elbow, and looking up every point on which I felt the least doubt.

From the beginning I realized that my writings should be judged on their merits, and have never obtruded personal affairs on an editor's limited leisure. For criticism and correction I have been duly grateful. I have striven to profit by kind words of this sort received from many editors, whose memory I cherish, and have meekly altered my pet lines to suit their ideals. (By the way, one of them wanted me to make the house martin whose history I narrated help his wife build their nest, which, as any close observer knows, would be substituting fiction for fact.)

Yet, while acknowledging that but for unexpected encouragement and words of cheer from editorial pens I should long ago have been tempted to lay aside the quill entirely for the broom and duster, I have somewhat against the fraternity, for, oh, I have sent them manuscript in large manila envelopes and it has come back to me rolled and tied with a string. I have sent it fair and unmarred, and it has returned tattered and blue-pencilled till much must be rewritten.

Like H. A. Saxton, I have had manuscript accepted and then sent back when the magazine changed hands. In several cases the manuscript has been lost, and only after long and vexatious delay have I learned the fact and felt free to send it elsewhere. Two stories of considerable length have thus disappeared, and though sent with stamps for return, no word of acknowledgment ever reached me. In one case letters of inquiry were left unanswered, and only a personal call elicited the fact. If each editor would acknowledge receipt of manuscripts, many hours of hope deferred would be saved. He should also notify of acceptance.

I once sent an article to an editor who never notified me of the receipt of manuscript, but usually returned it within a month if not available. After watching two years for its appearance, I had the pleasure of receiving it back with the usual polite regrets.

In the ethics of business a man's word is supposed to be as good as his bond, but some editors appear to rate their agreements as of less value than the contents of their waste baskets. I sent a story to one of these in accordance with the terms of a prize competition. I was notified shortly afterward that it had not taken a prize, but that the editor would print it at a specified sum per column. This offer I accepted. Two years later the manuscript came back to me, marred with many interlineations and alterations, with the cool remark that the editor did not like it, but would send me the paper a year if I liked! Fancy Jordan, Marsh, & Co. returning a cargo of goods purchased abroad, with the message that the taste of their buyer did not now approve their designs, but that they would send the firm's catalogue in lieu of the cash agreed upon.

I fully endorse Mr. Saxton's remarks upon "Payment upon Publication." I have waited ten years now for the appearance of a poem accepted on such terms by one of the Boston magazines.

Of the revision of poems by editors whose poetical faculties are seemingly dormant. I can speak with feeling, for before me lie specimens with rhyme, and rhythm, and poetic expression tortured out of all due proportion by these well-meant improvements. I wish THE WRITER would some day devote a few pages to specimen verses as originally written and as revised by editors, and let the public judge between them.

As a remedy for the ills we complain of, I would suggest:—

First, attention on the part of authors to the suggestions made by their more experienced brethren. Be sure you have a thought to express, and then be careful as to the manner of its expression. Study spelling, grammar, rhetoric, and style, as shown in the writings of the best authors. Revise, condense, and copy carefully. Keep a copy of each article, and a notebook wherein to record the date it was written, and the history of its journeyings, noting always the periodical to which it was sent and the date of departure and return, with price finally obtained and date of publication.

Second, coöperation on the part of authors, with a resulting list of periodicals, reading something like this:—

Youth's Companion, weekly, Boston, Mass. Pays on acceptance. Returns manuscripts if unavailable, or notifies of acceptance within a fortnight. Desires poems, stories, anecdotes, sketches of adventure, etc., calculated to interest youth from fifteen years upwards, and also has a children's page. Excludes love and fairy stories, or anything calculated to stir up sectional strife.

Christian Mirror, Portland, Me. Religious weekly. Does not pay for unsolicited contributions, but will send the paper a year for a suitable contribution. Has children's page.

Blanktown Herald. Weekly family paper. Prints all the good material it can get, but neither pays the author nor sends him a copy of the article when it appears. Carefully

deposits unused manuscripts in the waste-basket, and confiscates the stamps enclosed. Never answers letters of inquiry.

No author with a list like this would be likely to waste time and postage stamps on periodicals whose editors are dilatory, unreliable, and unfair to their contributors, and if libel suits are feared, let the black list be like Bradstreet intelligible only to the initiated.

SOUTH BERWICK, Me. *Ella W. Ricker.*

MUST AMERICANS LEARN TO SPELL?

Years ago two ladies, one English, the other American, were talking together of various books, when suddenly the Englishwoman spoke out frankly: —

"To tell you the truth, I do not enjoy reading American books, because your country-people have never learned to spell."

At this the American lady was first shocked and afterward amused, as she remembered how our grandsires used to "spell each other down" in our historic pine-board halls of learning.

Two or three days ago I was talking with a cultivated Englishman, a writer upon political and national topics and a well-known English magazinist, when incidentally the same point came up.

"With us a publisher's 'reader' would recognize an American manuscript immediately," he said. "Americans use the language so differently."

"Please tell me in what way," I asked.

"Partly in the phraseology and partly in the spelling."

"You mean that we leave out our 'u's' in words like 'favor,' 'honor,' etc.," I said.

"Yes, and you spell 'traveler,' 'reveler,' etc. with only one 'l'!"

"But why should we not?" I persisted.

He laughed. "It is not good English," he answered.

"Of course, there must be a rule about it," I replied. "And it ought to be the same for all nations using the English language; will you kindly tell me your rule, for I do not know it?"

"It is perfectly simple," he replied. "In all words of that class that have been introduced into English *through* the French tongue, we preserve the 'l's' and 'u's' wherever they are so used in the language from which we derive them; nothing simpler."

"Simple enough, certainly," I answered, wishing I knew enough to say the right thing.

"The Americans do this to save time, I suppose," he we went on. "But it is too bad of them; it ruins the language; I do not enjoy reading a page of American print. It is a great flaw, a positive error" — "Errour," he said. Then, running his hand through his hair, he continued: —

"You see, it is just the difference between British-English and American-English; you are rapidly making quite another thing of it!"

"But surely," I objected, "American scholars and philologists are quite as anxious to preserve the purity of written English as English scholars can be. Why, if this point is rightly taken, do not our authorities draw attention to it!"

Whereupon I proceeded to answer myself: "Perhaps our philologists think there is no objection to going back to the Latin root; the original of all; and ignore the steps of derivation; perhaps they think it is even better to do so."

"I suppose that *is* the point they make," answered my friend, "but it destroys the history of the language."

He went on to say that no first-class English publishing house or magazine would bring out an American work without first revising the spelling; also, that the great seats of learning

and scholarship, Oxford and Cambridge, conserve the use of pure English, holding fast the standards to which the educated must conform.

"Dear me!" I cried, "I love pure English and I shall begin to cultivate my 'u's' and double 'l's' immediately, only I greatly fear lest in excess of zeal I may use them in the wrong places."

He laughed a rich rolling laugh with his mellow English voice. "I'm afraid you would find it difficult," he said; "you would have to go to school all over again!"

"Yes!" I said, "and we cannot send a whole nation of thinkers and writers to school all over again." Then, as an afterthought: "Besides, our editors would strike the extra letters out; I have known them to do it."

Thus the subject dropped. If THE WRITER cares to provoke discussion on this point, my paper may prove suggestive; I put in a plea for pure English, whether "British" or "American."

Jeanie Porter Rudd.

FLORENCE, Italy.

THE CINCINNATI MONDAY CLUB.

A year ago last October three ladies met in a certain parlor in Cincinnati to consider plans for some sort of a literary club. The outcome of that meeting is the present club, which now numbers, and is limited to, fifteen active members.

The object of the club is, as its articles set forth, "mutual improvement and literary culture." The meetings are held once in two weeks, Monday evenings, at the homes of the members. They must begin promptly at half-past seven — tardy members have to pay a small fine.

The first year it was decided that we should travel, London being the first city visited. Its history, past and present, its great men and famous women, its sight-seeing, etc., kept the club beyond its allotted time. Holland and the Rhine followed, then Germany, with its vast quarries of all kinds of treasures. The past year was spent in Paris and its environs, and in Switzerland. For the coming year there will be a somewhat different arrangement. Programmes for the entire season, — beginning with the first Monday in October, and ending with the last Monday in April, — with the duties assigned respective members, are to be prepared by the committee and printed this present month, thus giving opportunity to arrange summer reading with these subjects in view. It has also been proposed to devote a minor part of each evening to the consideration of current events. This spring the club joined by invitation the Woman's Federation of Clubs. The president received an invitation to attend the convention of these clubs at Orange, N. J., where the delegates were entertained by Mr. Edison, the inventor.

Such is the bare outline of our Monday Club, but much is to be read between the lines — the informality, the harmony, the social intercourse; the memory of earnest faces gathered about the readers under the low lamp, who carry us back to the past or unfold to us the wonders of the present; introduce us to the salons of a Madame de Staël, or acquaint us with Calvin, the man and his creed. We listen to the magic touch of a Glück or Wagner, or stand before the speaking canvas of a Teniers or Claude Lorraine.

Some say to us: "One can read and learn these things alone at home." True, but do they? Housekeepers, mothers, and teachers find it very hard to sustain a systematic course of study with so much to interrupt, and no outside stimulus. As to our methods, we find that experience teaches us. At first we had seven or eight original papers read each evening. Now, we have four generally — sometimes five. Two of these are the "long papers," taking fifteen min-

utes to read each; the other two or three are "short," and occupy five minutes' time.

We sometimes feel the want of a more comprehensive library than we can use, but most of us can, through friends, obtain books from the University library (though with some trouble and inconvenience); but it is astonishing how much one can find if the will is there — in magazines, and in the book-shelves of our members, in newspapers, and elsewhere. It is astonishing, too, how practice makes writing easier even for those who declared at first that it was next to impossible for them to wield a pen. Perhaps the chief charm of our little club is its easy informality. The ladies often bring their dainty needle-work, and after the papers are read, we talk them over, and those of our members who have been abroad add little touches of remembrance, and good photographs or stereoscopic views are enjoyed, giving us a better idea of our subject.

From this paradise man alone is excluded — except at the yearly banquets, and as escorts on very dark nights.

Daisy Rhodes Campbell.

DELAWARE, O.

THE EDITORIAL "WE."

Almost as varied as the individual he, to say nothing of the feminine form, is the editorial "we." Veiled, perhaps, in mystery, awe-inspiring to the uninitiated, it carries weight to all, terror to some hearts.

Who that holds pen in hand has not felt the cold chill incident to the perusal of such words as, "We do not find your manuscript suited to the taste of our readers," or, "We regret that your story is unavailable"; and who has not later perchance made acquaintance with this same editor and found him quite an ordinary mortal, available to all influences that can be brought to bear upon him?

On the other hand, what happiness to the aspirant for fame and fortune there is in the magic words, "We can make use of your article, and will give $ . . . . for it."

There is a certain doctor who has framed and hung up in his office a one-dollar bill, his first fee; and many a writer has thus framed in his heart, if not hung upon his wall, that wonderful sum (modest, perhaps, as the talents which called it forth), the first fruits of his labors.

There are editors and editors, and happy the contributor who falls into the hands of some of those whose business-like promptness, courtesy, and even kindness, makes intercourse with them a boon to be devoutly desired. The better the class the magazine belongs to, the more surely will such rules be observed. A notice that your article has been received and will be examined is soothing to the feelings, whatever may be the ultimate result. Lacerating and irritating in the extreme is it to receive a notification from some third-class publication that your style is not up to its standard, when you have the consciousness of having appeared more than once in the columns of what may be termed its "elders and betters" in the literary world.

The woes of the editor are proverbial, and we have all heard much of the deluge of tales, poems, essays, and other manuscripts which daily inundates that much-tried individual, many of them scarcely worth a glance, leaving but scant leisure for justice to the very best. We all know about the carelessly written manuscript, illegible as some dead language, the misspelled words, the mixed pages, the thousand blunders of the would-be contributor, the letters of abuse for articles returned or not satisfactorily produced, and last, but not least, the pathetic entreaties accompanying manuscript, giving the private history and divers misfortunes of the writer, and representing in

moving terms the urgent necessity for the publication of his enclosure. But the editor occupies the vantage ground. It is his to accept or reject, his to issue the damnatory fiat, and his to occupy, if it so pleases him, a column of his periodical with the statement of his case, while the contributor, smarting and sore, must suffer in silence.

The writer in his turn has his list of woes, — articles returned promptly, not even looked at, others kept till the subject has grown stale, others again, the results of hours of toil, lost or defaced, and no return to be had, save the wisdom learned by misfortune and the warning to give the faithless editor a wide berth in future.

"Editors I have known" might afford the groundwork for a descriptive article. There is the editor who accepts, — by all means the most popular. The editor who "regrets," the editor whose "columns are over-crowded," and the editor who "has read with pleasure your interesting favor, but is sorry," etc. There is the corps of editors of the large magazine or newspaper, each with his own department, enclosed in his sanctum and inaccessible to the general public. There are the editors, male and female, who belong especially to periodicals for women, whose chief energies are spent on the mysteries of domestic economy of all sorts and the intricacies of fancy work, and the editor of the department of fiction, who tells you your stories are "too long" or "too short," remonstrates against a melancholy ending, and sends word that your tale will be accepted if you will alter the conclusion and make it more "cheerful." There is the country editor, whom you may meet in his frequent rambles on horseback, who is pleased to publish your small items of news, frequently on the terms that printing is its own reward, and will favor you with a friendly chat if you drop into the office. There is the editor who is chiefly seeking something new; the editor who has a taste for ghosts and the marvellous, the editor who will not look at such subjects. The editor who is sharp set for the latest scandal, the editor who delights in highly moral tales, the editor who is serious and smiles coldly on your wittiest efforts, the editor who wants funny things, the editor who delights in tragedy, and the editor previously mentioned who insists upon your being "cheerful." And, lastly, the benevolent old gentleman in charge of a children's paper at a distance, now doubtless become one of an extinct species, who calls you "My dear friend," writes you friendly letters of remonstrance or encouragement, takes an interest in your personality, and suggests that he cannot decide from your signature "whether you are a Mr., or a Mrs., or a Miss."

Thus they pass in endless panorama, and it becomes the contributor's task to divine the taste, guess at the judgment, and provide literary salads to tempt the palate of this over-rated "editorial we."

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. *Leigh North.*

SOUTHERN LITERARY ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

The second convention of the Southern Literary Association, at Louisville, was a great success. The meeting was held in the Commercial Building, in the commerce room, which has a beautiful view of the river. Colonel Ford presided in the absence of President Frank P. O'Brien, of Birmingham, Ala. Texas sent a delegate in the person of Mrs. Craig. Tennessee was represented by Mrs. W. B. Michael; Florida, by Miss Nannie Nutt; South Carolina, by Joseph Lee May; Alabama, by T. C. DeLeon; and there were other representative writers present from the different Southern states. Mrs. Craig brought a cordial

invitation to the association to meet in Dallas, Tex., the third Tuesday in May, 1892, and promised a genuine Southern welcome.

Colonel Ford's address of welcome was very happily expressed. Colonel McCormack, of Henderson, Ky., delivered an address regarding the need of an established school of Southern literature, and the publication of a Southern magazine of a high order. A committee was appointed which will meet in Chattanooga in August to discuss the matter in a practical way, and it is likely that from the committee's deliberations some benefit will come to Southern literary workers.

Letters were read from Thomas Nelson Page, George W. Cable, and others, and a delegation from the Western Association of Writers brought greetings and encouragement. Dr. Ridpath, the historian, who is president of the Western Association, spoke regarding obstacles to be overcome in forming such associations, and encouraged the Southern Association to continue until, like the Western Association now, it should be on a firm basis and fully established. Alice Hawthorne, of Louisville, who is related both to Washington Irving and to Nathaniel Hawthorne, contributed a poem, "Our Welcome to the S. L. A.," which was read by Colonel Cannon. Henry L. Stanton read two poems. A paper was read by W. F. Parker, of Kentucky, on "The Old South and the New"; a poem by Rufus I. Childress, of Kentucky; a paper entitled "The Literary South" by Annie Lee Moore, of Alabama; a paper, "The Women of the South," by Tom W. Neal, of Tennessee; and a poem by Miss Lizzie Walker, of Kentucky.

It was voted to hold the next convention at Dallas, Tex.

LOUISVILLE, KY. *Sara H. Henton.*

ARNOLD'S "SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH."

Mr. Arnold's "Selections from Wordsworth" appear to have been so popular that a reissue of them is offered to the public. Whether a critic is justified in publishing a special edition of Wordsworth, leaving out all his failures and including all his successes, omitting his "Sailor's Mothers" and presenting his "Lucy Grays," is open to a great deal of doubt, particularly when the edition is accompanied by a bid for eminence so supreme.

Macaulay said that if Milton had written only the first four books of "Paradise Lost," he would have ranked Milton as the second in the list of the world's poets, but, as it is, he places him fifth. According to Mr. Arnold, he should have published a special edition of Milton, containing only those four books of "Paradise Lost," and written a preface claiming for his hero the second place. It is as if a man should take up a rifle, and, firing, hit the bull's-eye, and then fire no more. He has a reputation. But if he should shoot ten times, and, hitting the bull's-eye once, go wide of the target every other time, he would not be considered a good marksman. Hannibal is known to have asserted his right to the honor of being third among generals, but, if he had defeated Scipio, would have placed himself above Alexander and Pyrrhus.

Mr. Arnold admits that often a very superior piece is followed by one which is so inferior that it dulls the effect produced by the first; and, still more, he acknowledges that Wordsworth thought one was as good as the other. This looks as if the first piece was an accident, and how is it possible, even following out Mr. Arnold's own theory, for Wordsworth to have been so great a poet when he was not capable of telling the difference between his "Peter Bells" and his divinely poetic philosophy?

Mr. Arnold seems to assume the position of a man who has come to the opinion that Words-

worth is fast drifting away into oblivion, and therefore he takes this method of inducing resuscitation. To a certain extent, the effort achieves its end. Matthew Arnold Wordsworth is a poet whose fame is secure. Is William Wordsworth equally fortunate? William Wordsworth is still thought highly of among scholars, but there is much cant among scholars. The plain, every day people, they who form the enduring masonry of a poet's lastingness, are more frank and more honest.

SOUTH ELIOT, Me. *A. L. Hanscom.*

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

Newspaper enterprise is so common a matter nowadays that general readers little think of the cost, trouble, and almost perfect system necessary for the daily presentation of the news columns which come to the breakfast table ere the events recorded are fairly "cold." So keen is newspaper competition that reporters and editors must be genuine "hustlers," in all that this word implies, in order to carry out the enterprise policy which every journal of large circulation must pursue.

The era of extraordinary journalistic enterprise among New York papers began in the office of the *New York Sun*. This paper was started by Benjamin Day in the thirties, as a mere daily cholera report. Moses Y. Beach, the brother-in-law of Mr. Day, soon purchased the incipient newspaper, and made it the pioneer in the field of penny journalism. It stirred up the old-fogyism of newspaperdom by printing the news in advance of its contemporaries. It hired yachts, steamboats, railway trains. Carrier pigeons, before the days of the telegraph, flew between Philadelphia and the *Sun* office with tissue paper news reports tucked under their wings, telling of affairs in Washington and elsewhere. These faithful winged messengers brought news from ships far out at sea. When the Mexican war was in full blast the *Sun* operated a special express between New Orleans and a point North where railway connection was made, whereby it secured war news twenty-four hours ahead of other papers depending on the mails. This costly enterprise, made up of a combination of steamboats, fleet pony expresses, etc., led to an agreement between the "big" dailies of New York, from which emanated the Associated Press of to-day, probably the most far-reaching and efficient news organization in the world. As it was first to get the news, so was the *Sun* the first paper in America to operate its presses by steam, and the first to have a daily circulation of more than 100,000 copies.

So much for the beginning of enterprising journalism in America — the days when a Charles A. Dana could be hired to edit for ten or fifteen dollars a week, while Horace Greeley earned but little more. White newspaper then cost twenty cents a pound and upward. The telegraph and cheap printing paper have changed things in the last twenty years. Paper now costs less than three and one-half cents a pound, while telegraph rates and better presses reduce expenses. The mechanical aids have materially improved, and quickness is the order of the day.

The writer for a newspaper of 1891 must be quick and accurate. The "nose for news" to-day is not to be compared with the "noses" of forty or fifty years ago. The New York paper that reported results at one of the national conventions in Chicago on its New York bulletin board in five and a-half minutes after a vote was announced is an example of the celerity of the modern reporter. A single cablegram to one newspaper, costing several thousand dollars, is an instance of expense not infrequently met with. A ten or fifteen thousand dollar annual salary is now needed to pay an editor-

in-chief. An expense bill of from $15,000 to $30,000 weekly has to be met by more than one of the great papers of the land.

High-priced newspaper writers are a prime essential in the successful journalism of to-day. They must be men who can see a thing quickly and comprehend in a moment just what is required by the paper they represent. These writers are the driving wheels of the newspaper locomotive. On their enterprise largely depends the success of the paper. The man who recently reported the libel suit of Sir William Gordon Cumming in the London court, and drew such excellent pen pictures of the Prince of Wales as a witness, a gambler, and a consummate society snob, together with a succinct account of the prince's harpies and the London smart set, was a writer of the first rank in the newspaper field, and supplied the Associated Press with columns of such excellent matter for distribution to its customers throughout the United States that the best papers found it entirely unnecessary to employ special writers to "write up" this unique trial. The London representative of the Associated Press furnished to hundreds of papers exactly what they wanted. He so wrote as to meet the diverse views of hundreds of editors. The man who can do this is a genius in his way.

The distribution of a newspaper calls for a keen intelligence. Of late years there has been much rivalry to reach outlying summer resorts with Sunday papers. Not long ago the *New York Tribune*, under the direction of Henry Hall, its enterprising business manager, operated more than 1,700 miles of special expresses made up of railway trains, ponies, steam and sailing yachts, thereby serving summer resorts with the Sunday *Tribune* from Newport to Atlantic City, throughout the Catskills and the Adirondacks, and at hundreds of other inland resorts in time for breakfast Sunday. This large scheme of special delivery at one time included a special train from New York City to Buffalo, 450 miles, costing more than one thousand dollars a trip. This was one of the fastest trains ever operated. Yachts were employed to carry *Tribunes* to resorts out of sight of the main land. Relays of ponies covered routes hundreds of miles long, while birch bark canoes skimmed remote lakes in the North woods, and furnished the most distant camper with news of the outside world.

UTICA, N. Y. *M. Y. Beach.*

DIALECT AND SLANG.

Though many dialect stories may have been of use, as preserving to the student of language the speech of different localities, many of them are very unfair, as we of New England can see in the sketches of our own country people, where wise and unwise, learned and ignorant, are represented as invariably ungrammatical, and dropping final "g" profusely.

Writers err also in not adapting the style of their "slip-shod language" to the period of the story. A lady, commenting on a certain "juvenile" of the events of 1840, says: "There is slang in that story which, I am sure, is not more than ten years old. I remember 1840 well — I lived at home in a house full of noisy brothers. I went to school, and I was familiar with the children's phrases popular at the time, and these I am confident are of a far more modern date."

Such a subject is worth the attention of antiquaries; every age and every generation has its own phrases. When this century was in its teens, did girls say persons and things were "just lovely"? Did boys tell about having "a regular blow-out"?

Attention to such points makes a story (to use a phrase of Sir Walter Scott) "look much better in the face," and without such care, a story is of little use as a portraiture of the past. For evidence, however, that slang, ancient or modern, is not essential to success, see those perfect specimens of children's stories, the "Bodley Books." *Pamela M. A. Cole.*

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

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*** Everything printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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THE WRITER,

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VOL. V. JULY, 1891. NO. 7.

Before this number of THE WRITER reaches its subscribers it is probable that President Harrison will have issued his proclamation declaring the existence of an international copyright agreement between the United States and Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Switzerland. Representatives of these four foreign countries have officially notified our government that they give to American citizens substantially the same copyright privileges as are given to their citizens under our new law, and thus the necessary pre-requisite to an agreement with the United States has been furnished. Most important, of course, is the establishment of international copyright between England and the United States, although the agreement with France is also an important one. What the practical effect of the new arrangement will be, publishers confess themselves unable to say, but a majority of them seem to agree with Secretary Daldy, of the English Copyright League, who says in an article on the subject in the July *Forum*: "We are led, therefore, to expect that popular books by popular authors will not be much affected by this legislation, that books by writers not so well known will be produced in the United States and supplied to the English market from there, and that books by unknown writers will fail to gain the advantage of the American copyright so indirectly offered to them."

* * *

One effect of the recent copyright legislation that probably was not fully foreseen by those interested in it is its possible influence on the question of spelling reform. Englishmen have always looked on American books with horror, because of what they term barbarities of spelling—the omission of "u" from words like "honor" and other changes from the ordinary English rule. If under the new law, as seems quite probable, a considerable number of English books are printed from type set in the United States, these "barbarities" will be kept constantly before the eyes of English readers, and there is more than a fair chance that custom may so change their views that they will not regard them as being so very barbarous, after all. We, on this side of the water, are prone to believe that our habit of spelling English words is more sensible than that of the English themselves, and we are not likely to change our practice in deference to their ideas. If under the new law we are to make books for English readers as well as for ourselves, we shall have an opportunity to educate them, willing or unwilling, according to our standard, and it would not be surprising if a uniformity of usage in England and in the United States were eventually brought about in this way.

* * *

Another odd effect of the operation of the new law is the opening of a French copyright office in New York. It is impossible now to

reproduce without authorization the works of art and literature of the French. Consequently the authors, represented in Paris by the Société des Gens de Lettres, of which Emile Zola is president; the musical composers, represented by the Société des Auteurs, Editeurs, et Compositeurs de Musique; the dramatists and librettists, represented by the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques Français; and the publishers and printers, represented by the Circle de la Librairie, — have united in the formation of an American office in New York, at 208 Fifth avenue. Count de Kératry was the instigator of this movement, which will facilitate business between the publishers of the two countries. The New York office is invested with all the authority of its principals in Paris. The secretary is M. Paul Meyer, formerly in charge of the department of French books at Brentano's. In connection with this it is interesting to note that a New York lawyer, prompt to see the possibilities of litigation under new conditions, has added to his engraved cards a line reading, "International Copyright Law a specialty," and has mailed them generally to authors and publishers in all parts of the country. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) Will you please name the best work on poetical analysis, and also kindly recommend a few works of poetry that will give tone and inspiration to thought?

(2.) Do Professor Genung's "Handbook of Rhetorical Analysis" and "Practical Elements of Rhetoric" completely cover the subject of rhetoric? In your review of the "Handbook of Rhetorical Analysis," in THE WRITER for October, you recommend the two books "to all who are desirous of acquiring a pure English style," but I do not understand that they fully cover the subject.

(3.) Will you kindly oblige by giving a list of histories, comprising ancient, mediæval, and modern, that are authentic? I should also like to know of a good history of English literature. I want to make a thorough reading of history.

C.

[(1.) Useful suggestions about poetical composition are given in the introductory chapters of Hood's "Rhymester" (price $1.00), and the introductory chapter of "Ballades and Rondeaus," by Gleason White ($1.00). These two works and Gummere's "Handbook of Poetics" ($1.00) are recommended to students.

(2.) Professor Genung's "Handbook of Rhetorical Analysis" ($1.12), studied in connection with his "Practical Elements of Rhetoric" ($1.25), will give all the information on that subject that is required.

(3.) Any one who means to make a thorough study of history cannot do better than to get Adams' "Manual of Historical Literature" ($2.50), which was reviewed in THE WRITER for July, 1889, and which is an indispensable guide. This book will give information about the best histories of English literature. The Writer Publishing Company will send any of the books named, or any other book desired, on receipt of the publisher's price. — W. H. H.]

—

As I write rhymes easily and have some skill in sketching, I have thought it possible to combine the two, and make them profitable by writing advertisements. Can you kindly tell me what I shall do to obtain orders? N. M.

[Large advertisers are always on the lookout for new ideas to attract public attention, and they pay well for practicable suggestions. The best way is to write advertisements suited for different firms, and submit them to the firms in question, always making it clear that payment is expected if the suggestions are adopted. — W. H. H.]

—

Which is right to say, "He leaves a widow and three children," or "He leaves a wife and three children"? C. C. F.

["He leaves a wife and three children" is preferable. If you say, "He leaves a widow," you should also say, "and three orphans," to be consistent. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The Associated Press reports Rev. Heber Newton as saying, in a recent sermon: "The Nicene Creed, with the Apostle's Creed, are

commonly spoken of as the Catholic creeds." If he *did* say that, certainly no reader of THE WRITER should object to his being tried for heresy. His English is certainly anything but orthodox. H. L. R., JR.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE AFRO-AMERICAN PRESS AND ITS EDITORS. By I. Garland Penn. Illustrated. 565 pp. Sold only by Subscription. Springfield, Mass.: Willey & Company. 1891.

The first colored man's newspaper published in America was the *Freedom's Journal*, the first number of which was issued by Cornish & Russwurm, New York, John B. Russwurm, editor, in March, 1827. In 1870 there were but ten journals published by Afro-Americans in the United States; in 1880 there were thirty-one, most of them started after 1875, while in 1890 there were 154 — a gain of 123 in the last ten years. Among colored newspaper and magazine writers who have attained eminence have been T. T. Fortune, of New York, John S. Durham, of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, Robert Teamoh, of the *Boston Globe*, J. Gordon Street and Miss Lillian Lewis, of the *Boston Herald*, Professor W. S. Scarborough, contributor to the *Forum*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other periodicals, Rev. W. J. Simmons, D. D., Rev. Walter H. Brooks, D. D., and Rev. E. K. Love, editorial writers on the Baptist *Teacher*, and Rev. A. E. P. Albert, D. D., editorial writer on the Methodist *Journal*. The colored writer has no recognition in in the South; in the North some of the white journals have had Afro-American reporters. Frederick Douglass, in answer to questions submitted to him, and to other prominent colored men, by Mr. Penn, expresses the opinion that the press in the hands of the negro has been a success, but only as a beginning. He goes on to say: "It has demonstrated in large measure the mental and literary possibilities of the colored race. I do not think that the press has been properly supported, and I find the cause in the fact that the reading public among the colored people, as among all other people, will spend its money for what seems best and cheapest. Colored papers from their antecedents and surroundings cost more, and give their readers less than papers and publications by white men. I think that the course to be pursued by the colored press is to say less about race and claims to race recognition, and more about the principles of justice, liberty, and patriotism. It should say more of what we ought to do for ourselves, and less about what the government ought to do for us; more in the interest of morality and economy, and less in the interest of office-getting; more in commending the faithful and inflexible men who stand up for our rights, and less for the celebration of balls, parties, and brilliant entertainments; more in respect to the duty of the government to protect and defend the colored men's rights in the South, and less in puffing individual men for office; less of arrogant assumption for the colored man, and more of appreciation of his disadvantages, in comparison with those of other varieties of men whose opportunities have been broader and better than his."

These quotations show that there is a great deal of interesting matter in Mr. Penn's work. The author himself is a young man of twenty-four, a principal in the public schools of Lynchburg, Va., and ex-editor of the *Lynchburg Laborer*, and he deserves credit for the manner in which he has carried through his undertaking. His book has wood-cut portraits and sketches of most of the leading colored writers of the United States — more than 100 in all, and a fac-simile page of Vol. I., No. 3, of the *Freedom's Journal*. It is an interesting contribution to the history of American journalism.

W. H. H.

CRITICISM AND FICTION. By W. D. Howells. 188 pp. Cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

Criticism is seldom clad in a daintier dress than in this pretty little volume, "Criticism and Fiction," collected from the studies in criticism made by Mr. Howells in *Harper's Monthly*. Mr. Howells has the courage of his convictions and the strenuous faith of the realistic school of fiction to-day. He begins by saying that "what is true is always beautiful and good," and a few pages farther on condemns the ideal, and the young novelist who tries to make his characters look or talk like those of Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray, or Hawthorne. The young novelist is instructed to idealize his personages; "that is, take the life-likeness out of them." A curious conception is this of the ideal and the way Scott and Thackeray painted their men and women; the ideal is "a type, it is artificial." It is singular that these artificial types have existed since the time of Shakespeare, at least, for some three hundred years. If "what is true is always beautiful and good," and *vice versa*, it would be difficult for Mr. Howells to show why these creations of Shakespeare, Scott, and Thackeray have survived, unless, indeed, it were the survival of the fittest.

Mr. Howells' book is very interesting reading, the more so because the reader is disposed to disagree with nearly every sentence, which adds a piquant sauce to the repast. Although a critic himself, Howells dismisses the critics in a breath. They "can do little as guides." "Criticism has condemned whatever was, from time to time, fresh and vital in literature." He

makes a plea for signed criticisms, however, as having a tendency to make the critic more considerate; but, if criticism be valueless, why not dismiss it altogether? Howells praises the work of Señor Valdes, and agrees with him that the artist "must have the precious gift of discovering ideas in things." What is this but the true idealism? In fine, Mr. Howells, posturing as a realist through the whole of this entertaining little volume, is at heart an idealist, and has confused his terms, or else his readers. E. A. T.

SALAMMBO. By Gustave Flaubert. 415 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Company. 1891.

This cheap edition of Flaubert's masterpiece has a portrait of the author on the cover, and has prefixed an introduction giving a sketch of his life. The translation is by J. S. Chartres, and seems to be well done. Paper and type are good, and the edition, for its price, is a very satisfactory one. W. H. H.

THE VISION OF MISERY HILL. By Miles I'Anson. Illustrated. 150 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

Among the many books of poems constantly being issued this deserves especial attention because of the beauty of the dress given to it by the publishers. It is made in the best style of the Knickerbocker Press, with six illustrations drawn by Harry Fenn, and is altogether a very attractive volume. The author inscribes his verses to his fellow-miners of California and the Pacific Coast, with which localities many of them deal. W. H. H.

PHOTOGRAPHIC OPTICS. By W. K. Burton. 110 pp. Paper, $1.00. New York: The Scovill & Adams Company. 1891.

The photographer who simply knows that a combination of light with a lens and a camera achieves certain results, and who is without a knowledge of the natural laws which cause those results, is indeed ignorant of an important factor in his art. "Photographic Optics" treats, in a thoroughly scientific and practical manner the subject of light from its first active principle upward. The chapters on lenses and shutters are of interest to the professional and amateur alike. B. P. R.

ARTISTIC HOMES IN CITY AND COUNTRY, WITH OTHER EXAMPLES OF DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. By Albert W. Fuller and William Arthur Wheeler. Fifth and Revised Edition. Oblong quarto. Cloth, $6.00. Boston: Ticknor & Company. 1891.

Seventy fine heliotype plates giving examples of American architecture in its latest development are included in this handsome volume. The plates show both floor plans and perspective views of the dwellings and other buildings represented, including some of the handsomest structures in America. "To keep abreast of the tide of improvement; to aid those about to build to secure what is best and most desirable; to show them how use, beauty, and economy may be combined, are the aims of the authors," according to the introductory note. That they have succeeded in making a suggestive and interesting volume, every one who sees it will agree. W. H. H.

MINE OWN PEOPLE. By Rudyard Kipling. With a critical introduction by Henry James. 268 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: United States Book Company. 1891.

More of Mr. Kipling's stories will always be welcome so long as he writes as well as he does now, and this volume is sure to have an extensive sale. It contains some of the best short stories that the young author has written, including among others "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," "The Man Who Was," and "The Courting of Dinah Shadd." A good portrait of Mr. Kipling is given as a frontispiece. W. H. H.

THROUGH RUSSIA ON A MUSTANG. By Thomas Stevens. Illustrated. 334 pp. Cloth. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. 1891.

Mr. Stevens is an experienced traveller, and he has had so much experience in describing his journeyings in various parts of the world that he knows the whole art of making an interesting book. His trip through Russia, while less novel than the journey described in "Around the World on a Bicycle," and less arduous than that described in his "Scouting for Stanley in South Africa," was still well worth writing about, and in his book we get a vivid picture of the Russia of to-day, away from the beaten path of travellers. A number of half-tone illustrations from photographs taken by the author increase the value and interest of the book. W. H. H.

THE OPEN DOOR. By Blanche Willis Howard. 436 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1891.

Miss Howard's newest novel does not possess the popular interest of "Guenn" or "One Summer," but it is a strong story, nevertheless, and it will find many new readers now that it is issued in the excellent Riverside Paper Series. W. H. H.

THE GOVERNMENT HANDBOOK. By Lewis Sergeant. Third Edition. 544 pp. Half roan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1891.

"The Government Handbook" describes the forms and methods of government in every civilized country in the world. It contains all that was permanent in the text of the "Government Year-book," first published at the beginning of 1888, in addition to the constitutional changes which have occurred since that date, and a brief estimate of the political tendencies of the more important countries of the world. In describing the governments of different countries, where written constitutions exist, they have been either quoted in full or analyzed, and

the constitutions of different countries have been incidentally compared with each other. In connection with each country is given a brief mention of its political position and boundaries, its area and population, and the salient points of its financial condition. Questions of international government or mutual agreement, which could not be satisfactorily treated in connection with separate countries, are briefly handled in the introduction. The book is valuable to any one as a work of reference, and to writers seeking information about national institutions it is an almost indispensable help. W. H. H.

YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS. 1830-1890. Edited by Douglas Sladen, B. A. Oxon. With an appendix of Younger Canadian Poets, edited by Goodridge Bliss Roberts of St. John, N. B. 666 pp. Cloth. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. 1891.

Having noticed that Paul Hamilton Hayne was born January 1, 1830, Mr. Slader made him the patriarch of this anthology, and as the book was going to press at the end of 1889 he made it cover an exact period of sixty years. In it are represented all American poets born within that period, the patriarch of the poets now living, with a single minor exception, being Edmund Clarence Stedman. In all, including Canadian writers, 120 poets are represented. Mr. Sladen makes an interesting comparison, showing that in Stedman's "Victorian Poets" there are represented only sixty-five English poets who were born within the period 1830–1890. In "Younger American Poets" the reader will find many old favorites that constant quotation has made as familiar as household words. A brief biographical sketch of each author is given in connection with the quotations from his works, and the book has an excellent introduction expanded from Mr. Sladen's two articles printed in the *New York Independent* last year. W. H. H.

THERE AND BACK. By George MacDonald. 634 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. 1891.

A novel by George MacDonald is always looked forward to with interest by a wide class of readers, young and old, preachers and laymen, and "There and Back," this author's latest story, will at least compel interest by its strength, although the delicate spiritual imagination of some of MacDonald's earlier works seems lacking. The scene opens with a picture of passion and strength. A proud baron, who had married beneath him, is presented with his first-born by the sister of his dead wife. The child is peculiarly deformed with web-footed hands and feet. The father rejects him in scorn, the aunt treasures the uncanny babe, and, when the baron marries the second time, runs off with the heir. He is brought up in humble life as a bookbinder, but learns to love a charming creature, Barbara. Side by side with his love for her, his spiritual nature develops, and when he loses sight of her he seems to lose at the same time belief in God and better things. A striking scene in chapter forty-nine is where Richard meets his father, not knowing he is his father, and makes a passionate plea for two neglected children of the baron. The story ends happily, the heir comes to his own again, and the woman he loves, and who would have married him despite his low birth, becomes a baroness. E. A. T.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA. Vol. XXVII. O'Fallon-Palmiped. Vol. XXVIII. Palmistry-Perseus. Vol. XXIX. Perseverance-Pluperfect. Illustrated. Half morocco. New York: John B. Alden: 1891.

With the publication of each successive volume of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia" the value of the work increases, and it is evident now that when it is completed it will be a library in itself. The handy size of the volumes makes them exceptionally convenient for reference. They will be used a dozen times where the bulky volumes of the Britannica would be looked at once. W. H. H.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE EARTH. By Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, B. A., F. G. S. 283 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

"The Autobiography of the Earth" is an attempt to bring the scientific facts about the earth, clothed in an attractive shape, before non-scientific readers. It is not easy to give the facts of geological science in a readable shape. The book aims first to give a popular sketch of the former history of the planet which we call the earth, telling of its first appearance in the solar system, and the various changes through which it passed until it was rendered habitable to man. The book then endeavors to show how geologists obtained their conclusions; in compilation the works of Professors Geikie, Nicholson, Seeley, Jukes-Brown, and others have been drawn upon. Arabella Buckley, the charming writer on science (now Mrs. Fisher), has allowed the use of some illustrations chosen from her popular books. The descriptive portion of the book is enlivened here and there by some reflections of the author. One of the most interesting chapters is that on "The Forests of the Coal Period," with its illustrations of ferns of tree size. The book seems to be carefully compiled from the best authorities, and is well printed, as are all the publications of the Appletons.

E. A. T.

THE RAILWAY PROBLEM. By A. B. Stickney. 249 pp. Cloth, $2.00. St. Paul: D. D. Merrill Company. 1891.

Books upon sociology and economic problems are multiplying day by day. The age is eminently a practical one, and a work like "The Railway Problem" will attract attention from a large class of readers. This book treats of competition, the wars of rates, the fairness of legal rates, and the causes which have induced Granger legislation. An interesting chapter is

that on "Railway Passes," in which the evils of the free pass system are carefully stated. The interstate commerce law and its effects are taken up in another chapter, and the evils of watered stock are shown. The concluding chapter makes a strong plea for government control of the railroads, that thereby the people may be enabled to protect themselves against undue taxation, and regulate the influence of corporate power. The book appears to be carefully compiled, and is written in good, straightforward style. E. A. T.

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE. By Grant Allen. 238 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker. 1891.

This book ought to be widely read, if for no other reason than that to it was awarded the $5,000 prize offered by *London Tit-Bits*. The scene is laid in England and Africa. The hero is arrested for murder, and is found guilty, when the murderer, who is the very judge who hears the case, is stung by remorse, and confesses publicly. O. M.

CONSEQUENCES. By Egerton Castle. 417 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

There is entertainment in this novel for lovers of mysteries. There is a life-time's secret between father and son, and at the climax an exposure and confession. The climax is dramatic. A peculiar theory about the transmigration of souls is one of the features of the story, which is written in a scholarly style and holds the reader's interest. O. M.

WHY I AM WHAT I AM. By Rev. R. S. MacArthur, and others. 160 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1891.

This pamphlet contains the articles contributed to the *New York Star* by a number of clergymen, giving the reasons for their membership of different denominations. "Crumbling Creeds" by Colonel Ingersoll closes the volume. W. H. H.

GEORGE P. ROWELL & COMPANY'S BOOK FOR ADVERTISERS. 329 pp. Cloth. New York: George P. Rowell & Company. 1891.

For general use the most valuable part of this "Book for Advertisers" is the list of class publications and trade papers, which occupies about sixty pages, and includes classified lists of nearly all American publications outside of newspapers. No information is given about these publications excepting the name, the frequency of publication, and the estimated circulation. To advertisers the newspaper lists will undoubtedly be useful. W. H. H.

LYRICS. Selected from the works of A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame James Darmesteter). 137 pp. Boards. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1891.

Madame Darmesteter's "Lyrics" are of a somewhat mournful tone, but they are thoughtful and well expressed, and there are lines and phrases here and there that linger in the memory. "Twilight" is one of the most tender and touching poems in the volume. The book is issued in the attractive style of the Cameo Series, and has a photogravure frontispiece, "From the Spring of Botticelli. W. H. H.

THE MUSICAL YEAR-BOOK OF THE UNITED STATES. Volume VIII. Season of 1890–1891. By G. H. Wilson. 140 pp. Paper, $1.00. Boston: G. H. Wilson. 1891.

Mr. Wilson's "Year-Book" has come to be regarded as a standard work, and to those who have to write about musical happenings or are especially interested in such matters it is almost indispensable. This eighth volume is similar in character to previous issues, and it is as nearly complete as patient labor and constant care on the part of the compiler could make it. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wilson will get ample financial reward for his useful work. W. H. H.

THE QUESTION OF COPYRIGHT. Compiled by George Haven Putnam. 412 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

Mr. Putnam's "Question of Copyright" contains "a summary of the copyright laws at present in force in the chief countries of the world, a report of the legislation now pending in Great Britain, a sketch of the contest in the United States, 1837–1891, in behalf of international copyright, and certain papers on the development of the conception of literary property, and on the probable effects of the new American law." It summarizes everything that is of interest now in connection with the subject of copyright, and answers nearly every question regarding the present condition of copyright laws which is likely to be asked. W. H. H.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE. Volume III. 1889. 288 pp. Cloth, $2.50. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute. 1889.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE. Volume IV. 1890. 384 pp. Cloth, $2.50. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute. 1890.

These two handsome volumes are a mine of useful information for shorthand writers, and particularly for writers of the Benn Pitman system. The editor of the magazine, Jerome B. Howard, is one of the most competent authorities in the country on shorthand matters, and that he knows how to make an interesting and successful shorthand magazine, these two volumes show. The volume for 1889 has a fine frontispiece portrait of Benn Pitman, and that for 1890 has a similar portrait of his brother, Isaac Pitman, the inventor of modern phonography. The 1890 volume also contains a number of portraits and sketches of well-known shorthand writers with fac-similes of shorthand notes, descriptive articles on various typewriters and other valuable features. Each number of the magazine contains at least six pages

of Benn Pitman shorthand for reading practice, besides a great deal of interesting matter in ordinary print and phonetic type. To writers of the Benn Pitman system the *Phonographic Magazine* is indispensable; to writers of other systems it is a valuable aid.

W. H. H.

FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS. By Dr. Paul Carus. 359 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. 1891.

Students of metaphysics and of mysticism will welcome this latest acquisition to philosophical literature. It is really very valuable as a text-book of philosophy, especially so because it is written in language that all can understand. It covers the entire field of the known and the unknown, and while the author vouchsafes theories of his own on all cognate subjects, yet he does not insist on their being universally believed. O. M.

"DOWN THE O-HI-O." By Charles Humphrey Roberts. 313 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 1891.

There is a refreshing picturesqueness of description about this book, which makes it delightful reading. The author writes well and always brightly. The story is of a young girl who ran away from home in her childhood, and experiences several adventures "down the O-hi-o" before she is cared for by a sympathizing family of simple country-folks, among whom she grows to womanhood. Of course, there is a romance surrounding her, and finally a marriage to a young member of the Friends' religious society. "Down the O-hi-o" is well worth reading. O. M.

THEODORIC THE GOTH. The Barbarian Champion of Civilization. By Thomas Hodgkin, D. C. L. Illustrated. 442 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

This book carries us historically backward fourteen or fifteen hundred years to the time when the blood-thirsty northern barbarians, led by Alaric and Attila, twice conquered and then sacked the capital of the Roman Empire. With their death the barbaric tribes they had led often to victory split up, and the tribe of Ostrogoths, from which Theodoric sprang, settled in a region which now includes Vienna. By the fortunes of war, Theodoric in his boyhood was sent as a hostage to Constantinople, where the young barbarian received his first lessons in law and order, which in later years he was destined to substitute for the lawless and chaotic government of his ancestors. As king of the Goths and Romans in Italy for thirty-three years, the advancement and the welfare of his people became his earnest endeavor. He restored buried cities, rebuilt the aqueduct of Ravenna, and introduced a water supply, encouraged manufactures, erected baths and towers, surrounded the city with new walls, and kept the enemy at a safe distance. Under his sovereignty agriculture prospered, the exporting of corn was an extensive industry, and commerce of all kinds was profitably carried on. Italy experienced a period of unusual tranquility and happiness, and in all respects Theodoric seems to have been able to rise above the disadvantages of his barbaric birth, and to prove himself to be several centuries ahead of his time. The book is an interesting and well-written contribution to the history of a period concerning which there is a dearth of authentic literature. O. M.

IN THE HEART OF THE STORM. By Maxwell Grey. 339 pp. Paper, 50 cents New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

THE MAID OF HONOR. By Hon. Lewis Wingfield. 340 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

THE THREE MISS KINGS. By Ada Cambridge. 314 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

These are three new paper-covered novels of the Town and Country Library Series. All three have more than average merit, and all are original in conception. The first is by Maxwell Grey, whose work, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," was such a literary success. In "The Three Miss Kings" the experiences of three orphaned English girls in getting married is the subject of an interesting narrative. "The Maid of Honor" is a story of French people, and is characteristic of the race. O. M.

THE HOLY BIBLE. Lithographed in the Corresponding Style of Phonography by James Butterworth. 808 pp. Roan, gilt edges, $3.50. New York: Isaac Pitman's Sons. 1891.

This is the third edition of the Bible which has been issued in phonography, both of the earlier editions, now exhausted, having been printed like this in the Isaac Pitman style of shorthand. The first edition was issued in 1867 and the second in 1871. All three editions have been lithographed. The transfers for this edition were made by James Butterworth, of South Shields, England, who spent a year in doing the work. The characters are beautifully written, and are so plain that a writer of any of the Pitman systems can read them with ease. The paper used was made especially for this edition, and combines thinness and opaqueness. Every shorthand writer who can afford it should own the work. W. H. H.

RUBBER HAND STAMPS AND THE MANIPULATION OF RUBBER. By T. O'Conor Sloane, A. M., E. M., Ph. D. 146 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Norman W. Henley & Company. 1891.

A great deal of practical information about India rubber and its manipulation is given in Mr. Sloane's book. His descriptions of processes are so clear and simple that any one of fair mechanical ability can make numberless articles of the gum with home-made apparatus, the cost of which will be very small. One chapter gives full details, with illustrations, of

the United States Government process and plant for making glue composition dating stamps. An illustrated chapter is devoted to the hektograph, giving two distinct forms of this popular copying apparatus. India rubber and gutta percha cements, the marine glue, stamp, stencil, and hektograph inks, caoutchouc shoe blackings, rubber overshoe varnish and cement for repairing overshoes, and many other items are treated in three concluding chapters, and there is also a short account of the discovery, collection, and manufacture of India rubber.

W. H. H.

THE YOST TYPEWRITER INSTRUCTOR. By Elias Longley. 48 pp. Paper 75 cents. New York: Typewriter Headquarters. 1891.

This new typewriter instructor is issued in two editions — the Remington key-board edition for those who prefer the Remington arrangement, and the Scientific key-board edition, in which the distribution of letters to the keys is very different. The author has made an earnest effort to secure a scientific as well as a more facile arrangement of the key-board. His book contains a great deal of matter that will be useful to every typewriter operator. W. H. H.

TOURMALIN'S TIME CHEQUES. By F. Anstey. 192 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

FROM SHADOW TO SUNLIGHT. By the Marquis of Lorne, G. C. M. C. 157 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

These are the first two books of a new pocket edition series, and are tastefully bound and beautifully printed. Mr. Anstey's literary reputation is sufficient to justify favorable anticipations of anything he may write. "Tourmalin's Time Cheques" is an ingenious story, full of bright dialogue. The character drawing is excellent. The Marquis of Lorne's latest addition to his literary product is a romantic love-story, the scene of which is laid in Scotland and in British America. Both stories are excellent summer reading.

BUSINESS OPENINGS FOR GIRLS. By Sallie Joy White. 151 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. 1891.

Miss White is undoubtedly perfectly capable to write on this subject. Her long experience in journalism has given her opportunities for investigation which she has improved to excellent advantage in her book. She has covered her subject intelligently and thoroughly, and any woman who finds it necessary to work may profitably read what this handy little book has to say. Several unsuspected sources of female income are also suggested and described. O. M.

MADEMOISELLE IXE. By Lanoe Falconer. 194 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Company. 1891.

"Mlle. Ixe" is a story that will hold the attention of the reader from the first page to the last. It is strong, intense, and well-conceived, and the author manages her plot so well that few readers would foresee the end before the end was reached. It is known now that "Lanoe Falconer" is Miss Mary Hawker, and it has been said that she gave the first income from her book to aid the cause in which she takes so great an interest. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

INTIMATIONS OF ETERNAL LIFE. By Caroline C. Leighton. 139 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

FLORINE. By the author of "Mignonnette." 325 pp. Paper, New York: G. W. Dillingham. 1891.

MOULDING A MAIDEN. By Albert Ross. 364 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: G. W. Dillingham. 1891.

CAMERON PRIDE. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 415 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: G. W. Dillingham. 1891.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. 290 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE? By Henry George. 216 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: Henry George & Company. 1891.

MASTERS AND MEN. By Eugene J. Hall. 326 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Company. 1891.

PASSION FLOWERS AND THE CROSS. By Emma Howard Wight. 247 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Baltimore: Calendar Publishing Company. 1891.

MRS. WILLING'S FAITH CURE. By George C. Needham. 146 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. 1891.

FATHER FLYNN. By George C. Needham. 123 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. 1891.

MRS. ROMAINE'S HOUSEHOLD. By Evelyn Everett Green. 310 pp. Cloth. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. 1891.

MIND IS MATTER; OR, THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SOUL. By William Hemstreet. 246 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Fowler & Wells Company. 1891.

MOINA; OR, AGAINST THE MIGHTY. By Lawrence L. Lynch. Illustrated. 520 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

MASTER AND MAN. By O. O. B. Strayer. 208 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1891.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE MAINE PRESS ASSOCIATION FOR THE YEAR ENDING MAY 1, 1891. Also the Constitution, By-Laws, and Roll of Members. Compiled by the Secretary. 48 pp. Paper. Bar Harbor: Joseph Wood. 1891.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA. Issued by the Russo-Jewish Committee of London. Reprinted. 87 pp. Paper. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America. 1891.

THE STORY OF INCA ROCCA, AND OTHER SHORT POEMS. By Chauncey Thomas. 118 pp. Cloth. Boston: Damrell & Upham. 1891.

EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND ART. V. — The Evolution of Chemistry By Robert G Eccles, M. D. VI. — The Evolution of Electric and Magnetic Physics. By Arthur E. Kennelly. Paper, 10 cents each. New York: D. Appleton & Company 1891.

MY LADY NICOTINE. By J. M. Barrie. 230 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

SWEET AND TWENTY. By Mary Farley Sanborn. 310 pp Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

ACROSS THE RANCH. Puck's Library, No. 48. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

POEMS, GRAVE AND GAY. By Albert E. S. Smythe. 184 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Toronto: Imrie & Graham. 1891.

HIS TWO LOVES. By Albert Delpit. 299 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Publishing Company. 1891.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White-Smith Music Publishing Company, 62 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal — "Watching the Waves," Emily O. Boswell and Eben H. Baily; "Wert Thou Sincere?" Louis Campbell Tipton; "Tyrolean Waltzers," "It Matters Not," C. A. White; "The Garden of Sleep," Clement Scott and Isidore DeLara; "O Happy Day," Carl Götze; "The Hostess' Daughter," Edward Baxter Felton; "On Venice Waters," Henry Vaughn and Otto Roeder. Piano — "Comrades," waltz, B. M. Davidson; "La Viennoise," valse brillante, G. Bachmann; "La Paloma" (The Dove), transcrites, by H. Cramer; "The Dove" (La Paloma) transcription, Yradier, arranged by Trehde; "La Danse de La Première." Louis Campbell Tipton; "Rippling Stream Schottische," A. J. Guile, Jr., "Western Star Quickstep," Charles Koett; "Valley Gem," polka, J. H. Rheem; "Sounds from the West," march, Charles Koett; "Iowa Waltz," A. Bollman; "Les Huguenots," grand Fantaisie, Sydney Smith; "Iowa Polka," J. N. Coolman; "Le Carnival de Venise," Th. Oesten; "Perles et Rubis," mazurka de fantaisie, W. Lege; "Teresita Schottische," M. M. Blum; "Sweet Remembrance," Miss Kittie Allen; "White's Grand Triumphal March," N. Martinez; "Song King," waltz, Louis V. Eckert; "Geraldine," caprice brillante, Charles Drumheller. "Instruction in Fourhand Pianoforte Playing." Organ and piano — "La Jessie Waltz," C. F. W. Bachmann; arranged by Charles Koett. Violin and piano — "Holmes' Airs and Ditties," Henry Holmes. Orchestra music — "Tell Me, Sweetheart," C. A. White.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivances that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Writing on the Cars. — Some of the readers of THE WRITER may not have seen this suggestion in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, about two ways of writing on a train. The first requires that the paper be laid upon a light board, perhaps eighteen inches square; one end of this will rest in your lap, and the end farthest from you will be raised a few inches by a cord which passes around the neck. The whole affords a sloping desk which moves with the body, and is fairly satisfactory. The simpler, and perhaps the better, plan is to place your tablet upon a feather pillow in your lap, when you will find that the elasticity of the feathers reduces the motion to a minimum, and makes writing easy.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn. A. A. F.

Addressing Envelopes on the Typewriter. — Envelopes are the bane of the typewriter operator. Even when the greatest care is exercised, the result is too often an ugly smudge above the letters or a word run somewhat crooked; and when the address is long, the envelope is very apt to slip out suddenly, leaving the last line uneven and blurred, while if the envelope holder is pressed down tightly to avoid these difficulties, there is the inevitable purple streak which it leaves. But, thanks to the inventive genius of an acquaintance of mine, I have been freed from the uneasy dread attendant upon the writing of envelopes and postal cards, and I am sure that every operator who has not yet solved the problem of addressing envelopes without hateful blurs and streaks will welcome the little contrivance with warm approval. It is simply this: Take a sheet of stiff paper the size of full-width letter paper, and turn down about an inch at the top. Then cut away the centre of the paper, leaving the margins wide enough to extend about half an inch over the envelope at each side, cutting to within, say, half an inch of the crease made at the top, but not cutting into the inch-wide piece that has been turned over. Slip the envelope into this without turning up the flap, having the straight turned-over piece of paper on the under side of the envelope, and put into the machine in the regular manner. I usually make the margins of the paper which run under the rubber bands of the machine about an inch and a

half longer than the width of the envelope; this holds the card or envelope firmly in place until the very last line has been written, and by a little careful gauging of the lines an envelope is turned out that is a perfect specimen of neatness. M. G.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE CHIVALRY OF THE PRESS. Julius Chambers. *Arena* for June

PORTRAITS OF JULIUS CHAMBERS AND B. O. FLOWER. *Arena* for June.

BENSON J. LOSSING. With Portrait. *Harper's Weekly* for June 10.

EVOLUTION OF NAMES. Thomas Meredith Maxwell. *Magazine of American History* for July.

DOUGLASS JERROLD. With Portrait. Walter Jerrold. *St. Nicholas* for July.

HORACE GREELEY. Portrait. *Century* for July.

MR. CUTTING, THE NIGHT EDITOR (Story). Ervin Wardman. *Century* for July.

JOURNALISTS AND NEWSMONGERS AGAIN. Topics of the Time, *Century* for July.

CONSCIENCE IN JOURNALISM. Eugene M. Camp. Open Letter, *Century* for July.

WHAT GOOD WILL THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW DO? James Parton. Reprinted from *New York Ledger* in *Indianapolis Journal* for June 14.

THE BOSTON COMMONWEALTH. *Weekly Journalist* (Boston) for June 11.

HOW TO BECOME A JOURNALIST. W. T. Stead. *Weekly Journalist* for June 11.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. XIX.—International Influences. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for June 12.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON. Edmund Gosse. *Critic* for June 6.

HOW PICTURES FOR NEWSPAPERS ARE MADE. *Western Bookseller* for June 6.

HOW A PAPER NOVEL IS MADE. *Western Bookseller* for June 6.

JAMES M. BARRIE. With Portrait. James McArthur. *Christian Union* for June 11.

THE RARITY OF HEREDITY POETS. Reprinted from *London Spectator* in *Public Opinion* for June 14.

FRENCH FICTION. Edgar Saltus. Reprinted from *Truth* in *Newsdealer* for June 15.

BOOKS AND THEIR USES. Reprinted from *Minneapolis Tribune* in *Newsdealer* for June 15.

NATIONAL LITERATURE. Reprinted from *Chicago Times*. in *Newsdealer* for June 15.

A COLLEGE POEM BY BRYANT. Rev. T. L. Jenkins. *Christian Union* for June 25.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. XX.—Literary Decadence. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for June 25.

DRYDEN. Blanche Wilder Bellamy. *Christian Union* for June 25.

ADVERTISING IN ENGLAND. T. B. Russell. *Printers' Ink* for June 24.

READING AND READERS. Hester M. Poole. *Ladies' Home Journal* for July.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS. Alfred Balch. *Lippincott's Magazine* for July.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING AND HIS ARMY STORIES. Major William H. Powell, U. S A. *Lippincott's* for July.

MELVILLE E. STONE. With Portrait. *America* for June 11.

CONCERNING THREE AMERICAN NOVELS. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for July.

BRITICISMS AND AMERICANISMS. Brander Matthews. *Harper's Magazine* for July.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With Portrait. George Stewart, D. C. L., LL. D. *Arena* for July.

NOTABLE CANADIAN BOOKS. *Canada* for June.

CORRUPTION OF THE PRESS. A Fairy Tale. From the German. *Press and Printer* for June 20.

THE NUDE IN FICTION. Maurice Thompson. *America* for June 18.

POETS LAUREATE. Rev. P. Haythornthwaite. Reprinted from *Merry England* (London) in *Literary Digest* for May 23.

HISTORY OF THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT. *Weekly Journalis* (Boston) for May 28.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. With Portrait. *American Periodical Index* for May.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE. *American Periodical Index* for May.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE ANGLOMANIACS." *Queries Magazine* for June.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. With Portrait. *Review of Reviews* for June.

COMPANIONSHIP OF BOOKS. Rev. Frederic Marvin. *Library and Studio* for June.

A SKETCH OF W. D. HOWELLS. Clark W. Bryan. *Good Housekeeping* for June.

WITH A LITERARY CAMERA. M. D. Sterling. *Good Housekeeping* for June.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF WOMEN JOURNALISTS. Margaret B. Harvey. *Leisure Hours* for June.

SOME RARE OLD BOOKS. A. R. Fulton. *Magazine of American History* for June.

A LITERARY PET. Edgar Fawcett. *Lippincott's* for June

A BY-WAY IN FICTION. Agnes Repplier. *Lippincott's* for June.

CONCERNING OUT-DOOR BOOKS. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for June.

THE GREAT UNPUBLISHED. Frank Howard Howe. *Cosmopolitan* for June.

BENJAMIN PENHALLOW SHILLABER. With Portrait. Elizabeth Akers Allen *New England Magazine* for June.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION. Richard G. Moulton. *Atlantic Monthly* for June.

RELIEF FOR READERS OF BOOKS. *America* for June 4.

HISTORY OF THE BOSTON SATURDAY EVENING GAZETTE. *Weekly Journalist* (Boston) for June 4.

VACATIONS FOR LITERARY MEN. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Christian Union* for June 4.

BRAIN-SICKLY LITERATURE. F. O. Eggleson. Reprinted from *Unitarian Review* in *Public Opinion* for June 6.

RICHARD L. CARY, JR. With Portrait. *Western Bookseller* for June 6.

HISTORY OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDINGS. S. A. B. Abbott. Reprinted from *Boston Globe* for April 14 in *Library Journal* for June.

LANDOR ONCE MORE. W. B. Shubrick Clymer. *Scribner's* for July.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. A sketch of his life. Walter Jerrold. *St. Nicholas* for July.

SOME CURIOUS BOOK-TITLES. Thomas L. Ogier. *American Notes and Queries* for May 30.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With Portrait. George William Curtis. *Harper's Magazine* for July.

THE INFLUENCE OF DEMOCRACY ON LITERATURE. Edmund Gosse. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Eclectic Magazine* for June.

MRS. CORA STUART WHEELER. Helen M. Winslow. *Daughters of America* (Augusta, Me.) for June.

AUTHORSHIP. Velma Caldwell Melville. *Daughters of America* for June.

WOMEN OF THE WEST AND SOUTH. Lucy Page Steele. *Daughters of America* for June.

THE VALUE OF LITERATURE AND ART TO THE WORKINGMAN. "O. S. J." *Inland Printer* for June.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF FRANCOIS COPPÉE. E. and R. E. Prothere. *English Illustrated Magazine* for June.

SUPERFICIALITY IN FICTION. *America* for June 25.

MAKING A COMEDY. Stuart Robson and His Play, "The Henrietta." *Leisure Hours* for July.

BOOKS THAT TELL. *Newsman* for June.

THE RELATIONS OF LITERATURE TO SOCIETY. Amelia E. Barr. *North American Review* for July.

THE AMERICAN COPYRIGHT ACT. Its Policy and Probable Results. F. R. Daldy, secretary of the English Copyright League. *Forum* for July.

ENGLISH RAILWAY FICTION. Agnes Repplier. *Atlantic Monthly* for July.

HISTORY OF THE "ARENA." With Portrait of B. O. Flower. *Weekly Journalist* (Boston) for June 25.

STARTING NEWSPAPERS. John Russell Young. *Press and Printer* for June 27.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Theodore Watts. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in *Literary Digest* for June 27.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES. John Dennis. Reprinted from *Leisure Hour* in *Literary Digest* for June 27.

THE WANDERING JEW LEGEND (EUGENE SUE AND EUGULE-EVANS). Professor R. G. Moulton. Reprinted from *Poet-Lore* in *Literary Digest* for June 27.

EDITORS VS. AUTHORS. *Press and Printer* for June 20.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Sidney Perley, whose book, "Historic Storms," will soon be published, is a resident of Salem, Mass., and not of Providence, R. I., as was stated in the June WRITER. Mr. Perley is a lawyer, and has compiled several genealogies, also the "Poets of Essex County," besides writing the history of Boxford, of which town he is a native.

Tuesday, June 9, being the twenty-first anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens, his tomb in Westminster Abbey was loaded with wreaths and other floral mementoes.

James L. Bryce, M. P., the author of the "American Commonwealth," sent an ivy from his country seat in England to the graduating class of Princeton.

Professor A. S. Hardy, of Dartmouth, will sail from New York, July 8, on the steamer City of New York for Liverpool. He will be absent one year, and will possibly go around the world.

Miss Aimée Tourjee, daughter of the author of "A Fool's Errand," has been awarded the prize for superior excellence in illustration by the Philadelphia School of Design for Women. The prize is given by G. W. Childs, and consists of a finely engraved gold medal of the value of fifty dollars. Miss Tourjee's paintings exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts last winter were highly commended.

Henry M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, and author of that remarkable book, "God in His World," is a tall, powerfully built man, with a rugged face and a kindly brown eye.

Francis Parkman, the historian, of Boston, will pass a portion of the summer with his daughter, Mrs. Jefferson Coolidge, at Little Harbor, Portsmouth, N. H.

Just at the time when the American newspapers were printing sensational despatches to the effect that Rudyard Kipling was dying of consumption and had been ordered to Italy to prolong his life for a few weeks, if possible, the young author himself was coming to America as fast as an ocean steamship could bring him, and a day or two later he was in New York, keeping as much as possible out of public view. With a single exception, he declined all social attentions that were offered to him while he was here, the exception being a dinner given in his honor at the Southern Society by Thomas Nelson Page. He skilfully avoided the sharp New York reporters, and the first definite information regarding his movements that was published in the New York papers was the fact that after a fortnight's stay he had sailed for England the day before. New York reporters are not so proud of themselves as they were before he came.

A New York correspondent says that when Edgar Saltus was writing his latest book, "Mary Magdalene," he went into seclusion, denied himself to all callers, and, day and night, for six weeks threw himself heart and soul into his work. When he came forth, he says: "I had turned from agnosticism, and was almost a Christian."

Alfred Balch has in *Lippincott's* for July an article, "English and American Newspapers," pointing out the differences in the organizations and methods of the newspapers of these two countries.

A. H. McGuffey, the compiler of the well-known "McGuffey Readers," is a Cincinnati lawyer.

A Miss Minna Irving, who is called "the poetess of Tarrytown," has brought a suit for $5,000 damages against a next-door neighbor for literary losses incurred through the howling of said neighbor's dogs.

An ancient citizen of Concord has furnished this glimpse of Hawthorne: "I never could get him to say anything till after three o'clock in the afternoon; he was writing and thinking about his books, you know, mornings. Why, he'd go as near to me as that tree (pointing to one three feet off) and never see me mornings. But after three o'clock, when I was working 'round, he'd sit on a sawhorse and talk."

The late Prince Napoleon left more than five trunks full of important papers. Frederick Masson is to edit them, and will endeavor to make his work rather a history than a volume of memoirs, and to bring out the true character, plans, and hopes of the Prince.

"Literary Industries," a new volume by Hubert Howe Bancroft, is announced as nearly ready for publication by Harper & Brothers. The work is largely autobiographical, and contains the story of the conception of Mr. Bancroft's great history, the manner of its composition, and the methods by which the materials for its completion were collected. There are many interesting reminiscences also of the famous men with whom Mr. Bancroft was from time to time thrown in contact, and numerous literary digressions, which give additional zest to an already entertaining narrative.

The original agreement for "Barnaby Rudge" between Charles Dickens and Bentley, the publisher, has just been sold in London. From this it appears that Dickens received $20,000 for the copyright.

"The Relations of Literature to Society" are considered in an entertaining way in the *North American Review* for July, by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, who contends that good writers receive all the attention from the social world that they deserve.

A gentleman in Portland, Me., has become the possessor of the desk on which John G. Whittier wrote his earliest poem. He received it from the poet himself. It is described as a very old piece of furniture, being an heirloom in the Whittier family, and having seen, possibly, 200 years of service.

The *Magazine of American History* (New York) closes its twenty-fifth volume with an admirable June issue.

Mr. Gladstone is said to be a comparatively poor man. He writes for the magazines because he needs the $1,000 he gets for an article.

The frontispiece to *Harper's Magazine* for July is a fine portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes, engraved by Closson from a recent photograph. George William Curtis, in an interesting and appreciative article on Dr. Holmes and his works, takes occasion to review the condition of American literature sixty years ago, when the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" gave his first paper to the public.

A French journal states that the sale of Victor Hugo's works still continues to be very large. During the past five years the proceeds from his various works have amounted to 1,483,373 francs, with one or two items unreported.

W. B. Shubrick Clymer (who wrote the recent "Note on Jane Austen" in *Scribner's Magazine*) contributes a similarly well-considered literary essay on Landor to *Scribner's* for July.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, author of that remarkable story, "The Romance of the Dollards," begins a serial story, "The Lady of Fort St. John," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July. In the same number is an admirable article on "English Railway Fiction," by Agnes Repplier.

The anonymous novel, "All for Him: Eros and Anteros," translated from the twenty-seventh French edition by Frederick Lyster, is by Albert Delpit. It has also been translated by R. H. Merriam, under title of "His Two Loves," with author's name.

The J. Dewing Company, book publishers and dealers in fine art goods at San Francisco, has issued a circular to its creditors offering fifty cents on the dollar. The outstanding obligations of the firm are said to aggregate $200,000.

A new literary society, known as the Papyrus Club, was formed June 11 by the authors, publishers, artists, and booksellers of Chicago. The objects of the club are to bring together in closer and more friendly relations the authors, artists, publishers, and booksellers of Chicago and the great Northwest. At present those different professions are so entirely unacquainted with each other that authors are sending their works to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia to find a market; and publishers, on the other hand, are looking to the East for writers when men of talent and ability are to be found at their very doors.

John Greenleaf Whittier has sent an autograph copy of "The Kansas Emigrant's Song" to the Kansas State Historical Society. The venerable poet, who is nearly eighty-four years old, pathetically writes: "My sight has failed so much that I fear my writing will be unreadable. I would not have tried to copy anything for any other purpose."

Among other good advice in Mr. Howe's article in the *Cosmopolitan* on "The Great Unpublished" is the following cheerful advice to unsuccessful authors: "Learn to write and cultivate an original, or, at least, a correct style, and think your story out before you write it. Let it be moral in tone, if this be morally possible. Remember that comedy and tragedy lie side by side in life, and do not try to separate them. Tell your story straightforwardly, and avoid padding. Don't forget that love-making is not love-vaunting; write of the real people around you, and let imaginary people alone."

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century*, has been confined to his home recently by illness.

Walter Besant tells an odd story of English journalistic methods. A certain writer sent an article — signed and with an attractive title — first to one journal and when it was declined to another. Both times it came back to him after a longish interval, "marked by the inky thumb of the compositor." The author put away his manuscript. Then he meditated. Then he began to take the two journals. In a fortnight he found his article in each of the papers, unsigned and under another title.

The "Idler" of the *Publishers' Circular* says that Hall Caine, author of "The Deemster," is suffering from "extreme nervous exhaustion, the result of overwork." A story which he agreed to write for Tillotson's Syndicate has been postponed for a year, and "The Scapegoat," undertaken for the *Illustrated London News*, is at a stand. He is recovering, however.

The *Publishers' Weekly* is printing a series of articles on "The Profession of Book-selling," the object of which is to give plain directions to apprentices and clerks in the book trade as to the most practical methods of doing their work.

The issue of the *Chicago Times* for June 19 included 124 pages — probably the largest single issue of a newspaper ever published. All the paper but a dozen pages, however, was made up of a delinquent tax-list, which the business manager of the *Times* probably regards as a triumph of journalism.

The concluding sentences of a letter from Mr. Walter Besant to the *London Times*, written in reply to a letter from "Ouida," run thus: "Not a good book comes up but all the younger writers read it eagerly to learn something from it; they know how to distinguish art from trade, and they cannot think of the latter until the first is attended to. Lastly, the public — your readers — steadily refuse to read anything that is not good. We are not, in fact, exactly arrived at the Kingdom of Heaven, but we are going along as well as can be expected; and if Dickens and Thackeray are dead, we have still got men and women who, though not on their level, are able to please, amuse, and instruct the world in fiction as well as in all other branches of literature."

Yours truly,
Jennie M. Q. Conklin

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JENNIE M. DRINKWATER.

The frontispiece of this month's WRITER is a portrait of an unknown author — in the popular sense of the term, at least; yet Jennie M. Drinkwater (whose full name is Jennnie M. Drinkwater Conklin) has written more than a dozen books, all of which have been financially successful. Of several editions of 30,000 each have been sold, and it is within the bounds of truth to say that of all her works at least 200,000 copies have been published and sold. Her peculiar line of work is that which publishers designate as "Sunday-school Juvenile," that is to say, books for the young, but more especially for girls. These books are written, of course, with an eye to the moral and spiritual development of their readers, an end which may be attained readily in a book which holds the young reader's attention. To do this requires an art quite as definite as that of the story-writer in any other field, and of this art the subject of this sketch has made herself mistress.

Her stories are true to life, as she watches it in others. Her characters are living people, a fact in consequence of which she is enabled to invest the story of their lives with a realism and a human interest which would be wanting were her characters creations of her fancy. Deriving her inspiration, as she does, from every-day life, it is not remarkable that she should receive letters from girls who have been helped by her books. "To all the girls who have written to me" is the dedication of her book, "Other Folk." More than one has said, "You have written my life."

Miss Drinkwater is a thorough American, having been born on the coast of Maine about fifty years ago. Her home is now in Madison, N. J. Story-writing came natural to her, and in early life she was a constant contributor to leading papers. Always fond of reading, at the age of twelve she became inspired with the thought of writing a book herself. At odd moments she made her first attempt at story-writing; story-telling she had begun before, gathering about her the younger children to listen to the adventures of some small heroine. Her earliest recollections of books are of the Bible and "The Pilgrim's Progress." Now she can look back and see how the thread of these early influences is woven into the warp and woof of her stories. Having had from her earliest reading an absorbing interest in biography, one of her first inspirations in book-making (she prefers to speak of it as "book-growing") was the thought of biography — to

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write lives of people as she found them, using their weaknesses, hardships, evil or noble conduct to point truth to others. For this reason, Miss Drinkwater's stories always possess a wholesome moral, and at the same time an absorbing interest.

In 1874, when she was herself an invalid, she became warmly interested in girls and women shut in from the happy outside world, and the thought of a society for mutual comfort occurred to her. She sought invalids, and found them, wrote an account of her "Shut In Society," which seemed to touch every one who read it. Letters poured in from everywhere, friends came as helpers, and to-day the "Shut In Society" has more than two thousand members, and is represented in every state of the Union, and in many parts of the world. It is an organized society, with an advisory board, and publishes monthly a magazine called the *Open Window*. Her book, "Tessa Wadsworth's Discipline," gives a sketch of its earliest members.

Unique as a literary confession is an incident which Miss Drinkwater loves dearly to tell. She says that when writing "Miss Prudence" she felt that she had no "true story" to draw upon. "It does not matter," she thought; "I will pray for somebody's life." The book had not been long published before she received a letter (signed with initials only) saying, "You have known a friend of mine and written her life."

Among her most popular books are "Tessa Wadsworth's Discipline," "Other Folk," "Rue's Helps," "Bek's First Corner," "Miss Prudence," "The Story of Hannah," "Isabel's Between Times," "Rizpah's Heritage," "From Flax to Linen," "Marigold," and others. Her latest book, "Second Best," issued by her Boston publishers, is having a large and profitable sale. Since it was put upon the market, seven months ago, more than 18,000 copies have been sold.

At a time when literary reformers decry the modern taste for sensational literature, it is refreshing to know that there is an honest and wide extended demand for such books as Miss Drinkwater's, which are forming a noble educational work. Possibly the critics themselves may not be aware of the existence of these books, which possess not only originality of treatment, and simplicity and purity of style, but literary finish as well. Certainly the author of this thoroughly good fiction is entitled to great praise for her undoubted cleverness in writing books which interest, and at the same time tend to ennoble and lighten the lives of those who read them. *Frederick Orr.*

BOSTON, MASS.

CO-OPERATIVE LITERARY CULTURE.

In the July number of THE WRITER I read with much interest an article describing the object and work of the Delaware (O.) Monday Club, composed of a few earnest, cultivated women. The writer of the article says, "but much is to be read between the lines," and I read many things between the lines that this lady, perhaps, has never thought of. The object of the club is praiseworthy, and if there were more groups of such people seeking for advancement, their less favored neighbors *would, doubtless, feel* the influence.

But is it prudent for women to band themselves together and not allow the men a chance? Why should the men be excluded from "this paradise," to be used only as "escorts on very dark nights," as much as to say, "We do not want you, except when we can use you."

I believe in the sexes coöperating with one another for mutual improvement. Speaking with a woman upon this subject, I drew forth her opinion. She said: "I remain at home with my husband evenings. After reading aloud, he discusses with me the topics about

which he has been reading, and we both gain much from this method. If I had formed the habit of going out evenings to my club or to mingle with other women, what would my husband have been liable to do? He, feeling hurt at my leaving him, would probably have joined some social club, to spend his time with other men, smoking, at cards, or listening to stories that do not tend to elevate the human race. As it is now, if I leave him long enough to put my children to bed, the minutes seem hours to him, and when I return I find that he has been saving an article for some time which he wishes me to hear."

Such experiences are universal, and I believe that the best way to cultivate ourselves and others at the same time is to coöperate. In my opinion, one of the important factors in the evils that are undermining society at present is this lack of coöperation — I delight in using the word — between the sexes.

Generally, the habit of visiting the rooms of a social club is formed while the man is young and unmarried. Then, if he marries a woman who is of the same disposition, the habit is encouraged, and thus the spirit of a true home is not fostered. The young women should form literary and social clubs, allowing the young men to take an equal part; then, perhaps, some of these difficulties might be avoided. We should think of the home before anything else, draw out and interest the husband, wife, and children, and cultivate the best that is in them.

A delightful literary club could be formed by two or three families meeting once in a week or fortnight to do work such as that of the Delaware Monday Club; and if the younger members of the families were not interested in the deeper subjects in which their parents were, let them pursue lighter studies of an improving sort in a separate room. *Roy W. Osborne.*

LYNN, MASS.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

[A PAPER READ AT THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AT ST. PAUL, JULY 14–17, 1891.]

The time is long since past when the editorial department gave its distinctive character to the newspaper. In the days of Greeley, of Bennett, and of Bowles people looked to the newspaper to see what Greeley, or Bowles, or Bennett had to say about political or public affairs, and the news interest of the newspaper was secondary to that of the editorial department. With the spread of the railroad and the telegraph, the development of the science of news-gathering, and the increase of facilities for communication between different localities there has come a decided change. The editorial department no longer outranks the news department in importance. On the contrary, the news department to-day dominates the editorial, and the question, — sure evidence of heresy in the palmy days when editors had something to say, and an audience not too hurried or pressed with other matters to listen to it, — the question whether a live newspaper needs to have any editorials at all has been a matter of serious discussion. We have no great editorial writers to-day — no writers, that is, whose names are household words throughout the land as those of the famous New York journalists were; no writers whose daily utterances are as eagerly looked for as those of the oracle at Delphi — and much more clearly understood. Henry Watterson and Charles A. Dana are to-day the only survivors of the old race of editors whose personality made them conspicuous leaders of popular thought through the editorial columns of the press, and even they as editors are simply interesting features of the *Courier-Journal* and the *New York Sun*, and by no means

indispensable elements of their success. Not one man in all this assembly of active newspaper men, I venture to say, can name the present chief editorial writers of the New York daily papers, or of the daily papers of Boston, or of Philadelphia, or Chicago, or St. Paul. It is generally known that Mr. Dana does not himself write many of the editorials of the *Sun*, although it is understood that he keeps constant control of the editorial page. The general quality of editorial writing throughout the country may possibly have improved in the last fifty years, but the day of great editors — great in the sense of national reputation and national influence — is past. Editorial personality no longer exists, excepting in towns and villages so small that the editorial "we" cannot help meaning to every reader the editorial "I," where the editor of the local paper has influence and prominence, not so much because of his transcendent ability, but because of the publicity of his position. Taking the newspapers of the country throughout to-day, the editorial department is the weakest, and in itself the least interesting of any of the departments of the paper. Mark Twain tells us in his dry way of his experience as an editorial writer once during the temporary absence of the regular man — how he started in blithely with ideas enough, as it seemed to him, to overturn the world, how he found himself written dry after the first two issues of the paper, how he struggled manfully with the cyclopedia, his exchanges, and other sources of information during the rest of the editor's absence, and how he has looked admiringly at the editorial columns of the newspapers ever since and "wondered how the mischief those fellows ever do it." For ten years past it has been my privilege to handle about two hundred newspapers every day as exchange editor of the *Boston Globe*. They are not the local newspapers of New England, but the more important dailies and weeklies of the country outside of the New England States. In reading them I have been struck by three things: The cheerful readiness with which the American editor will proceed to express his opinions about any subject under the sun, whether he knows anything about it or not; the smartness, bright though it may be flippant, of his comments on current events, and the astonishing similarity of the editorial departments in papers of similar tendencies throughout the country. This similarity which I have noted would be more astonishing still, if it were simultaneous. That it is not — its consecutiveness, on the other hand, being its most noticeable feature — shows that while editorial great minds may and do run in the same channel, they do not always run side by side.

The editorial department, then, has lost the prestige and surpassing importance which it possessed thirty, or forty, or fifty years ago. To-day the high-priced newspaper men of the country are reporters, and correspondents, and city editors, and managing editors, and news editors — not editorial writers. People look to the editorial columns for partisan presentation of the doctrines of their political faith, and for sharp comments on public characters and current events, but they do not look there for guidance and instruction, as they did years ago, and they buy the papers rather for the news, and the pictures, and the magazine features, than for the editorials which they contain. This being so, the practical questions arise: What should the editorial department be in modern journalism, and, now that its functions are acknowledged to have changed, how can it be made to attain its best and highest use?

It would be presumptuous for one of my years to undertake to tell practical newspaper men of your experience how editorials should be written. I have no thought of that; but there are certain ideas that have been brought to my mind by constantly seeing the editorial pages of American newspapers, that it may be worth while to present, even if their only use is to call forth better and different ideas from those who may discuss this paper. I confess that my own sympathy under the conditions of modern journalism is with the news, and not with the editorial, department. I believe that the main function of the newspaper to day is to chronicle the events of the world, and that the best use of the editorial is to explain those events so that they will be best understood by the people. I do not believe that an editor — an editorial

writer, I mean — should fulfil the function of a lawyer whose task it is to persuade his hearers to his way of thinking, so much as that of an expounder who gives to others the benefit of his knowledge, and sets matters before them in so clear a light as to enable them to make up their own minds aright. I am aware that this will seem like heresy to many of you, and I acknowledge that the literal application of the rule is inconsistent with the purpose of the political editorials which form so large a part of editorial writing in America, and upon which the existence of so many newspapers theoretically depends. The heresy, however, is not so great as it would seem, and literal application of the rule to political writing in practice would mean simply that the editor should set matters before his readers in the light in which they appear to him — in which case he would be in the position of the advocate who has the utmost confidence in the justice of his cause. Outside of political writing, and suggestions for improvements, which would make the editor what he should always be,— a leader in his community and a thoughtful exponent of better things,— the main function of the editorial should be to explain and supplement the daily news. The editor is an educated man, who is supposed to keep better informed on current topics than most other men, and who certainly has advantages for acquiring information such as few men possess. If some event occurs, his readers naturally depend on him to point out its relation to other events, and to enable them to understand its importance and its effects as well as he does himself. Such editorials, explanatory of the news, are naturally connected with it, and might advantageously be printed away from the editorial page, following the news paragraphs which they expound. They would be more than news, since they would inevitably be colored by the personal experience and beliefs of the editor who wrote them; and taken with the news — which, according to the highest standard, should always be free from editorial opinion, or partisanship of any kind — they would give to the reader as complete an understanding of the subject as he could wish to attain. The editorial columns proper could be left for the political writing, which is an inevitable feature of newspapers in a country like ours; for general comments and editorials not directly connected with the news of the day, and for the graceful or humorous articles which editorial writers now produce in their daily or weekly struggle against inexorable space.

If these suggestions should be adopted by editorial writers, the space occupied by the editorial department would naturally be reduced, but even that might not be regarded as a national calamity. In these modern times it is even conceivable that some issue of a newspaper should be made without any editorial at all, and still the world continue in its daily revolution. So many editors, under present conditions, write when they have nothing at all to say! The space-fetich has them for his ardent worshippers, and because, in the days of Greeley, the editorial page was the one to which the reader turned at once — "to see what old Greeley had to say" — they think it necessary to fill two or three columns of space to-day in every issue with leaded minion or brevier. How many of you here to-day can say that you never wrote a column when a stickful was all your brain possessed? And how many of you, when you stop to consider, believe that your readers really want to hear you talk when you have nothing of any consequence to say? Instead of writing editorials, then, merely to fill valuable space, expend more energy on the news department, brighten your paper with a special article on some local topic, or even with an interesting extract from some of the literary magazines, and your readers will renew their subscriptions and call you blessed. Write little for the editorial page, but have that little good. Never mind if your two columns of leaded brevier shrink to a half column, or even to a stickful. Give the editorial department "what it is worth" in point of space, as you would any other feature of your paper. The conditions are not the same now as they were in James Gordon Bennett's time, and Horace Greeley possibly may have had a larger brain than yours. Make what editorials you do print as valuable as you can, and, in order to do that, study to keep yourself better informed than the readers for whom you write. An editor cannot expect what Bill Nye calls his

"think-tank" to be filled like the widow's cruse of oil. He must develop his brain himself, and by storing his mind with useful information, increase his value to himself and to his constituents. The editorial writer who is not a constant student of literature, and political economy, and history, and more particularly the history of his own country, is not worthy of the position he essays to fill. The editorial writer who does not follow, so far as he can, the articles in solid periodicals like the *Forum*, the *Arena*, and the *North American Review*, cannot give to many of his readers much information, for they will be better informed than he. The editor who does not circulate among the people, and keep in touch with their feeling about the daily affairs of life will find that his editorials do not possess that human interest which makes the chief merit of everything literary in this world, from a novel to a paragraph of local news. The editor who does not read other papers, and particularly those expressing different opinions from his own, loses the best available means of brightening his own intellect and broadening his views. For editorial paragraph writing I know of no better preparation than running hastily over the pages of forty, or fifty, or a hundred papers, of all classes and varieties of opinions, not really stopping to read anything, but glancing up and down the columns of each sheet. Not only are the papers full of suggestions, but the rapid work of running through their columns stirs up the intellect, produces a mental excitement, so to speak, and enables the brain to do its best and snappiest work. Sparks come when steel strikes flint. Contact with other minds rouses the faculties of your own. No man, I believe, can sit down in cold blood and write anything that is thoroughly well worth reading, or that will live beyond the hour that brings it forth. To write his best, a man must have the blood tingling through his veins, and his brain must be surcharged till he thrills with the excitement of his work. For that reason a political writer can find no better preparation for effective work than the reading of papers with the opinions of which he most heartily disagrees. "Whenever I want to *write well," said to me* once the most brilliant Democratic editorial writer on the Boston press, "I always read the editorials in the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*. They madden me so that I always do my most effective work."

It seems hardly necessary to say that honesty is the best policy in editorial writing, as it is in everything else but love and war. The editor who writes what he does not believe will never write his best, and sooner or later his constituents will find him out. It takes a smart man to lie successfully, even when he only talks, and when he writes a professional liar needs to have Argus eyes and to keep them all upon his record to avoid contradicting himself. A necessary corollary is that the editor who sells his editorial space, either directly for money, or indirectly for profit or preferment, destroys its value to himself and to the purchaser. The theory of signed editorials is certainly solid to this extent: that no man should ever write for his paper what he would not be willing to sign, if occasion should require. An honest editorial is one of the noblest works of man.

The tendency of editorial writing to-day is toward the paragraph, and this is well, because most editors, in view of their limitations of time, can express in a paragraph all that is valuable in their minds on any subject that they are likely to discuss. The temptation is, however, to make the paragraphs flippant and to cover their weakness by their pointed wit. The wise editor will resist this temptation, for his own and for his readers' good. The temptation to be personal, too, and particularly to score the weaknesses of a contemporary, — the hated rival across the way, — should also be strenuously guarded against. Unless you can speak well of your rival, do not speak of him at all. That is the safest rule, and if it is followed, your increase in dignity and your elevation in public esteem will more than compensate for the loss of the opportunity which you hate to miss.

I would not have it understood by anything that I have said that I underestimate the importance of the work done by the editor of the local paper or the value of his influence. To my mind the position that he occupies is one of the most important in journalism, and I say

boldly that I would rather be the editor and proprietor of an established local paper in a thriving town or small city than the managing editor of the largest daily in New York. It is through the editorial department, too, that the editor of such a paper can best make his influence felt. He is in a position to see better than almost anybody else the position of the community in which he lives, its needs, its possibilities, and its opportunities for development in the best way. It is his rightful province to lead public thought, and to guide public progress, because, on the rules I have laid down, he is the most competent person to set matters before his readers in their proper light. The influence for good of such a man, if he is honest, earnest, and fearless, is absolutely inestimable. He preaches to more people every week than all the ministers together in the county in which he lives. He can make himself a reputation — local, and national, too, if he will — such as no lawyer, or physician, or other professional man can hope to attain. If he is honest and earnest, and makes the best of the opportunities which lie within his grasp, he may accomplish more single-handed than a score of men equally able can accomplish in any other way. It is the duty of such a man to keep in advance of his community, — and yet not so far in advance as to get the reputation of an idealist, — to lead its progress, to point out possible improvements, and to insist on them until public spirit demands that they be made. There are thousands of men so placed in the offices of the country weeklies and the interior dailies of the United States to-day. Let us earnestly hope that they appreciate the importance of the duties entrusted to their care, and that, with honesty, and earnestness, and all the ability that they possess, they will realize to the utmost, for the public good, the possibilities of the editorial department.

William H. Hills.

BOSTON, MASS.

MY UNWRITTEN SEQUEL.

If it had not been for Cousin Will I should never have thought of writing a story. I lived in a small — truth compels me to add, a very small — village in New Hampshire. The shire town of the county is fifteen miles away, and there Cousin Will — second cousin, by the way — settled, after he left his *alma mater*, old Dartmouth, as proprietor, publisher, and editor of the *Bugle*, the county newspaper.

When I told Will, with the free criticism accorded to an interested relative, that I had hoped he would honor his admiring family by choosing a profession, he only laughed, and replied: —

"My dear Ruth, what is journalism but a profession, and a noble one at that! I shall preach to a larger audience than the most celebrated divine; I can administer little sugar-coated pills to the dear old Public, when his health and morals indicate the need of a tonic; and I shall be able to plead the cause of suffering Humanity as my client as well as any advocate in the land, with the entire reading community as judge and jury." Then he added: —

"Ruth, I want a correspondent for the *Bugle* in every town in this county, to report the news items and local happenings, and I think you will be the right one for Clayville."

"Why, Will," I stammered, aghast, "I do not know how to write for publication."

"Well, just try it. For material, use white paper, black ink, and common sense. Write plainly, do not abbreviate, tell plain facts plainly, without fear or favor."

"But I am afraid I cannot use good language."

"If by 'good language' you mean long words, I hope you cannot. Let John Smith build a new house, instead of erect a palatial mansion. If it is struck by lightning, do not give it over to the fury of the devastating element.

Give the hymeneal altar a rest when he gets married. Do not advertise him as a purveyor of the lacteal fluid just because he runs a milk cart, or as a tonsorial artist if he keeps a barber's shop. When the poor fellow dies, do not make him shuffle off this mortal coil; that coil was worn out years ago. Remember, polysyllables are the blank cartridges of language. They make a noise, but seldom bring down the game. The dead shots in literature load their arms with short, sharp, terse Anglo-Saxon bullets."

Five years passed. Will made a success of his paper, the *Bugle*. I had sent every week a report of the doings of Clayville. I obtained no very startling items, to be sure, for we were a quiet, law-abiding people, and in half a decade could display no heretical minister, deacon gone to the bad, petty thief, or petted defaulter; an elopement was a thing unknown, and there were no murders except of the King's English. Still, when one of our village boys left his country home for a far away city, to seek his fortune, he was always glad to have mother send her boy the old, familiar home paper. It would be soiled when it reached him. The folds were deeply creased, and sometimes broken, for had not its pages passed from the trembling hands of the dear old grandfather to the grasp of tiny Tot, whose special delight is the children's corner. He likes to read about the minister's donation party, and that Joe Joslin has built a new barn; that his father won the first prize at the county fair, for his fine yoke of steers. I think, too, his heart beats a little faster when he reads that blue-eyed Kitty Clark is teaching school in the little old red schoolhouse at the "Corners."

One day I went to Brookside. I thought I would treat myself to a love of a bonnet. I ran into the *Bugle* office with a new item for Will, for I had just heard that Clayville was to have a new market.

"Will," I said, and I felt my cheeks flush like a schoolgirl's, "I want to write a story."

Will gave a look of disgust.

"But, Will," I replied to his look, for he had made no audible remark, "I do want to write a story. I shall not write of high life in *England, of lords* and ladies, or of mystery and murder, high tragedy, plots and counter plots, but I should like to tell a little, simple country story, Will, of the lives and homes among which I have spent my days."

"You might try," said Will, doubtfully. "It will do no harm. If one editor 'respectfully declines' it, you can try another. You can have no worse luck than seemed to follow our latest literary fad, when he first endeavored to find a market for his literary wares, that are now worth their weight in gold."

When I went home that day it was with the firm purpose of writing a story, and a love story, at that! Just think of it, I, an old maid, for I should be thirty-five my next birthday, I, who never, alas! had a lover to speak to me the beautiful and wonderful words that I instinctively knew lovers must say,—was it not supremely ridiculous that I should write of love!

I wrote the story. It was only a simple tale of a sweet young village girl and her stalwart farmer lover. I shaded the brightness of their pictured lives with little trials and misunderstandings, tears and fears, a wily woman and a false friend, but at last the curtain dropped upon my lovers settled down to wedded bliss, with no possible chance for the serpent of discord to enter their perfect Eden.

I sent the story to the publisher of a monthly magazine, and I could hardly realize my success when I received a very pleasant letter from the editor, and an equally pleasing testimonial in the shape of a generous check.

With renewed confidence I continued to write. My essays and poems were all promptly returned, with the usual editorial regrets. The short sketches and stories invariably obtained acceptance and remuneration.

Will was delighted with my success; but somehow he did not seem just the same old, frank, unrestrained, brotherly Will. I felt hurt at his peculiar way. We had been such friends, such good, hearty confidential chums. And now I missed Will.

I can write you a love story on the most approved plan, but—please do not ask me to relate my own. It must always remain as "my unwritten sequel." You will never believe it, but my dear old foolish Will actually fell in

love with his old-maid cousin, and all on account of my stories. He said he never thought I had any ideas of love and lovers till he read them, and saw between the lines a loving woman's heart.

Did I love him, do you ask? Why, bless you, of course I did! I had ever since we used to make mud-pies together! And now? Well, Will's wife is now assistant editor.

LOWELL, MASS. *A. Lewis Wood.*

BRITISH SCHOLARS ON ENGLISH SPELLING.

The article, "Must Americans Learn to Spell?" in THE WRITER for July, deals with a subject concerning which I hav red and heard a great deal in the last twelv years, and I would like to tel the readers of this magazine a few things that I hav found out about it.

In the first place, simplifying the spelling of the English language iz not an American idea. Long before the setlment of Plymouth or Jamestown, in 1568, Sir Thomas Smith published in England a book containing a complete scheme of simpl regular spelling. Ben Jonson was among the prominent early advocates of orthographic reform in England, and at no period in the past three hundred years haz the demand for simplified spelling been entirely wanting in the mother country. Sins 1843 the movement may be sed to hav been continuous. At that time began the life-long work for spelling-reform of Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, and the late Dr. Alexander J. Ellis, author of the great work on "Early English Pronunciation." For the past twelv years there haz been a Spelling Reform Association in England, which includes in its membership all the leading English philologists — such men az Professors Max Müller, A. H. Sayce, and John Earle, of Oxford University, Professor W. W. Skeat, of Cambridge, Dr. J. A. H. Murray, editor of the monumental "New Dictionary on Historical Principles," Henry Sweet, and Rev. Richard Morris. Among its vice-prezidents are Sir John Lubbock, E. B. Tylor, Lord Tennyson, and Hon. A. J. Mundella.

Men of similar attainments hav advocated simplified spelling in America — Benjamin Franklin and Noah Webster in the past, and at prezent Professors F. A. March, F. J. Child, and W. D. Whitney, Hon. David Dudley Field, and the late President Barnard. Not one eminent linguistic scholar in either country now opposes the reform. Those persons who try to frown it down hav to go back to Archbishop Trench for a show of philological authority. But az Trench performed the duties of a high dignitary in the Church of England, and wrote meni religious books, he obviously could not hav had opportunity to gain eni deep knowledge of philology, even of such philology az there was in hiz time.

Now, let us see who they are that oppose a simplification of spelling. Jeanie Porter Rudd quotes an Englishwoman and a wel-known English magazinist — cultivated persons, but neither of them, be it observed, profound students of etymology or phonetics. Meni people of the same class in both England and America share their feeling in regard to spelling. With all of these, however, spelling iz not so much a question of science or scholarship az of following the mode to which they are accustomed.

Az to the history of words, the common spelling iz in meni cases wofully misleading. Instansez are "delight," "foreign," "shamefaced," and "island," but the sticklers for historical spelling do not show the least disposition to make such words reveal their true origin. Furthermore, why must a word constantly lug its genealogical record about with it? Language iz an instrument — a fine and noble one, whose history should be recorded in dictionaries, and other philological works, but its use should not be hampered by keeping this record constantly attached to it. Az wel require that the fountain pen shall show its

derivation from the steel pen and ink bottle, the "gray goose quill," the Roman stylus, and the pointed stick of the savage. Why do not the amateur conservators of linguistic history insist that our modern types shall hav the same shape az the letters laboriously traced by mediæval or ancient scribes? Do these people journey in vestibule trains, or are they consistent enough to prefer jolting over the rocks and ruts of a historic country road in a historic cart?

It iz not necessary for eni lover of pure English to employ all the useles letters that are fashionable in Great Britain. I firmly believe that English spelling wil reach a phonetic basis in the near future. Changes in this direction are already being made, on the authority of learned societies, in geographic and personal names, such az Chile, Fiji, Fuchan, Karpathians, Sokrates, and Sanskrit. It seems improbable that the English-speaking peoples wil much longer tolerate a burden which, by careful estimate, causes a waste of millions of dollars every year in writing and printing silent letters, and robs every child of two years of hiz school life. The spirit of linguistic reform iz aroused. Besides America and England, also France, Germany, and Sweden hav spelling-reform societies, and a considerable measure of reform in the German language was secured eleven years ago. The movement iz a grand effort of scholars, educators, and men of affairs, and those persons who sometimes refer to it az an agitation of cranks and ignoramuses thereby reveal their own ignorance.

Frederick A. Fernald.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

TO HUMORISTS.

Should I write "To would-be humorists," the class I have in mind would not appropriate these few words. For they have no doubt that they are humorists.

The following lines have been widely distributed throughout the United States this summer of 1891, by means of a prominent journal devoted to laughter, and scores of papers that clip the rhymes of the times: —

AN ETCHING.

A sunny day
Without alloy.
A river calm,
A little boy.

A cooling swim,
With an alloy
In shape of cramps;
Poor little boy!

The same bright day
Without alloy.
A river calm,
No little boy.

The inexorable rule of THE WRITER is that *no poetry shall be* admitted to its columns. This "etching" is confidently offered for reproduction, nevertheless, with a comfortable assurance that it will not be rejected under the rule.

Laughter is good for the soul when it is innocent. But laughter is ruinous to the soul when it rises from allusions that treat with levity solemn, sad, or sacred subjects.

There is a habit, so little reproved as pernicious that it is doing a vast amount of evil. It is the habit of turning into ridicule the most sacred relations of society, the most sacred duties of man, and the Bible itself. The average jester would rather sacrifice a sanctity than a joke. He will not spare his father, his mother, the name of woman, marriage, nor the revealed word of God. Even the afflictions of mankind serve his keen appetite for the ludicrous. The rhyme quoted above was issued at a time when accidental drownings were recorded in every daily newspaper. Because many houses were darkened by a recent memory of some

dripping little victim the lines were doubtless seasonable. Being seasonable, they were accepted as wit, and presumably brought the author not far from two dollars — a liberal return! Probably they were laughed at. This sort of thing does not languish for encouragement.

It is not pleasant to think of the sensations of those who have "no little boy," because of a drowning accident, should they come across the witty effort which makes light of a horror.

There are three safe rules for the jester: —

1. Do not joke about any woman in a way that would be distasteful to you if the woman you love best were thus treated.

2. Do not treat lightly the awful themes of death, crimes, executions, or any crisis or momentous circumstance of life.

3. Above all, do not use any word or phrase of Scripture to excite the applause of the weak, nor speak lightly of God, heaven, or hell.

Reformed humor would soon be with us if neither laughter nor smiles rewarded the efforts of the thoughtless or profane wag. Nothing discourages a joke more than the gravity and solemnity it may occasion.

ELMIRA, N. Y. *Mrs. George Archibald.*

THE WOMAN'S LITERARY UNION OF PORTLAND, ME.

This federation holds a place somewhat unique among literary clubs, being, as its name indicates, a union of the various women's clubs of Portland. A few of these component clubs have been in existence for ten or twelve years, though the greater number have a more recent origin, but the Union as a club is not yet three years old.

A representative from each club, with the regular officers, president, vice-president, recording and corresponding secretary, and treasurer, form the standing committee, so in this way each club may have a voice in any matter coming up for consideration. Eighteen clubs are now in membership with the Union, and besides there are seventy-three associate members, these being ladies who do not belong to any other club, and therefore can have no voice in its affairs, but who may attend its meetings and have a part in them by payment of the membership fee. To become an associate member one's name must be presented to the standing committee with those of two vouchers who are already members of the Union. This membership is limited to one hundred.

During the past year three meetings have been held, and on each occasion an excellent programme has been ably carried out. Three meetings may seem few for so large an organization, but it should be remembered that these were in addition to the regular work of each club. The first meeting in November was a Chaucer afternoon. That of January was devoted to the illustrious women of France, with essays on some of the more noted, readings in French, and the rendering of musical compositions by French composers. The subject of the meeting in March was the "Illustrious Women of England," and after the literary exercises an English tea was served.

In April occurred the annual meeting, when, besides the regular business of the afternoon, a report was read from each club giving an outline of the year's work, these proving entertaining as well as suggestive, showing the various subjects taken up and methods of treatment. Among the subjects were Shakespeare's works, English and French History, Travels in Italy, Evolution, Parliamentary Rules, etc.

Classics, Current Events, and Studies of Africa, while one club, composed entirely of teachers, confines its reading chiefly to subjects connected with their work.

The second annual field day of the Union took place June 27, and, despite the promise of a rainy day, one hundred and fifty-six women presented themselves on board the steamer, the destination of which was the "Waldo," at Little Chebeague Island, Portland harbor, where a most enjoyable day was spent. Among the guests of the day who also participated in the literary exercises were Mrs. Estelle M. H. Merrill ("Jean Kincaid"), president of the New England Woman's Press Association; Mrs. Annie L. Hawes, a member of the same association; and Miss Olive E. Dana, whose name is frequently to be seen in the periodicals of the day.

At the annual meeting the Union voted to join the Woman's Federation of Clubs, having some time previously been invited to do so.

The present president is Mrs. Eunice Frye, and Mrs. Etta S. Osgood is state correspondent for the federation. Both these ladies were in attendance at the recent convention of clubs in Orange, N. J.

Ella M. Bangs.

PORTLAND, Me.

SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION WESTERN ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS.

The Western Association of Writers held its sixth annual convention at Eagle Lake, near Warsaw, Ind., July 6–10. In the number of writers present and in the range of territory represented it was the most successful meeting yet held by the association. Distinguished writers were present from eight different states. They came from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west, crowding the hotel at Eagle Lake and overflowing into the cottages of the surrounding park, and into the hotel at Warsaw, a mile or two away. The literary and social features were what previous meetings, especially the last two previous meetings at the same place, proved were almost inevitable in such a gathering. An excellent programme had been prepared, largely by Hon. Benjamin S. Parker, chairman of the programme committee, to whom the association from its beginning has owed more than to any other one person, and whose fine literary instinct is a guarantee of the high general quality of any literary undertaking with which he has to do. A number of most delightful contributions to the literary exercises, though not down on the programme, were due to the unexpected presence of visitors and members from the far West and the South. Hon. Eugene F. Ware, author of "The Washerwoman's Song," and many other beautiful poems, came from Fort Scott, Kan., and won universal admiration by his bright and eloquent speeches, his poetry, and his genial manners. The Western Authors and Artists Club was represented by its secretary, Mrs. Belle Worrall Ball, of whom a most promising literary future is predicted. Miss Elvira Sydnor Miller, of Louisville, Ky., who stands near the head of Kentucky writers; Miss Lizzie Walker, of Hartford, Ky., a bright young poet; and Master Clinton Ruby, of Madisonville, Ky., a natural elocutionist and an unspoiled prodigy, came as

delegates from the Southern Literary Association, and most graciously added by poem and recitations to the enjoyment of the different sessions. Among others who met with the association for the first time, none was more warmly welcomed than John McGovern, known so well as one of the editors of that best of dead Western magazines, the *Chicago Current.* From Chicago came also George W. Wiggs and his wife, Mrs. Anna Oldfield Wiggs, the novelist, and Dr. H. S. Taylor, who recited his fine poem, "The Man with the Musket." Dr. Taylor is a brother of Dr. H. W. Taylor, the newly-elected president of the association, and of Miss Minnietta Taylor, also of Dr. John Taylor, all poets and prose writers of ability. The mother of this remarkable family, at one time a well-known writer of serial stories, now a physician with a large practice, a most lovable woman, was present to share the triumphs of her children.

The banner session of all the conventions held by the association was that of July 8, in which Miss Taylor, in a brilliant and learned impromptu address, opened a discussion of the "Limitations of Art and Nature in Poetry." At this session, among the poems read was an ode by Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton, a poet of true genius, who this year met with the association for the first time.

Among the old members present were Colonel Coates Kinney, Dr. W. H. Venable, Dr. J. N. Matthews, W. W. Pfrimmer, Mrs. M. Swafford, Captain Lee O. Harris, Mrs. Ida May Davis, Mrs. Annie L. Ader, J. P. Dunn, Jr., Judge T. B. Redding, Mrs. M. S. Brooks, Miss Josie Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Parker, George B. Cardwill, Dr. J. C. Ridpath, Miss M. E. Cardwill, Mr. and Mrs. George Korns, Judge and Mrs. Banta. The new members and visitors included Mrs. Charles Boyce, of Muncie; Miss Florence Parker, of New Castle; Miss E. Jean Nelson and Mrs. Ridpath, of Greencastle; Mrs. Robertson and Mrs. Green, of Cincinnati; Dr. Houser, of Indianapolis; Mrs. Rosa Michaels, of New Castle; Mrs. Adda Nichols, Mrs. J. L. Smith, Miss Jones, Mrs. Arford, Miss Josie Walker, and many others. The press was well represented by Mrs. Etta S. Wilson, of the *Telegram-Herald*, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Fremont Arford, of the News Bureau, Findlay, Ohio; J. L. Smith, of the *Dana* (Ind.) *News;* Mr. and Mrs. Strauss, of Rockville; Miss Esther White, of Richmond; R. A. Mansfield, of Muncie; Miss Smith and Mrs. Ramford, of Indianapolis; Mr. Reed, of Sullivan; and Mrs. Belle W. Ball, of the *Kansas City Star.*

Dr. John Clarke Ridpath, the retiring president, whose name and faithful work has added lustre to the association the past year, deserves more than a passing notice. His address on the "Democracy of Letters" was an effort worthy of him and a most comprehensive embodiment of the spirit of the association, which, as he facetiously suggested, has no object, does not exalt its officers above its laymen, and makes no requirements of its members, except a two-dollar annual fee. In his work the past year the president has been effectively supported by the secretary, Mrs. M. S. Brooks; the chairman of the executive committee, Mr. George B. Cardwill; and the chairman of the programme committee, Hon. Benjamin S. Parker.

Rotation yearly in office is the rule of the association, hence of the old officers the treasurer alone was reëlected. The new officers and members of the executive committee are: —

President — Dr. H. W. Taylor, of Anderson.

Vice-Presidents — Dr. J. N. Matthews, of Illinois; G. B. Cardwill, of Indiana; and Mrs. Alice W. Brotherton, of Ohio.

Secretary — Mrs. Ida M. Davis, of Terre Haute.

Assistant Secretary — Mrs. Anna Payne Ader, of Greencastle.

Treasurer — W. W. Pfrimmer, of Kentland.

Executive Committee — John Clarke Ridpath, Mrs. M. S. Brooks, Cyrus F. McNutt, Mary E. Cardwill, Benjamin S. Parker, Jacob P. Dunn, Jr., Dr. W. H. Venable, Judge T. B. Redding, Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, and Ida May Davis.

Mary E. Cardwill.

NEW ALBANY, Ind.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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By one of those provoking editorial blunders, which the editor would like to attribute to the long-suffering compositor, if he could, the Monday Club, so interestingly described by Mrs. Daisy Rhodes Campbell in the July WRITER, was located in Cincinnati, instead of in Delaware, Ohio, where it really exists. The title of the article should be "The Delaware (O.) Monday Club," and in the second line of the article it should read "a certain parlor in Delaware, *Ohio*," *instead of* "a certain parlor in Cincinnati," as now. The editor apologizes for the blunder, for which he alone is to blame.

***

Other periodicals might with advantage follow the example of the *Forum*, which gives in each number a page or two of brief biographies of the writers who have articles in that issue. It always increases the interest and value of an article to know something of the one who wrote it, and in the case of solid articles, of authoritative value, like those which have given the *Forum* its reputation, the possession of such information is especially important. The conductors of the periodical are shrewd enough to see that by describing the eminence of their contributors they enhance the value of their articles, and at the same time they benefit both their readers and themselves. In the case of contributors to other magazines the question of identity might not be so important, but it would certainly be interesting to the reader of even a poem or a short story in *Lippincott's* or *Scribner's* to know something about the one who wrote it. For many years the contributions to *Harper's Magazine* were unsigned, and readers of the magazine discovered new interest in its articles when the editors adopted the custom of printing the names of authors with their contributions. The *Independent* and a few other leading periodicals pursue the plan followed by THE WRITER of giving the author's residence, together with his signature, in connection with each article. The conductors of the *Forum* have taken another step in the same direction, and the advantages of the innovation are so manifest that it is to be hoped the conductors of other periodicals may also print regularly brief sketches of their contributors.

***

The "responsible general editor" of a new "Standard Dictionary," to be published by a New York firm, has issued a circular, in which he says: "We court at this stage of our labor private, or public, criticism and suggestion, as these would not now be too late for us to take advantage of." When the "responsible general editor" has finished his dictionary he should go to work at once on an English grammar and a manual of style, — as a student, how-

ever, and not as a general editor, either responsible or otherwise. W. H. H.

A WRITERS' PROTECTIVE UNION.

Nearly all the trades have unions which compel employers to pay to their members the wages contracted for and honestly due. Why cannot authors combine themselves into an organization which will have the power of compelling delinquent editors to forward checks promised "on publication" within some reasonable time after articles are published? An organization armed with such a power would do wonders toward raising the trade of authorship out of the delusive, slippery slough of despond which it usually is to most unknown writers, and would be a great boon to obscure contributors.

The beginner's short articles are too low in price to justify him in taking steps toward enforcing payment by law, and after timidly writing once or twice to inquire after the non-appearing check, he gives up in despair and resigns himself to the loss. The loss is none the less grievous to him because it is small, for, besides being needed to keep the sides of his pocketbook from sticking together, it represents the precious coinage of his brain, and is more to him than a gold mine would be to a plutocrat.

Would that the strong and "knowing ones" among writers would combine for the protection of the weak and inexperienced Unknowns in the the profession!

H. Rayner.

DAVO, Miss.

BOOK REVIEWS.

CAPTAIN BLAKE. By Captain Charles King. Illustrated. 495 pp. Cloth. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1891.

The fascinating stories of military life on the plains, with which Captain Charles King has won for himself an enviable place in American literature, have been followed by another novel, sequel to the others, in which Gerald Blake, the chivalrous, brave, and whole-souled soldier, is again the hero. Loyal Americans, who are right in their belief that this country is rich enough in opportunities for fiction-writing to induce novelists not to give to their works the traditional transatlantic setting, will welcome "Captain Blake," as they welcomed warmly its predecessors. It is an absorbingly interesting book, breathing forth on every page the sturdy manhood of the nation's soldiers, their fine and noble conceptions of honor, their chivalry toward the gentle sex, their never failing bravery, and high sense of duty. Around this there is woven a powerful story of love and intrigue, of woman's perfidy and soldier's devotion, of Indian battles, forced marches in the dead of winter, of thrilling escapes and heroic sacrifices, of a frontier tragedy and suicide, the whole intermingled with bright and attractive pictures of the domestic side of military life at the fort, with graphic descriptions of mountain scenery, winter storms, and prairie incidents, and realistic character drawing of the heterogeneous types of men and women to be found in the rough Northwest civilization. Not only in the clever construction of a dramatic story is Captain King an adept, but equally so in the charm and eloquence of his descriptions of nature, some of which in "Captain Blake" are the equals of any in our literature. It is sincerely to be hoped that the author will not lose his inspiration, and that he will continue to give us many more of these delightfully fresh and natural tales of army life. O. M.

JINRIKISHA DAYS IN JAPAN. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. Illustrated. 386 pp. Cloth. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1891.

By virtue of the undoubted authenticity of its details, the description of Japanese life, manners, and places given in this book must commend itself to students of, or prospective travellers in, Japan of to-day. The author writes from the standpoint of a resident of three years, and what she says is, therefore, the more valuable. She tells of the commercial and the social life at Yokohama, of the food, the dress, the houses, the amusements of its population, of the jugglers, and of the priests who exact painful penance of pilgrims to their shrines. She takes us to the great city of Tokio, where are the imperial palace, the diplomatic corps, the missionaries, the university, the museums, and the temples. From the author the reader learns that the Japanese are the greatest holiday-makers and fête-observers in the world, and she pictures these festal occasions with fidelity to detail. She explains why it happens that conflagrations are so frequent in Japan, and describes the grotesque paraphernalia of the native fire-laddies. A chapter on Japanese hospitality gives the reader pleasing visions of artistically painted walls and panellings, beautiful gardens, decorated screens and hanging lanterns, soft music, and dancing girls, delicate perfumes, and chop sticks. The Japanese theatre, the imperial family, the

palaces, and the courts are subjects upon which the author writes from personal knowledge, and, therefore, instructively. Most interesting chapters are those on Japanese embroideries and curios, potteries and paper wares, and art products in general, and they convey enough information to satisfy the most persistent disciple of the Japanese "fad." The author pays a tribute to the character of the people, but says she has observed a decay of their characteristic courtesy and refinement in consequence of their mingling with Americans and Europeans. The book is profusely illustrated.

O. M.

A MATTER OF SKILL. By Beatrice Whitby. 224 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

"A Matter of Skill" is a summer novel possessing many virtues of originality and few of conventionality. The man in the story is a new type, and so is the young lady. Their love-making is out of the ordinary, and the treatment is wholly new and, therefore, attractive. There is an exciting drive in a dog-cart on the edge of a cliff rising out of the sea, and an amusing scene between the young lover and the girl of his heart on the sands, close to the rising tide, where, unbeknown to him, she has been wading. Her efforts not to acquaint him with her discomfiture are intensely funny and inimitably described. O. M.

THE ADVENTURES OF THREE WORTHIES. By Clinton Ross. 162 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

An original, if not always a finished, writer is the author of this dainty little volume, which is no larger than a lady's prayer-book. Although Clinton Ross is not yet thirty, he has written three other books besides this one. Of these "The Speculator: A Portrait of a Contemporary American," attracted the attention of the reviewers everywhere. Many of them spoke of it in warm commendation, and all proclaimed the advent of a new writer who writes in a new way, and is, therefore, interesting. In "The Adventures of Three Worthies," as if to protect himself from a too prevalent tendency among book-writers to superfluity and irrelevancy, the author now and then goes to the opposite extreme, and his style becomes so tersely terse as to make a sacrifice of lucidity, and to leave the reader in doubt as to the meaning. But this criticism is not true of the book as a whole, and in general it may be said that the style is graphic and vigorous. The book abounds in passages of fine, descriptive writing, done always with sharp, clear, direct strokes, which make the movement of the story swift yet effective. Mr. Ross undoubtedly gives promise of excellent workmanship, and although confessedly an amateur now, there is evidence that some day he will make his mark among the original and scholarly writers. O. M.

"W. A. W." A Souvenir of the Fifth Annual Convention, at Eagle Lake, Indiana, July 8, 9, 10, and 11, 1890. Edited by Mary E. Cardwill. Illustrated. 239 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New Castle, Ind.: The Western Association of Writers. 1891.

The proceedings of the fifth annual convention of the Western Association of Writers are published in this volume, which is an interesting souvenir of a memorable occasion. The speeches, the literary papers and poems read, and a report of the business meeting are printed. Some of the papers show a lofty scholarship and careful writing, while the speech of the presiding officer, in which he tells of the limitations and the hopes of Western literature, is well worth reading by students or writers of literature East or West. O. M.

COUPON BONDS, AND OTHER STORIES. By J. T. Trowbridge. 411 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

This is a republished collection of short stories by a story-teller whose name is in itself a certificate of their merit. In the portrayal of Yankee character few other writers strike so near the truth as Mr. Trowbridge, whose piquant, yet finished, style, and whose delicious perception of humor, have made his writings famous on both sides of the Atlantic.

O. M.

ADOPTING AN ABANDONED FARM. By Kate Sanborn. 171 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

In this book Kate Sanborn narrates the experiences of a city woman who undertakes to "farm it alone," in a Massachusetts village, without having any special acquaintance with the hardships and disappointments of agricultural life. Naturally her experiences are disheartening to her, and amusing to the country-folk, as well as to the reader. There are flashes of wit, wisdom, and philosophy to relieve the monotony of the heroine's shortcomings as an amateur farmer, and the style is in a spirited story-telling vein. As light reading, not unmixed with a flavor of sound, hard common sense, "Adopting an Abandoned Farm" is a notable mid-summer book. O. M.

THE CANADIAN GUIDE-BOOK. By Charles G. D. Roberts. With Maps and Illustrations. 270 pp. Cloth, $1 25. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

Sportsmen, tourists, and summer pleasure-seekers will find a wealth of interesting and instructive matter in this beautifully-bound and beautifully-printed volume. Within its pages is condensed in attractive language exhaustive information about a country that is rich in scenic beauties and in historical associations. Even to the student of the vast dominion to the north the book has a peculiar value. It contains thorough descriptions of cities, railroad and steamboat routes, hotels, objects and

places interesting historically and otherwise, and fishing places, and is accompanied by well-executed photographs, engravings, and maps. Separate chapters are devoted to Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, and there is an appendix for sportsmen, giving general information of value, including the legal restrictions. In this appendix is a table giving the names of owners of fishing rights and their catches during 1890. O. M.

MAID MARIAN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Molly Elliott Seawell. 237 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

This is a collection of delightfully-told short stories by a delightful story-teller. "Maid Marian" is the title of a portrait of a beautiful maid of honor at the court of Queen Bess, who suddenly comes to life in a bachelor's apartments in a New York hotel. The story tells of her amusing experiences with nineteenth century people and manners, and easily accomplishes its object, which is to afford entertainment. There are several other equally bright stories in the book. O. M.

THE STORY OF REINE. By Jean de la Brete. Translated by Mrs J. W. Davis. 299 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1891.

The opening chapters in this dainty little book do not appeal especially to the reader, but the interest increases as the story is developed, and is sustained throughout. "The Story of Reine" is the story of a young French girl, who, although of aristocratic birth and rich by inheritance, is reared in a lonely country house by an aunt, who is not only ignorant, but low-bred. The aunt has a most incorrigible temper, which she regularly visits upon her young and pretty charge, sometimes to the point of physical abuse. The curé whom she loves, the aunt whom she hates, and the house servants are the only companions Reine has during the formative period of her life. Endowed by nature with an impulsive disposition, a love of freedom, and an inclination to ride rough-shod over those who have her education in charge. Reine finds herself at sixteen in open warfare with her surroundings, a condition the reader cannot but sympathize with, for the child possesses a warm heart, and instincts which require only judicious training for their ultimate proper development. In her isolation she dreams of the fascinations of the great outside world, and longs to participate in its joys. Secretly she reads Scott's novels, whose heroines and heroes fill her imaginative mind with intense delight, and from them she first learns the existence, if not the meaning, of the word "love." She promptly falls in love with the first young man she meets, and from that moment life has unknown charms for her. On the death of her aunt, she goes to live with an uncle, in the midst of a cultivated society. Here her ignorance of conventionality, united with a certain natural perverseness, causes her to overleap the barriers of propriety, at times shocking those who have undertaken to elevate her to the social position her birth and her wealth entitle her to occupy. To add to her woes, she discovers that the man she loves, with the passionate ardor of first love, is about to marry her cousin. From this point the story is peculiarly interesting, and the reader unconsciously finds himself a faithful ally of the impetuous ingenue in her love conquest. The scheme of the story is original, and admirably worked out. The dialogue, true to its French origin, is sparkling and effective, the ready wit of Reine, and her delicate raillery at the exactions of social propriety, which she regards as a bugbear, being at once charming and infectious. Purely as a character study, "The Story of Reine" is worth reading. The translation is scholarly, and the style always strong and spirited. O. M.

LA GRIPPE AND ITS TREATMENT. For General Readers. 47 pp. Paper. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

Most of this little work was published by the author in the *North American Review* for February, 1890, under the title "The Prevailing Epidemic." It is now reprinted in a revised form, and will undoubtedly have a wide circulation. W. H. H.

A TRIP TO ENGLAND. By Goldwin Smith. 140 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Company. 1891.

There is nothing of the gazetteer in this brief account of the England of to-day. It is void of dates and figures, and the aim has been to photograph rather than to describe with tiresome detail what there is to be seen by a visitor to the "tight little island." The book is written in a running, free-handed style, and cleverly unites the present with the past wherever the historical or literary associations of the subjects written of permit. A perusal of it amply equips the prospective visitor for profitable observation, and for this reason the book is unique among the vast number of works on the same subject. O. M.

OUR COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM. By John B. Grant. With Sixty-four Plates. 216 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

To ornithologists this book will be especially welcome, while lovers of out-door life, with whom it so frequently happens that a knowledge of bird-life is wanting, will find it a book that should be studied. It has pictures and minute descriptions of the bird creation, with

information regarding their habits, their cries, how to "stalk" them, and the seasons when they appear or disappear. There is also a quantity of profitable advice about taking up the study of birds, and on this subject the author writes from personal experience. From the fact that ordinarily in any given locality there may be found about 300 different kinds of birds, it is apparent what opportunities for an absorbing study bird life affords. O. M.

A SUMMER'S OUTING AND THE OLD MAN'S STORY. By Carter H. Harrison. Illustrated. 297 pp. Cloth. Chicago: Dibble Publishing Company. 1891.

The letters written by Chicago's ex-mayor for the *Chicago Tribune* during his trip to Alaska have been published in a book in response to the requests of the author's friends. Mr. Harrison was evidently a keen observer, and his letters are generally interesting, if not characterized by literary scholarship. His public career in Chicago undoubtedly gave him a broad and intelligent method of observation, which he improved in writing his experiences. O. M.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN AND THE SEXUAL RELATIONS. By Karl Heinzen. 173 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker. 1891.

In this book are advanced some radical ideas on what the author is pleased to term the martyrdom of women. Much of what he recommends in order to secure the emancipation of the sex is worthy of consideration, but it is likely that but few people will wholly agree with him, either in his premises or in his conclusions. O. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

THE STREAM OF PLEASURE; A Month on the Thames. By Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated. 159 pp. Cloth, $2.25. New York: Macmillan & Company. 1891.

JUSTICE: Being Part IV. of the Principles of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. 291 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND ART. VII. — The Evolution of Botany. By Frederick J Wulling, Ph. G. VIII. — Zoölogy as Related to Evolution. By John C. Kimball. Paper, 10 cents each. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

A PURITAN PAGAN. By Julien Gordon. 367 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

THE MONIST. Vol. I. 640 pp. Cloth, $3.00. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1890-1891.

A MIDSUMMER MADNESS. By Ellen Olney Kirk. 395 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1891.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By Professor H. Graetz. Vol. I. 553 pp. Cloth. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America. 1891.

SOCIALISM. By John Stuart Mill. 214 pp. Paper, 25 cents. *New York: Humboldt* Publishing Company 1891

HER SISTER'S RIVAL. By Albert Delpit. Translated by Alexina Loranger. Illustrated. 321 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

JUSTIFIED. By Ensign John M. Ellicott, U S. N. 310 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: The Minerva Publishing Company. 1891.

PAUL'S ANGEL. By Mrs. S. S. Robbins. Illustrated. 143 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. 1891.

THE HEARING HEART. By Anna Shipton. 117 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. 1891.

NEDIA. By Nadage Dorée. 194 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1891.

TWENTY GOOD STORIES. By Opie P. Read. 192 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1891.

"CY ROS" By Mellen Cole. 186 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1891.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK. Sixth Crop. 64 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

PROBLEMS OF THE NEW LIFE. By Morrison I. Swift. 126 pp. Cloth. Ashtabula, Ohio: Published by the Author. 1891.

THE BLOCK-HOUSE ON THE SHORE. By Mrs. M. E. Ireland. 256 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 1891.

THE ROMANCE OF A CHILD. By Pierre Loti. Translated by Mary L. Watkins. 179 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

A LITTLE REBEL. By "The Duchess." 184 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN GERMAN. By A. Albin Fischer. 78 pp. Paper, 40 cents. Philadelphia: Fischer's School of Languages. 1891.

OLD ABRAHAM JACKSON. By Anson Uriel Hancock. 260 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Company. 1891.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White-Smith Publishing Company, 62 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal — "Pray for Us," A. Horspool and M. Piccolomini; "Baby's Chasing Butterflies," Dexter Smith and C. A. White; "The Stars in Heaven," male quartette, Warren Davenport; "Abide with Me," quartette for mixed voices, W. E. Brown. Piano — "The Sinking Ship," C. A. White; arranged by A. V. Holmes; "The Grenadier," Theo. Bonheur.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

THE COLLEGE PRESS. Stephen Fiske. *University Magazine* for July.

THE QUESTION OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES IN AMERICA. Reprinted in *America* for July 2 from *Catholic Review* for May 30.

THE GROWTH OF REALISM. Maurice Thompson *America* for July 2.

THE NEWSPAPER. Its Evolution. *Press and Printer* for July 2.

LITERATURE OF THE PRESS. Editorial by Kate Field in *Kate Field's Washington* for July 8.

APHORISMS IN ADVERTISING. S. C. Patterson *Printers' Ink* for July 8.

GOOD ADVERTISING IN COUNTRY PLACES AND ELSEWHERE. Milton F. Platt. *Printers' Ink* for July 8.

AN ARGUMENT FOR SWORN CIRCULATIONS A. C. Ladd. *Printers' Ink* for July 8.

THE AMERICAN SPEECH. James W. Gerard Reprinted in *Public Opinion* for July 11 from *Lippincott's* for July

THE REAL ARTEMUS WARD. Enoch Knight. *Overland Monthly* for July.

MISS ALICE FRENCH ("Octave Thanet"). Portrait. *Western Bookseller* for July 4.

AUTHORSHIP IN THE WEST. *Western Bookseller* for July 4.

THE VOCATION OF BOOK-SELLING. Ed. Ackerman. *Western Bookseller* for July 4.

THE ART OF EDITING. Gustave Boehm. *Inland Printer* for July.

SOME RECENT BOOKS BY WOMEN. *Review of Reviews* for July.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN JOURNALISM. — III. By an Observer. *Inland Printer* for July.

BOOK-COLLECTING. Reprinted in the *Newsdealer* for July 15 from *Temple Bar*.

THE RARITY OF HEREDITARY POETS. Reprinted from *London Spectator* in the *Newsdealer* for July 15.

THE USE OF BOOKS. Editorial. *Literary News* for July.

THE MAKING OF AN AUTHOR. Reprinted in *Public Opinion* for July 11 from *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

THE OWNERSHIP OF BOOKS. Professor George H. Palmer. *Christian Union* for July 11.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. — XXXI. An Age of Expansion. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for July 11.

THE INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITY OF WOMEN. Mrs. Oliver Bunce. *Christian Union* for July 11.

ACADIAN SKETCHES. — II. The People of Evangeline Land. Arthur W. Eaton. *Harper's Bazar* for July 25.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS. *Library and Studio* for July.

THE LATE PRENTICE MULFORD. *Library and Studio* for July.

TRADE AND TECHNICAL JOURNALS. — VIII. *Office* for July.

THE STAFF OF THE BRIGGSVILLE "BUGLE." Story. William E. Baldwin. *Harper's Weekly* for July 11.

HISTORIAN LOSSING. Portrait. *Book News* for July.

WHO IS IN FAVOR OF SPELLING REFORM? C. E. Cook. *Phonographic World* for July.

SIDNEY LANIER. Portrait. *Period* for July 7.

MR. HOWELLS GRAPPLES WITH TWO AMERICAN PROBLEMS. Editorial in *America* for July 9.

PROTECTION FOR AUTHORS. Editorial in *America* for July 9.

THE LONG RIFLE IN LITERATURE. *America* for July 9.

THE ART OF FICTION. Albion W. Tourgée. *Brains* for July 15.

SYLVAN STUDY. Maurice Thompson. *America* for July 16.

THE COMING NOVEL. George Stanley Adamson. *Toronto Week*.

VAMPIRE LITERATURE. Anthony Comstock. *North American Review* for August.

BOOK WORK. From authors' manuscripts to the machine revise. *British Printer* for May-June.

NOVELS NEW AND OLD. Reprinted from *New York Tribune* in *Public Opinion*.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. With Portrait. *Christian Union* for July 18.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. — XXII. The International Community. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for July 18.

HOW NEWSPAPERS ARE ILLUSTRATED. C. Gentile. *Artist Printer*.

A STUDY OF LONGFELLOW. John Vance Cheney. *Chautauquan* for August.

THE LITERATI IN CHINA. Reprinted from *Asiatic Quarterly Review* in *Literary Digest* for July 18.

THE PLOT OF "AS YOU LIKE IT." C. A. Wurtzburg. Reprinted from *Poet-Lore* for July in *Literary Digest* for July 18.

CURRENT LITERATURE. B. W. Woodward. *Agora* for July.

THE LITERARY POSSIBILITIES OF ADVERTISING. Julian Hawthorne. *Printers' Ink* for July 15.

HOW ADVERTISING IMPRESSES THE READER. Joel Benton. *Printers' Ink* for July 15.

A FEW OLD BOOKS IN A LARGE LIBRARY. Lindsay Swift. *Newsdealer* for August.

HOW BOOKS ARE REVIEWED FOR NEWSPAPERS. Marion Crawford. Reprinted from the *Homemaker* in the *Newsdealer* for August.

WOMEN BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED STATES. Reprinted from the *Publishers' Weekly* in the *Newsdealer* for August.

LITERARY CULTURE. J. W. Mendalhall, D. D. *Christian Advocate* for July 23.

FATHER LAMPSON: AN ADVERTISER OF YE OLDEN TIME. A. E. Bartlett. *Printers' Ink* for July 1.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. With Portrait. *School Journal* for June 7.

INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAMS. Edward Anthony Bradford. *Harper's Weekly* for July 4.

HAS THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF TALLEYRAND'S MEMOIRS EVER EXISTED? Reprinted in *Literary Digest* for July 4 from *Revue Historique*, Paris.

LORD BYRON'S EARLY SCHOOL DAYS. Professor W. G. Blaikie. *Harper's Magazine* for August.

THE TREND OF FICTION. *Chautauquan* for August.

LITERATURE IN THE MARKET-PLACE. George E. Woodberry. *Forum* for August.

REPORTING REQUISITES — II. M. T. Nede. *National Stenographer* for July.

THE CHARACTER OF MILTON. S. Fletcher Williams. *Christian Register* for July 23.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. XXIV. — The Epic. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for July 25.

THOREAU AND HIS BIOGRAPHER. Samuel Arthur Jones. *Lippincott's* for August.

MY ADVENTURE WITH EDGAR ALLEN POE. Julian Hawthorne. *Lippincott's* for August.

BOOK REVIEWING SYSTEMATIZED. G. Iles. *Library Journal* for July.

POPE LEO AS A POET. Dr. Sigismund Lunz. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Public Opinion* for July 25.

THE WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB OF NEW YORK. Fannie Aymar Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for August.

PICTORIAL JOURNALISM. Valerian Gribayédoff. *Cosmopolitan* for August.

AMÉLIE RIVES. Portrait. *Cosmopolitan* for August.

BOOKS ABOUT FOUR GREAT CITIES. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for August.

THE LITERATURE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. William Howe Downes. *New England Magazine* for August.

HARVARD COMMENCEMENT ESSAYS. *New England Magazine* for August.

GRANT ALLEN. *Toronto Week* for July 10.

THE PRESS AS A NEWS GATHERER. William Henry Smith. *Century* for August.

ON THE STUDY OF TENNYSON. Henry Van Dyke. *Century* for August.

HALL CAINE AT HOME. Raymond Blathwayt. *Christian Union* for August 1.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Pedro Antonio de Alarçon, the Spanish politician, novelist, poet, and journalist, died July 21, aged fifty-eight years.

Benjamin R. Tucker, of Boston, has published the first number of the *Weekly Bulletin of Newspaper and Periodical Literature*, which will index important articles in newspapers and magazines, giving author's name and a rough estimate of the number of words in the articles indexed.

Howard Lockwood & Co., New York, publishers of the *American Bookmaker*, have issued Part II. of their valuable "American Dictionary of Printing and Book-making." It extends from "Blatt to Chinese Printing," and is freely illustrated. "Book-binding" is the title of one of the longest articles. The work is at present supplied only to subscribers of the *American Bookmaker*, a journal which is well worth its subscription price, even without the addition of this valuable premium.

Charles Scribner's Sons have paid to Eugene Field $2,000 royalty on the sale of his books for six months past.

"A Side Issue of the Campaign," in the *New England Magazine* for August, is a clever little story of newspaper work in a country town, by Mary E. Brush, a new writer. It shows an intimate acquaintance with the difficulties and temptations of a country editor.

William Henry Smith, the manager of the Associated Press, has an article in the August *Century* on "The Press as a News Gatherer," in which he describes the origin and growth of that famous organization, the Associated Press. The entire world is covered in its wonderful system. Its leased wires, operated under its own direction, exceed 10,000 miles in length, and it pays nearly two millions of dollars a year for service. "The Work of a Single Day" is the title of one chapter, and Mr. Smith also discusses "Public Criticism" and "How Shall the Press be Reformed?"

The D. Lothrop Company objects to the habit people have of including *Wide Awake* in the category of juvenile publications. Mr. Lothrop insists that the magazine is quite as good reading for adults as for the young.

The *Agora* is a new quarterly magazine — "a Kansas magazine" its title-page informs the reader. It is published at Salina, Kansas.

Among the valuable articles in *Current Literature* for August are: "The Use of Dialect," "The Modern Heroine in Fiction," "Translations in Literature," and "Realism in Poetry."

The new fashion journals, *La Mode*, *La Mode de Paris*, and *Album des Modes*, published by A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th street, New York, were formerly printed only in French; but they are now published in English for the use of American readers. These journals furnish the styles one month in advance of any similar publications; and they have a practical department, in which lessons are given each month on how to make dresses, etc.

The cash prizes offered by *Public Opinion* for the best three essays on the question of our national trade relations with Canada have been awarded to Frank C. Wells, of Toronto, Can.; William Macomber, of Buffalo, N. Y.; and D. Claude, Annapolis, Md. The three prize papers were published in *Public Opinion* of July 11.

The first book entered under the new copyright law was "The Faith Doctor," by Edward Eggleston, to whose efforts the law is so largely due. It was arranged that Dr. Eggleston's novel should be placed first on the copyright records for July 1, 1891, as a mark of appreciation of the author's services in behalf of the law. "The Faith Doctor" is to be published by D. Appleton & Co.

The August *Magazine of American History* (New York) opens with the first part of a delightful article on "The Spartans of Paris," by General Meredith Read, K. G. C. R., brightened with sketches of personal characteristics and illustrated with portraits of literary celebrities of France. An excellent picture of the great editor and author, M. Arsène Houssaye, forms a welcome frontispiece to the number.

The Woman's Publishing Association, of 161 La Salle street, Chicago, will issue as a holiday attraction a juvenile, entitled "Lady Gay and Her Sister," by Mrs. George Archibald. Mrs. Archibald is the author of "Lady Gay," now running in Lothrop's *Little Men and Women.*

Annie Eliot, who for three years has had a short story in the fiction number of *Scribner's*, is a young woman of Hartford, Conn.

The statement of a Boston paper, that Mrs. Mary Farley Sanborn wrote her recently-published book, "Sweet and Twenty," twenty years ago and laid it away as unpublishable, has amused Mrs. Sanborn's friends, since twenty years would carry her back almost into another generation, of which she has only her school-days to remember. The fact is, her story was written five years ago, laid away for a time, and then reviewed and reconstructed in expression. Mrs. Sanborn's home is in Malden, Mass.

Brains is a new bi-weekly publication in Meadville, Penn. Its editor announces that "it is for the writer, the author, the editor, and every one who reads, makes, or is interested in good literature."

The *Expositor* is the name of a new religious monthly magazine, the first appearance of which will be about January 1. It will be about the size of the *Century*. Bradley & Woodruff, of Boston, will publish it.

James Lane Allen, whose recently published volume of stories, "Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances," is attracting widespread attention, left, during the latter part of July, for a short trip through the Southern States. While there he will deliver his lecture, "The Literature of the South," before audiences at Chattanooga, Tenn., and Atlanta Ga. Mr. Allen has for several weeks past been in Lexington. His incessant labors for the past twelve months have rendered it imperatively necessary that he should discontinue his present work, and, for a few weeks at least, give his overtaxed faculties their much-needed rest. Although a resident of Lexington, Mr. Allen has during his past year's literary work found it more to his advantage to reside in Cincinnati, in order that he might have access to the excellent libraries of that place.

Björnson, the Norwegian novelist, is tired of politics, and will henceforth give all his time to literature.

Hopkinson Smith's "Colonel Carter, of Cartersville," has reached the third edition. To give the binding a "local color," the book has been put in a kind of Confederate gray.

Mrs. Wiggin's story, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," has had so large a sale that Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have decided to make an entirely new set of plates, and bring it out in more attractive style than ever.

Miss Fannie N. D. Murfree's "Felicia," which has been compared to some of George Eliot's novels, is now in the third edition.

The authorship of "The Tender Recollect tions of Irene Magillicuddy" is expressly claimed for the late Laurence Oliphant in Mrs. Oliphant's recently-published "Memoir" of him, Vol. 2, pp. 154–57, 167–68.

William H. Treadway, of the firm of R. G. Dun & Co., New York, has a large collection of sermons. He began collecting in 1856, and has now 16,000 by actual count.

The *Commonwealth*, which has been published monthly in Denver, has been removed to Chicago, by H. Kaufman, editor and proprietor.

Frederic Remington, whose Indian sketches in the Harpers' periodicals have been so much admired, is the son of a Universalist clergyman, and is only thirty years old.

Jerome K. Jerome wrote his first book, "On the Stage — and Off," when he was but nineteen years old.

Lord Tennyson is enjoying capital health. He lives in the strictest retirement at his residence in the Isle of Wight, but may almost daily be seen rambling in the vicinity of his residence, either in company with his son, Hallan, or with his physician, Dr. Whiting. Sometimes he visits Professor Tyndall, whose residence, Hindhead, is near by. The route from Lord Tennyson's home to Hindhead passes the picturesque cottage where George Eliot wrote "Middlemarch." Lord Tennyson rarely puts his hand to pen or paper nowadays, his son conducting all his correspondence for him.

"G. W. S." has taken the trouble to find out that Miss Braddon, since 1862, when her first novel ("Lady Audley's Secret") was published, has written fifty novels, representing in the original editions 156 volumes, or about 50,000 pages of printed matter. "Her average is almost two novels a year; almost six volumes a year; almost 2,000 pages a year; and, therefore, almost six pages a day for each day during all these thirty years."

Mary H. Catherwood is said to have been led to write her story, "The Romance of Dollard," after knowledge acquired from reading Parkman's histories. She lives in Eastern Illinois with her husband and one child. Her father, a physician, died young. She is described as "a young woman, well dressed, erect, with a look of health, brown hair, hazel eyes, a low and pleasant voice, an entirely unaffected, unspoiled, unegotistic tone, and a manner devoid of the literary pose."

Sun and Shade (New York) for August contains a portrait of Rev. Phillips Brooks, representing him standing in his library among his books. Another portrait is that of Frederick Porter Vinton, N. A., whose "Portrait of a Lady" is also shown. Reproductions from photographs are "A Study from Life," a most interesting picture from a negative by D. Elwell, and "An Oil Refinery on the Allegany," from a negative by George H. Taber, Jr.

S. T. Pickard, editor of the *Portland Transcript*, whose wife is a niece of the poet Whittier, is preparing a biography of the dear old Quaker poet, with the consent and assistance of the latter — that is, with his nominal assistance; but Mr. Pickard says that Whittier's insuperable diffidence and modesty make him really an obstructionist, and hinder greatly the progress of the work. No sooner is he led to reveal, unconsciously and by adroit questioning, some interesting facts about himself, more especially of his early life, than he immediately raises a gentle remonstrance: "But I would not mention that if I were thee. That is of no importance. I think." Whittier will spend the month of August this year at his favorite mountain resort, to which he always goes for a few weeks, *if able to leave his* home at all.

The sixth crop of "Pickings from Puck" is now ready, and it will be issued quarterly hereafter.

Lafcadio Hearn, who went to Japan to study the country and its customs, has become a professor in a Japanese college, and has married a Japanese girl.

The *Book Buyer* (New York) for August has an engraving of Kate Douglas Wiggin, the beautiful and talented author of "Timothy's Guest." A sketch of the life of Mrs. Wiggin is contributed by Alice W. Rollins.

Barrett Wendall is travelling in Europe.

A writer in *America* comments upon the fact that the young person is not so often a hero in fiction as heretofore, when romantic ideas were more prevalent. The comment is coincident with another which says that married life will be the chief theme of fiction for a while.

T. B. Aldrich is at Beyreuth.

Major Arthur Griffiths, the English littérateur and author of many works on French and English history, etc., will visit America in the fall. Major Griffiths, with Mrs. Griffiths, will sail from Liverpool, August 21, by the Etruria.

"Pierre Menard" is the title of the new story on which Mrs. M. H. Catherwood has been at work.

All the manuscripts of George Eliot's works, with the exception of that of "Scenes of Clerical Life" (owned by Blackwood), are now in the possession of the British Museum. The copy was evidently treated by the printers with unusual care; and as soon as each manuscript was returned to her, she had it bound and gave it to Mr. Lewes, with an affectionate inscription prefixed. In "Jubal" she wrote: "To my beloved husband, George Henry Lewes, whose cherishing tenderness for twenty years has alone made my work possible to me.

> And the last parting now began to send
> Diffusive dread through love and wedded bliss,
> Thrilling them into finer tenderness.
>
> May, 1874.

To these manuscripts has been added that of Mr. Lewes' "Aristotle." It contains this inscription: "To my beloved Miriam. 'Where the heart lies let the brain lie also.'—G. H. Lewes, July, 1864."

A valuable "literary note" now current asserts that "Andrew Lang is declared to write best in a rose garden; Tolstoï sits on his bed and puts the inkstand on his ruffled pillow; Dumas *fils* uses an ebony desk; while Mary Anderson-Navarro's desk is mother of pearl."

Mr. Newnes has decided to turn the London periodicals *Tid-Bits* and the *Strand Magazine* into a limited liability company, with a capital of £400,000, in 400,000 £1 shares. *Tid-Bits* is said to sell 550,000 copies weekly and the *Strand* 200,000 monthly.

It is somewhat surprising to find Lawrence Hutton, in his "Literary Notes," in *Harper's Magazine* for August, taking Mr. Howells to task, and saying that he "does not always apply his own rules of criticism in criticising the fiction of other times and other schools."

The letters written by Dickens to Wilkie Collins during the years of their intimate companionship are to be published in *Harper's Monthly*. They have been edited by Georgiana Hogarth, and (with further comment by Lawrence Hutton) will be given in three instalments, the first of which will appear in the September magazine. They represent Dickens in the most active and successful period of his literary career (1851-69).

Of the poems of Emily Dickinson, an Arabic translation, made in Syria, is said to have passed through several editions.

The dinner given in London by the British Society of Authors, in celebration of the American copyright act, brought together 215 writers, American as well as English. The bright particular star of the occasion was the great Huxley, and the guest of the evening was the American minister, Robert T. Lincoln. Lord Monkswell, Professor James Bryce, and Charles Dudley Warner were among the speakers. Among those present were George Moore, William Black, Edmund Gosse, Maarten Maartens, Mona Caird, Lewis Morris, Augustine Birrell, Walter Pater, Reginald Stewart Poole, Oscar Wilde, Walter Besant, Brander Matthews and wife, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Henry Harland and wife, Percy Fitzgerald, H. Rider Haggard, Joseph Hatton, and Douglas Sladen.

Dr. Holmes is said to be writing two memoirs — one being that of a great surgeon.

Dr. W. J. Rolfe has sailed for Europe. He will be gone two months. This is his ninth trip abroad in the last nine years.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the traveller and author, has nearly ready for publication a new book on her recent journeys in India, Persia, and Turkish Kurdistan. Mrs. Bishop writes fluently, without pause, almost without correction. "Writing is to me," she says, "what painting is to other people. I delight in discribing what I have see."

Countess Leo Tolstoï, the clever wife of the Russian novelist, was recently received in a private audience by the czar. Both the count and his wife have been troubled for a long time over the abuse of the censor's power in reference to the novelist's writings. The countess begged his majesty to order the censor to treat the works of her husband more leniently, as he utterly destroyed their literary merit. The czar promised to consider the request favorably. Russians, therefore, may be hereafter able to read Tolstoï's books as written.

In a paper on the rarity of hereditary poets, the *London Spectator* says: "It is very remarkable in relation to the Wordsworths, at least, that while there is no trace of the transmission of a spark of the poet's higher faculty to descendants, the serious and didactic impulse, which sometimes exalts and more often injures his poetry, was transmitted to his descendants. In fact, nothing seems clearer than that the didactic attitude of mind is very frequently inherited, and inherited in a very emphatic form. The Edgeworths, the Wordsworths, the Stanleys, the Wilberforces, and, most of all, the Arnolds show us how singular has been the reproduction of the didactic attitude of mind from father to son; and this, too, even in cases where, as in that of Matthew Arnold, there was hardly anything which the father believed that the son also believed, for him to teach, though the teaching posture of mind and the energy which teaching needs were reproduced with strange exactness, the whole character of the lessons taught being utterly different."

Christie Murray sailed on the steamer Cuba which left Australia for London May 20.

Mr. Stockton has at last been trapped into an indication of his own opinion which fate the man would have been consigned to in his story, "The Lady or the Tiger," according to the *Detroit Free Press*. A correspondent of that paper, evidently of the fair sex, recounts how she told the author that she would herself much prefer to have the lover eaten by the beast. Whereupon, she says, Mr. Stockton answered: "So would any woman who loved the man; that is, if I understand a woman's nature correctly."

A newspaper paragraph says that Archibald C. Gunter has so far received $115,000 from his "Mr. Potter of Texas."

The *Chicago Graphic* of July 18 contained a portrait and sketch of Franklyn W. Lee, of St. Paul, and a clever bit of verse from his active pen.

A biography of Leigh Hunt, which ought to be entertaining at least, is growing under the pen of Cosmo Monkhouse.

Mrs. Frémont and her daughter are now in possession of the house that was presented to them by a committee of Los Angeles ladies. It is a pretty and comfortable cottage, and cost, with the lot on which it stands, $5,000.

W. H. H. Murray's books and lectures have enabled him to buy again the farm in Guilford, Conn., which he had to sell several years ago.

W. G. Collingswood, who edited the poems of Mr. Ruskin, is collecting some of the early prose writings of the same author and has in preparation a sketch of his life.

A new candidate for literary honors will make its appearance early in August. It is the *Architectural Record*, a quarterly designed for an especial field, the character of which is indicated by its title. It is to be published by the *Record and Guide*, and will be superbly illustrated. The first number will contain 120 pages of reading matter, in which there will be sixty-four pages of illustrations. While maintaining a high standard in architectural matters, the purpose of the publishers will be to make the *Architectural Record* popular in style.

James Payn has in hand a novel to be issued serially early in the coming year, and W. E. Norris is engaged on a story eventually to appear in three-volume form.

"Florence L. Snow is the name of a Kansan poetess, who is said to be coming to the front. She is described as possessing sparkling black eyes and dark hair"—indispensable attributes nowadays to literary success.

In Dorsetshire, it is said, they call Thomas Hardy, the novelist, "him what puts we into books."

W. D. Howells said in a recent interview: "I think that as far as possible novels should be national. They should reflect the lives, not only of individuals, but of nations. If they are realistic, so much the better. That is why I like the Russian novels so much. Tolstoï and Turgeneff I love, and so I do the Spanish novelists. They are great fellows. Zola is immense, though I do not therefore agree with his methods."

George E. Woodberry, writing in the *Forum* of "Literature in the Market-Place," says: "As it is better that a man should vote though he vote for a scoundrel, it is better that he should read though he read bad books."

Rolf Boldrewood is not dead, as reported.

The payments to Bret Harte by his English publishers last year are said by the *Pall Mall Gazette* to have reached a total of $15,000, while in America he was paid only $1,600.

"The simple fact is," says Judge Tourgée, in discussing "The Art of Fiction" in *Brains*, "that realism is but another name for pessimism. The realist cannot believe anything true which has been written of humanity except fault-finding. They have eliminated hope and good fortune from human economy, and decry as false everything that does not depress and degrade. If joy is permitted to retain a place in human nature, it is only that it may whet the morbid relish for discomfort and woe, to which the unfortunate victim of realistic delineation is doomed when finally sorrow comes to shut upon him the door of hope. No wonder that between la grippe and Tolstoï the ratio of suicides has greatly increased of late."

Gutekunst. Philadelphia.

Faithfully yours

J. M. Lowell.

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Vol. V. No. 9. September, 1891.

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LOWELL IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Death, however unloved, does not fail to receive the respect due his high office. The soul expelled from its tenement — the tenement consigned to darkness and decay — another pilgrim engulphed — all this commands the consideration of men, even in the case of the poor waif whom the tide throws upon public charity. But when a mind distinguished for power and benevolent purpose is dispersed into thin air the world around seems eager to give the unhoused spirit a shelter in its warm and grateful heart. The gratitude and esteem manifested toward Mr. Lowell since his death for his efficient public advocacy of the right are alike honorable to him and encouraging to those who shall seek to win by worthy means public regard. The country pauses a moment from engrossing pursuits to set the seal of approval on the record of her high-minded son and faithful servant. It is a recognition of civic worth that fortifies the national morality.

The title of "great man" is one that requires critical caution in its application, and, however authoritatively applied, is subject to ratification by the world. It cannot be denied that Mr. Lowell, in acting as a nation's influential counsellor before a crisis of immeasurable importance, partook of the greatness of the period and question with which he dealt. Apart from all literary power, this gives him a special historic claim.

When his memory shall have passed through the successive stages of regret, eulogy, and reminiscence, and shall arrive at its narrow cell in the last great crowded biographical cemetery, he will unite in his epitaph the titles of poet, essayist, critic, humorist, with that of distinguished publicist.

The death of Mr. Lowell gives occasion for these remarks to one who has long known him as a familiar friend, a most agreeable companion, and an excellent man. Being urged to furnish some recollections, I will attempt a brief outline of him in his social capacity. No one can estimate his social calibre or appreciate the variety of his resources without consulting his writings. But the agreeable companion is not always he who draws on himself to the full

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extent of his means in what should be easy social intercourse, and Mr. Lowell understood himself perfectly on this point. I shall attempt to give some adequate idea of his social aptitude.

As a very important part of a good man's goodness consists in the things he does not do, so the preliminary condition for a good companion is his freedom from the traits that make a bad one. I know of no foible in social intercourse to impute to Mr. Lowell. He was even and self-controlled in company, without loss of cheerful vivacity. He never brought his own personality to notice more than the interest of his friends demanded. Able speaker as he was, he never harangued in the social circle. His narrative was always concise and successful. His laugh, sufficiently explosive to carry with it the proper jocund force, was hearty, manly, and pectoral. If any intended pleasantry fell dead upon the ear, he lent a charitable smile to its immediate sepulture.

His dignity consisted in doing nothing undignified, and his manly good nature precluded every thought of that quality.

Of swift apprehension and ready memory, Mr. Lowell, besides his special acquirements, had gained from reading and observation very various material that made him quick to furnish or to receive and amplify the allusions that glance from topic to topic in social talk. He was one of those men who cannot see without acquiring.

He was on pleasant terms with nature, and could discourse from her text agreeably and without surplusage. But his acquaintance was rather personal than technical. We do not know that he ever revealed to us the sex of a plant or its exact standing in floral society. The beauty, frailty, and short-livedness of flowers did not fail to make sentimental claim on a man of his poetic temperament. He had a strong regard for those leafy chronologers, the trees, especially those on his own grounds, who in their various phases of the year and incidents of their long life furnish so many interesting synchronisms to their human friends.

A calendar kept by nature was exactly suited to his fancy.

I have alluded to his self-control. He seemed really above falling into a passion. Though strong and ready in argument, he never indiscreetly prolonged it, and his energetic replication was usually prefaced with a courteous, "I beg your pardon," the buffer that he interposed to prevent even the aspect of harsh intellectual collision.

I have spoken of his freedom from egotism. Returning from courts and public life to his own quiet circle, the attentions he had received at home and abroad were never made the subject of narrative by him but at the desire of his friends.

Mr. Lowell was eminently loyal to friends and to places that he loved, and to old associations.

In a whist club which had existed for a very long period, and for some latter years had consisted of the same four members, his social virtues were conspicuous. His loyalty here showed itself by his ready response to any call, and his vigilant watch for any opportunity to convene the club. His genial hilarity and uniform good temper amid the vicissitudes of play were pleasant to see, and his ready humor most beneficially enlivened the social intervals.

Dr. Johnson would have owned Mr. Lowell to be an eminently "clubable" man.

Old Cambridge in Mr. Lowell's youth was little more than a village; indeed, the expression, "down to the village," was in use. The old Puritan industry and thrift prevailed; but there were those who were not content with life in water colors, but demanded a stronger liquid to produce the desired tints, and chose the path of pleasure rather than that of thrift. They did some desultory work, in deference to necessity, but their best efforts were given to the small game on the marshes. The exertion necessary in this pursuit they could endure, it being free from any taint of regular industry. But angling, sedentary and contemplative, was their preference. To throw the line into the dark eddies by Brighton Bridge, and at ease await the fish who was to outrun the largest dimensions offered by tradition, was complete happiness.

We see in his writings how Mr. Lowell viewed these exceptional beings with the eye

of the humorist, rather than of the moralist. As a spectator he appreciated the irregular light which they threw on the monotonous path of steady industry.

It was a pleasure for one to feel that, besides his large acquaintance with the history of literature, he was personally acquainted with the men of fiction who so conspicuously survive their realistic contemporaries. One was sure that he would readily respond to the mention of any ideal worthy whose piquant characteristics had given him perennial vitality.

He was constitutionally brave and generous. In the only case in which I know him to have been peculiarly endangered, he volunteered to meet the risk. In his young days he went to the rescue of a small boy who had fallen through the ice, and broke in himself. This was a most dangerous and helpless situation. The boy was saved..

The tender regard of his friends testifies to his general kindness of disposition, and to numerous private acts of beneficence. Beyond all ordinary kindness he could show without sentimental weakness of nerve a delicate and tender sympathy, the last and finest adornment of a manly character.

I ought to mention that in his prolonged illness he showed a quiet, steady fortitude, and readily rose to cheerfulness, or even moderate gaiety, when the remission of his disease allowed.

The last impression that he gave was the same as in his usual life, of the strong, self-contained, but sympathetic friend, only sobered by the harassing attacks which were soon to subdue him.

I have, being urgently requested, attempted to give a view of Mr. Lowell's social character, and I am sorry that it seems to have something of the bareness of an inventory. One must look into his works to see the vivacity and creative activity of his mind, and thence infer his social power and aptitude. His friends will gladly lend their confirmation to that evidence in testifying their sense of the social loss they have suffered.

J. H. Holmes.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES TO LOWELL.

These personal tributes to the memory of Mr. Lowell have been written at the request of the editor of THE WRITER: —

My earliest recollections of James Russell Lowell are of hearing him deliver a course of lectures on English poetry at the Lowell Institute, in Boston, about forty years ago. Although only a boy at the time, I was old enough to be charmed with these lectures, both as to their matter and their manner. Later, in my senior year at Harvard College, I was one of a class of twenty or twenty-five members, in the year 1858–1859, who took up the study of Dante in the Italian, as an "extra," under Professor Lowell's instruction, and who used to meet two or three times a week in his private study, in the house on the corner of Kirkland and Oxford streets, then belonging to Dr. Estes Howe and now to Professor F. G. Peabody. Here Professor Lowell used to stand at his desk, smoking a pipe, and conducting the recitations in a most genial, friendly, and informal style; he did most of the translating himself, and used to weave into his talk innumerable anecdotes and witty remarks that fascinated his hearers. Our very first lesson was the opening canto of the "*Purgatorio*," though most of us knew nothing of Italian at the time; but Professor Lowell lifted us bodily over all difficulties, and we soon came to enjoy the poem as he himself evidently did. To the few who persevered till the end of the year, he presented a photograph copy of a just-discovered portrait of Dante by Guido, with a transcript of some lines of the poet and a few cordial words of presentation; and this memento of his kindly interest in his pupils

remains to us all one of our most precious memorials of college life. Others may speculate upon his ultimate position in American literature, but I wish now only to say a grateful word in appreciation of his gentle, friendly, and even affectionate treatment of the young men who came under his instruction, and of the stimulative character of his influence over them. The indestructible interest in Dante which we all conceived is due to the fact that it was a poet interpreting a poet, and putting into his interpretations all the beauty and glow of his own poetic nature. I write these words only to record my sense of lasting gratitude to the *teacher* — for the fame of the literary man is safe in the keeping of his country and his race. FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT.

"THE TOWER," NONQUITT, MASS., Aug. 21, 1891.

From his mother Mr. Lowell inherited his mother-wit, and from his father his gift of expression. Neither Channing, nor Buckminster, nor Holley excelled Dr. Lowell in power to discharge on an audience a common-place truth. Very early the young James showed his traits. The Italian inscription on Raphael's picture, as engraved, of the marriage of Joseph and Mary may be to Lowell as a poet fitly applied: "If the painter yet beardless could so succeed, never did a finer aurora precede the day." C. A. BARTOL.

Mr. Lowell (whom I used to meet often in the days of the old *North American Review*) was a good man, good citizen, good democrat, good free-trader, and great humorist. The "Biglow Papers" are immense. I have just been reading them again; they will live long. Alas! what shall we do when they are *all* gone — the few who have instructed and redeemed us for so many years?

JAMES PARTON.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., August 16, 1891.

It is not an easy matter to sum up the character of Mr. Lowell in a single paragraph. For years I have regarded him with great affection and with great respect, not only as the dean of my own guild in America, but as the foremost American of his generation. I have read his *prose and his verse* since I could read at all, and I know nothing in the whole range of English literature in which so much is expressed in four single lines as is to be found in the absolutely perfect picture of "Moonlight and snow on field and hill, all silence and all glisten," contained in the stanza introducing "The Courtin'." I have met Mr. Lowell frequently on both sides of the Atlantic, but my association with him, unfortunately for myself, was never intimate or familiar. I have heard him, however, make two of the greatest speeches of his life: the first when he told the Englishmen of the Savage Club, in London, what he thought of the dean and chapter of their abbey at Westminster, who had just refused to the bust of Byron a resting-place upon "the historic earth polluted by the rotting ashes of the mistresses of their kings"; the second when he told the committee of the United States Senate, at Washington, appointed to listen to the arguments in favor of International Copyright, that "better than a cheap book," in his estimation, "was a book honestly come by!" I quote from memory in both instances, but I shall never forget those two utterances, and the effect they created. My pleasantest personal recollection of Mr. Lowell is when I said to him once in the British metropolis that I had within a fortnight dined at his own house at Elmwood, then occupied by Ole Bull. He did not ask me about his books or about his animate friends in Cambridge, but about his trees. Were they well and thriving? Did they seem to be unhappy without him? And he assured me that he had no doubt that those elms missed him in his absence and drooped and languished: that he could see them freshen and look brighter and happier when he came. He *knew* "they half forgave his being human"! Alas! and alas! they must forever do without him now! Unless, indeed, there is another and a better world in which we are all to sit under the shadow of our own trees. This is my own faith; and I cannot help feeling that it was his!

LAURENCE HUTTON.

ONTEORA, N. Y., August 22, 1891.

I knew Mr. Lowell very well in the early years of the Civil War, when I lived near him

in Cambridge. It was a rare delight to a young man to sit in this poet's disordered library and enjoy the sparkle of his rambling talk about books, and men, and courts (which he used to give forth without stint), meanwhile enjoying with him a long pipe-smoke. Mr. Lowell was at once genial and dignified. His greeting was cordial always, but it was one which forbade familiarity. His air was always one of distinction, and it needs not to be said that his talk was redolent of a rich and ripe scholarship, which was at once appreciative and critical. Nothing could be more infectious than was his enthusiasm for old writers; and especially, I think, he liked to set forth the literary virtues of the Elizabethan dramatists. His love, indeed, of the early masters of English literature has often been remarked since his death. Great as he was as a poet, — and there are certain of his poems, surely, which no American and but few English bards have ever excelled, — it seems to me he was not less great in the keenly analytical criticism to which he subjected the great authors about whom he wrote. His essays on Chaucer, Pope, and Carlyle are signal illustrations of a critical genius which combined the finest perceptions of the quality of the genius of others with a mastery of style, which of itself made his critical essays also literary gems of the purest water. GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

Mr. Lowell was the best illustration we have had of what a literary man may be in the United States. He had, by his character, his intellect, and his culture, attained a position which hardly has a counterpart in any other country. He stood where he was obliged to be high-minded. He had reached a height where he could not have acted from any other than a lofty motive. He exemplified and honored the aristocracy of letters. THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 29, 1891.

I think it will be generally conceded that, at the time of his death, Mr. Lowell occupied the position of the foremost American citizen. In public regard, at home and abroad, his name naturally headed the list of prominent Americans. Looked upon as a man of letters, as a representative of our country in foreign lands, or in any of the various positions in which he appeared before the public, there was no one to whom it was the custom to name James Russell Lowell as second. Without occupying the highest rank in any of his vocations, he stood in front of his fellow-citizens because he held so high a rank in so many of them.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

You have hardly failed, I think, to notice the way in which almost all the writers who have spoken of Mr. Lowell have referred to the charm of his personal manner. Even the interviewer whom he dismissed, — who may never have seen a gentleman before, nor known what the word meant, — would be impressed by it. This was no mere matter of temperament with Mr. Lowell. It belonged to the conscientious habit of his life, based, indeed, — as all good breeding is, — on the highest principle. He did not think of himself more highly than he ought to think, — he knew it was his part and place to help others where he best could, — and, as an essential part of his service to them, he did as he would be done by. With great firmness as to any matter of duty, he said or did what was to be done in the kindest or most unselfish way. EDWARD E. HALE.

MATUNUCK, R. I., Aug. 21, 1891.

James Russell Lowell is thus far the author who best represents the American spirit in its finest development, — a patriot without Chauvinism, cosmopolitan in the world of letters who did not lose his home rights in New England. His duties as an American citizen he nobly fulfilled, setting an example which should inspire all other men of letters to think deeply and hope greatly for their country.

N. P. GILMAN.

It was not any one transcendent gift that made Lowell what he was, but the richness and many-sidedness of his nature. He had so much wit that some critics have denied him imagination, but "Sir Launfal" is a work of imagination of a high order. He was the most thoughtful of our poets, the most scholarly of our critics, as learned as he was racy. No

writer is more truly American and of the very soil, and no American writer had a larger appreciation of the life and literature of other nations. In the "Fable for Critics" he wrote one of our very best satires; in "The Unhappy Lot of Mr. Knott" he produced verbal play worthy of Hood; in the "Biglow Papers" there is no end of wit, humor, and biting satire, imagination and poetic feeling, racy rustic speech, combined with refinement and scholarship. Rarely has one man taken the parts of critic, poet, prose-writer, occasional speaker, reformer, satirist, humorist, patriot, and diplomatist, and played all so well.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

On the 12th of August, as Mr. Mead rose in the Old South Meeting-House to announce the death of Lowell, before introducing the lecturer of the afternoon in the usual course of historical lectures there, a heavy thunder shower came up and darkened the old meeting-house. It seemed as if the heavens were uniting in consecrating the memorial service in honor of one of the most beloved sons of Massachusetts in the building devoted to the memory of her heroes. We consider this a coincidence. But the lives of those who, like Lowell, have made themselves famous by noble character and words are so allied to all grand things that for them there is no moment but seems consecrated by the great voices of nature, as well as by the words of the countless men and women whom they have helped and strengthened.

LUCRETIA P. HALE.

MATUNUCK, R. I.

I am unwilling even to attempt to condense into one hasty, ill-considered paragraph an adequate estimate of James Russell Lowell. He and his work are yet seen too near at hand, and it is quite too soon to determine his permanent place in literature. We can only generally agree that with his vital spark went out incomparably the greatest light in contemporary American literature: that he had a great talent, which he richly put at usance, a talent many-sided and harmoniously developed; that he combined in one finely-poised intellect the varied powers of wit, humor, fancy, original creation, keen critical insight, largeness of grasp, sane judgment, and impressive common sense. We can only generally agree that as a student the perfect assimilation of his vast acquirements had resulted in a broad and mellow culture; that as a publicist he was patriotic, large-minded, and independent; as a friend, he was loyal and sincere; as a man, whole of life and pure of stain, courageous, charitable, tender, magnanimous; that, in fine, his life was an inspiration, and his death will be an irreparable loss to all younger and humbler toilers in the great vineyard where he wrought.

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston offers as her testimony to the nobility of Mr. Lowell's verse the sonnet which she contributed on the occasion of the symposium prepared by the *Critic* for the poet's seventieth birthday: —

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Through the cathedral of thy finished song,
  Oh, happy architect! we walk to-day, —
  The better for thy building. Far away,
The groined roof springs: Thy luminous fancies throng
The great stained oriel, — trail weird hues along
  Sir Launfal in his niche, and fling a ray
  Across the choir whose haunting lyrics lay
A spell upon our souls, — so sweet — so strong!

Each pillar bears its legend, nature-wrought —
  Of Willows — Pines — June roses — ermined Snow:
  Even rollick Satire lurks within the stall,
Now hallowed by commemorative thought:
  Heartsease and Rue upon the altar glow;
  And thou, High Priest, dost consecrate it all!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Mr. Lowell taught us for years the lesson we need most to learn — the beauty of fine workmanship, and the tempered strength that comes with the recognition of limits.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Lowell was one of the American poets most beloved of naturalists, for, although few of his poems were addressed directly to matters of natural history, yet when he did write such an one, or incidentally referred to nature, he seemed to do so with an accurate knowledge, often lacking in poets. This is a great comfort. More than most men, too, he turned to animal life for the similes, apt comparisons, or accenting touches which enriched his verse, and

seemed to do this so spontaneously that, if we had no other information, we must conclude that he knew accurately as facts, not only the things he refers to, but understood the sentiment of each one of them — had, in his own phrase,

"Some secret league with wild wood-wandering things."

Thus Lowell is more truly a poet of "nature," as the student of animals and plants uses the word, than some who have been regarded as such especially. ERNEST INGERSOLL.

788 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, 20 August.

Mr. Lowell was a scholar, as well as a poet, and it is as a scholar and a poet that he marks the greatest advance yet made in American literature. The natural refinement of his nature and the acuteness of his intellect, as well as the force of his upright convictions, were shown at the beginning of his career by his "Biglow Papers," and at its close by his brave and vigorous essays and orations.

ARTHUR GILMAN.

Neither an epitaph nor a paragraph can cover, or adequately express, the merit of Lowell as a poet, humorist, and critic. I have not the time to put fully into words my own hearty admiration of his fine intellectual power, and gratitude for his great service to the dignity of American letters. In any formal estimate, also, it would be imperative to consider certain defects in his prose style, together with a certain lack of spontaneity and breadth in his mental and artistic constitution, — "muscle-bound" with learning not lightly worn, — which limited him, and made his influence upon our literature less beneficent than that of some other masters. But we are not so fortunate as to find among the new-comers, yet, any one with strength, gentleness, lofty tone, and conscientiousness equal to Lowell's.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

NEW LONDON, August 22, 1891.

I have for many years considered Mr. Lowell the chief among American writers, past and present, and have been glad to find of late the opinion gaining ground that he was one of the foremost men of letters of our time. His services as patriot, reformer, and scholar have for the time somewhat obscured the technical excellence of his work in some directions, but as time goes on I think his extreme carefulness in the choice of syllable, word, and phrase will be very generally recognized. Not many weeks before his death I said to him, in speaking of his poem, "The Cathedral": —

"Mr. Lowell, was that succession of 'u' sounds in the opening of the poem,

'As to a bee the new campanula's
Illuminate seclusion hung in air,'

intentional, or merely a happy accident?"

"I think I must have intended it," was his response. "I am usually very particular about such things, so much so, indeed, as to be annoyed by it at times. Even when I am writing letters I get to thinking of the sounds of the words and almost forget what I am writing about."

It was this same carefulness of detail carried into everything he did which made Mr. Lowell's work in all directions so eminently satisfactory. Whether he watched the birds from his windows at Elmwood, or before his library fire discoursed upon the old English dramatists, his vision was equally keen. He knew the habits of the one as intimately as he did the mind of the other; and though accuracy with him never became an engine of oppression, as with some men, his words were always so well chosen that the listener felt that no others would have conveyed his meaning as well as those which fell from his lips so easily.

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

If it be true, as somebody has said, that "a foreign nation is a contemporaneous posterity," and if Sir Edwin Arnold fairly represents the critical judgment of the foreign nation whose opinion would have had most weight with James Russell Lowell, then we must admit that, as a poet, Mr. Lowell takes rank after "Longfellow, Poe, and Walt Whitman." The English, by the way, have not yet given a niche in Westminster Abbey to Poe, and I doubt if they will give one to Whitman; but the honor has been accorded to Longfellow, as it doubtless will be to Lowell. But neither Westminster Abbey nor Sir Edwin Arnold determines the ultimate fame of a poet. Time alone can

settle that — time and the voice of the common people, for whom Shakespeare is not too lofty nor Burns too lowly. If I might venture a prediction as to Lowell's place among poets, it would be that his "Biglow" verses will outlive his finely-wrought and polished odes; precisely because the former is studded with such bits of homely wisdom as that which I disregard in offering the suggestion, viz.: "Don't never prophesy, — onless ye know."

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Pilot EDITORIAL ROOMS, BOSTON, August 22, 1891.

I thank you for the privilege of adding a word to your tribute of respect and love to Mr. Lowell. We knew that health was failing him, but we were not prepared to hear that he had joined the cloud of witnesses that surround us, whose immortal memories summon this nation to obey the high calling of God to take the van in ushering in the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of universal freedom and peace.

W. H. FURNESS.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., Friday, August 21, 1891.

In mellower England Mr. Lowell was, as he felt, one of a company. Here, he was chief torch-bearer of the old Cantabrigian scholarship, and it is as if his Boston had gone out in him. We owe to him not alone the best ode in our world, but the sunniest and shrewdest criticism. A great poet and great citizen is dead. Peace be to him!

"O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen."

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

James Russell Lowell was, and will be, crowned by a common literary consensus the foremost American critic. He was among the very few critics of the class of which Matthew Arnold was a type who did not make criticism ancillary chiefly, but who made it creative. That which was naturally the scaffold to the house he made as beautiful and admirable as the house itself. Whether it was Dante (of whom one can scarcely write without catching a poetic flavor) or Pope of whom he wrote, — in this case some might think with too much praise, — he was always the critic of strength and of genius, as well as of individuality and exuberant fancy. His poetry was at its best charming and exquisite. It was not all of it of equal spontaneity, or equally in touch with the widest audience; but it was among the finest of American contributions. In the peaks of thought it presents the ridge is but little serrated, so high is the level maintained.

Back of the poet was also the man of truest civic and political instinct. If any saw clear and straight concerning the Republic, it was he. Few, indeed, are the men in any country and generation who were, or ever will be, his all-around equals. Enjoying, as I did, a casual and for many years a pleasantly recognized friendship with him, I have, as friend and fellow-citizen, sustained a double loss by his sudden and really untimely death.

JOEL BENTON.

AMENIA, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1891.

I can only say of Mr. Lowell that he has been a continual inspiration to me, both by his life and his writings, and that I deeply regret it is now too late to tell him so. I have never met him, yet he has always been dear to me; and as he was greatly loved, he will be greatly mourned.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. Va., Aug. 25, 1891.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Still is the voice that rang so loud and strong
When chains were to be riven, men made free.
Ah, when again shall patient watchers see
So brave a knight do battle with all wrong?
In thought, in act, he towered above the throng,
Like in the forest towers some mighty tree;
No age nor people cannot show than he
A manlier singer of a perfect song.
And this we hold as record of his life —
A noble friendliness, a fearless thought,
A love for all who bore the name of man;
A spirit ready at the call of strife,
Yet happier when the battle had been fought,
A manhood that was all American.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

I have always regarded James Russell Lowell as the most thoroughly and completely *a poet* among the half dozen of our honored singers whom we are accustomed to call "great." He holds so many rare elements in combination, — manhood, and patriotism, and spiritual insight

underlying his love of nature, his wit, his tenderness, his subtle and passionate power of expression, his fine perception of the picturesque, and his exquisite rhythmic sense and facility. Both as a man of letters and as a poet, he is one of the few whom our American youth must always look up to and study wi h pride and reverence — an acknowledged standard American author. LUCY LARCOM.

THE MOOSILAUKE, BREEZY POINT, N. H., Aug. 22, 1891.

Although the public life of Mr. Lowell has for the last ten years so obscured his literary life, all would agree that the real significance of his career lay in his position as a man of letters. It is as a poet and an essayist that he will ultimately be judged; and in both capacities it is the classic spirit — or what may better be called the pure literary spirit — which is most vital. He preserved, because he instinctively felt and appreciated, the literary tradition; and yet, strangely enough, it is not in the spirit of classical tradition that he has done that work which will live longest. The influence of his writings upon American letters has probably been less than the effect of his personality; but the two together have exerted a force which is sure to be as lasting as it is beneficent.

ARLO BATES.

I regard Mr. Lowell as second greatest of American poets, ranking below only Whitman.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

As a lyric poet, a polished satirist, and a writer of strong and elegant prose and mellifluous verse, James Russell Lowell, it seems to me, was the most remarkable figure in modern English literature. NOAH BROOKS.

FABYAN'S, N. H., Aug. 30.

May the genius and genuine Americanism of James Russell Lowell survive not only in literature, but in his grandchildren.

KATE FIELD.

LOWELL AND ARNOLD.

Whenever a second Plutarch comes, if one ever does come, where will he find a subject more inviting for his parallels and contrasts than the works and lives of Lowell and Matthew Arnold, America's and England's most generally accomplished representatives of the culture of their day? Each was eminent as a literary scholar, a critic, a writer of prose; and each was famous as a poet. It is common enough for a poet to be a scholar; these two names are only two arrows more to stick in that St. Sebastian theory of Macaulay's concerning the antagonism between poetry and learning. But though many poets have been learned, though many, too, have left excellent prose, few as conspicuous as these are equally conspicuous through the formal evidence of their attainments in historical literature, and in reflection upon it, by means of critical essays. Each, moreover, was much more than a man of letters; the two entered heartily into the affairs of their generation, and not only thought and felt with their age, but took an active part in controversies through which the next century is to be better than ours. Both were public men, in a sense that their greatest literary contemporaries were not.

Yet how unlike they were! Compare the large robustness and reasonableness of Mr. Lowell's views on current topics, the splendid enthusiasm with which one great cause possessed him, his free, hearty, open general personality, with that product of English culture whose current thought, sometimes so wise, was sometimes peevish and impracticable, who always possessed his inner emotions, and who at times seemed to feel himself the superior and weary schoolmaster of a world-wide Rugby. As scholars and critics, too, they are wide apart.

Mr. Lowell's mind was more energetic and spontaneous; he had many more ideas, he was more widely, perhaps more deeply, read. Yet through Arnold's clear outline conceptions, and his philosophical grasp, bringing simplicity out of complexity, above all through his choice of ideas, that great art of selection, he appears the superior critical essayist. Some of Mr. Lowell's studies seem half essay, half note-book or marginalia. He tells us such valuable, interesting, and often original truths about the subject he is analyzing, that his critical volumes are of eminent service to students as well as to general readers: but Arnold, if less instructive, is more constructive as a critic. In regard to style, too, energetic and clear as his writings always are, and even beautiful as his expression is in passages, he missed his friend's touch, deft and light, yet never lacking in strength and litheness; he missed his delicate felicity and ease; while his very earnestness and mental vivacity led him occasionally to a certain obtrusiveness of clear thoughts and to turns of manner which, to use Cardinal Newman's word for something comparable, are "unchastised." Is it, for example, an over-fastidious taste which objects to such remarks as that one about the service of cataracts to poets? Yet from these very qualities his writings, no doubt, have gained more than they have suffered, and he is by common consent our leading critic. Perhaps his finest quality of style is his independence. It is worth noticing that neither Arnold nor Lowell was a precisian. Both took up new words, or even constructed them, and in the bracing air of freedom and individuality that we catch in both we find none of that academic exactness inculcated by rhetorical hand-books and illustrated by schoolmistresses. Indeed, I have seen college sophomores of a literary tendency point to more than one word and phrase in Arnold's essays with the critical frown: and when it has been suggested that the expression was in the interest of an unfossilized diction, I have seen them turn away with a respectful silence which assured me that their own essays would never stoop to language so informal, if not undignified. Certainly, with all his elegance, Arnold could be charmingly easy; and we may say the same of Lowell. If there is any passage which makes sound and healthful reading for young writers, it is that part of the introduction to the "Biglow Papers" where the vocabulary of a language is discussed; the whole subject, so well argued and illustrated, being summed up in the proposition that when a language ceases to grow it is dead. Certainly, Mr. Lowell's style is never dead.

As for the resemblance between these two authors, in their distinction as poets, it seems to me mistaken to place Lowell's poems, as a leading publication did the other day, above, or even on a level with, the clear, calm wisdom, magic form, and melody of Arnold's. Indeed, I am sufficiently at variance with the general judgment to say that Whittier has written several poems whose sweet simplicity and tranquillity will carry them into the future abreast of Lowell's best, though quite dissimilar, work; that Longfellow excels in essentially poetic quality; and that Emerson — well, that Emerson, in spite of all his faults, is still our one poet who speaks from the mountain-top. I read Lowell's more literary verses with admiration, but, except for a few passages, they seem to stay in the book after I have closed it.

What is most to be revered in our dead poet is his personality, and above his great literary merit I would place his merit as a man who saw the world he lived in from the two standpoints of what it was and what it ought to be, and whose life succeeded in helping it ahead. Even those of us who feel that we owe more to Arnold's poems than to any others of these latter days may well doubt whether that poetry of culture did as much for its own generation as was done by the more democratic and philanthropic and local writers. Arnold, critical and self-possessed, stood over against us and told us what to do for the refinement and up-building of our inner selves. Lowell, warm-hearted and eager, came close to his readers in a critical time, with calls to outer manhood as men and citizens, and to duty toward helplessness and want. I do not remember reading after Arnold's death that any prominent London philanthropist declared one of the dead author's poems the impulse for his work of practical benevolence toward the poor and oppressed, or that any great American orator "tipped the shafts of his

eloquence" against a monstrous national wrong with extracts from his volumes of verse. Both are great services, the mission of subtle intellectual and spiritual culture, and the mission of every-day goodness and humanity. From the nature of things, Arnold's work will influence later generations more than Lowell's can; but perhaps the more transitory activity is the more generous and enviable.

Yet, even if he were inferior in other parts of his work as an artist and as a man, Lowell would be sure of a permanent name through the national character of many of his writings. Of all our poets he, in his best and freest verse, is the least exotic, the most American. He wrote a little up-country idyl that Theocritus would have envied, if Theocritus had been a New Englander. His most famous ode was a high national song. In the "Biglow Papers" he produced not only "original poetry" in a sense true of none of his contemporaries, but also a Yankee poem, brilliant in the management of language, full of native humor, with skilful portrayals of a famous type of American character already almost gone; to say nothing of its splendid strokes of wit and wisdom: best praise of all, a poem alive with the moral inspiration of great home principles. If there is really ground for fearing, as some declare, that as a nation our manliness and patriotism are dwindling, extended extracts from Lowell's poetry (and prose, as well) ought to be put in the reading-books for all our schools. Even if we are not patriotically decadent, they ought to be there; for theirs is a noble Americanism, thought out by one of our strongest thinkers, and written by one of our foremost men of letters.

E. T. McLaughlin.

YALE COLLEGE.

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It is a fact that many a book owes its success solely to its title. On the other hand, books really good oftentimes do not receive such recognition as they would deserve simply because their titles are not sufficiently attractive. It is no little thing to christen a novel properly. Sometimes it is easier to write a novel than to find an attractive name for it.

As the title is so important a part of a book, it may be interesting to note how titles are treated by the law of copyright. Suppose A announces that he will republish a copyrighted work, and B, anticipating him, publishes a cheaper book of the same name, — as in the case of Weldon *vs.* Dicks, in 1878, — what are the rights of A?

In the first place, it may be said that the protection afforded by the law is intended for the whole work; the title, therefore, being a part of the book, is necessarily protected also. This is subject to one condition; namely, that the title be original, as only original matter is within the benefit of the law. The title, then, must be out and out original, it must have been invented by the author, must be a child of his imagination. Words accessible to any one, historical, geographical, or personal names, hackneyed phrases, etc., cannot be exclusively claimed by any author — they are common property. Thus, such titles as "Charity Ball," "A Splendid Misery," "Belgravia," etc., were allowed by the courts to be used by others than the owners of the copyrighted works originally so entitled. Any one, then, may now call his book by the name of a work already published; an author may call his novel "Looking Backward" or "A Faith Doctor," for instance.

There is, however, one important exception. If the new work, assuming the title of the older one, should appear likely to mislead the public into believing it to be the original work, the courts would not hesitate to enjoin its publication. Thus, in the above-mentioned case, Mr. Weldon, having held since 1854 the copyright

of a story entitled "Trial and Triumph," announced in 1878 that he would republish it. He made some preparations, but before his book appeared Mr. Dicks printed and published another story under the same title, although with different contents. Weldon's book was advertised at two shillings, while that of Dicks sold at sixpence a copy. It was found that the title of the new book did mislead the public and greatly prejudiced the interests of Mr. Weldon. Mr. Dicks had to pay damages and stop the sale of the story.

Here it must be remarked that it is generally very difficult to prove that the title misled the public, especially if there is a different author named in the infringing book.

The Washington and New York weekly, *Public Opinion*, announces on its first page that its title is trade-marked. This is simply a delusion. No one can monopolize the "public opinion," any more than a biographer can claim the exclusive use of the two words "Thomas Jefferson." As far as the title is concerned, there may be published half a dozen or more *Public Opinions*. If there is anything in these two words that may be trade-marked, it is the form of the letters or the printer's ink.

It is never necessary to have a title trade-marked, for if it be original, it is covered by copyright; if not, it cannot be protected by either copyright or a trade-mark, since the trade-mark would not be valid.

Joseph George Král.

CHICAGO, Ill.

A RESULT OF DELAYED PUBLICATION.

Once upon a time a village schoolma'am, in good and regular standing, with unimpaired digestion and by no means melancholy temperament, wrote a little poem. It was entitled "Confidence," and described the clearing up of a mountain storm — likening the phenomenon to the clearing away of spiritual doubts. In a moment of unusual boldness she sent the poem to the editor of a prominent religious journal, with a modest letter and the regulation stamp for reply.

No reply came, and after some months, concluding that the waste-basket — in the gigantic size and omnivorous appetite of which she then had as firm belief as many exercise in regard to the traditional "goat" of secret societies — had swallowed her innocent verses, she recopied them and gave them to a local paper, in which they were promptly printed. In the mean time she had sought consolation for her literary failure by entering the blissful state of matrimony.

A year passed by, and the quondam schoolma'am sat in her nursery, turning her poetic genius to practical account by crooning original lullaby words set to old music in the ears of her first-born son, when "paterfamilias" entered, and after his accustomed salute to mother and babe, handed to her an envelope addressed in her maiden name, remarking that somebody was as far behind the times as the editor of the ———, which, I should have said before, had a few weeks previous published the little poem before mentioned, and appended thereto the name over which it was sent nearly two years before.

The letter was in an unknown hand, bore an unknown signature, and was as follows: —

Miss ———: How audacious you think I am to write to a stranger in this way; but how did you ever come to write that poem in the —— of ——? You see it is quite a clue to you: quite a means of acquaintance.

1. You are away from home, or you could not be lonesome enough to write such a poem.

2. You are a Christian, or you could not trust God so.

3. You are a Congregationalist, or you would not have sent it to the ——.

4. You have culture.

Now, I know that this letter, too, is a revelation of its writer, but not so much as it might be. I want you to write to me, and get acquainted, and give me an opportunity of knowing you better.

I was graduated at —— in ——, and preach here in ——, and am building a church. My home is in ——, Conn. I have neither the opportunity nor the time for ordinary methods of acquaintance now. Please write to me, for *I don't like to have you feel so badly!* Address in enclosed envelope.

The italics and exclamation are mine.

"You should sue the ——— for damages," said "paterfamilias," suggestively, "because if the editor had published your poem sooner, you might have been a minister's wife!"

"I think I have recovered damages right here," said the silly school-ma'am, trying for the hundredth time to pinch her infant's nose into shape.

In the language of the good little Sunday-school books, this is a true tale.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Calif. *Ella Beecher Gittings.*

A WRITERS' WHITE LIST.

In the July WRITER Ella W. Ricker recommends the publication of a black list of delinquent periodicals. There are many objections to this plan, not the least of which is that the list would soon encroach upon the other departments of any magazine that was bold enough to publish it.

I have long thought, however, that it was quite possible to publish a "White List" of honorable periodicals and publishers, the names to be sent to the publisher of THE WRITER by authors, carefully omitting those that were lacking in any point of fairness.

The list should be published quarterly, at a low subscription rate, and in plain pamphlet form, or embodied in THE WRITER. Every author on receiving the "White List" should look it carefully over. Should he find thereon a name spotted by deeds of injustice, he should make it his first duty to report the full circumstances to the editor of THE WRITER, leaving the dropping or retaining of the name to his judgment.

The faithful working of this plan would minimize the woes of authors. With the fear of this list before their eyes, editors would soon cease to accept articles that they knew they could not use for many years. Neither would they (as in a case of which I knew lately) publish an article and not pay for it until a whole year thereafter. Neither would they be likely to duplicate the following circumstance: A certain prominent religious weekly accepted an article and kept it five years on the "payment on use plan." In the beginning of the present spring the author wrote asking that the article might be returned immediately, in order that it might be used while it was "timely." A polite little note to the effect that the article had been "overlooked," but would be used "early in May," was then received from the editor. The author, in the sublime innocence of her heart, believed this promise, and even made plans for spending the expected check. The result? Well, up to August 1 the article is still unpublished! Don't you imagine that author would enjoy seeing a "White List" *without* the name of that estimable weekly upon it?

Self-interest is, unfortunately, the great key that winds most of the springs of human action. Since this is a law that cannot be set aside, is it not wise to make use of it? In answer to THE WRITER'S request names for the "White List" will no doubt be forthcoming. For myself, I am happy to say my "White List" is a long one, while my "Black List" holds but four names. *Clara J. Denton.*

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to William H. Hills. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or directly, by mail, from the publisher.

*** THE WRITER is kept on sale by Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Bookstore), Boston; Brentano Bros., New York, Washington, and Chicago; George F. Wharton, New Orleans; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; and the principal newsdealers in other cities.

*** Everything printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Address: —
THE WRITER,
(P. O. BOX 1905.) BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. V. SEPTEMBER, 1891. NO. 9.

It seems fitting that THE WRITER should devote most of its space this month to honoring the memory of James Russell Lowell, who has been aptly spoken of, not only as America's foremost man of letters, but as America's foremost citizen. Especially interesting is the article on "Lowell in Private Life," by John H. Holmes, brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and for many years one of Mr. Lowell's most intimate companions. The personal tributes to Mr. Lowell sent by leading American writers, in response to a request from the editor of THE WRITER, show in what high estimation he was held, and set forth his many-sidedness and his *ability.* The comparison between Lowell and *Arnold by the assistant professor of* English at Yale College is full of interesting suggestions. The frontispiece portrait of Mr. Lowell is, perhaps, the most life-like of all the pictures of him extant.

***

Writers of magazine articles in selecting their titles frequently fail to consider the requirements of the magazine writer, and give to their manuscripts titles which he cannot use. A book may succeed best under a title which is designed simply to attract attention and to make it conspicuous among other new publications, but a magazine article needs to have a title which, besides attracting attention, will give some definite idea of what the article is about. The editor depends upon his table of contents to advertise his magazine, and a "catchy" title does not serve his purpose if it fails to be descriptive of the article above which it is put. For this reason writers should be careful to make their titles definite, as well as novel and attractive, always remembering that a well-named article is already half sold.

***

A circular sent to New England postmasters by Washington officials, warning them to see that all mail matter is properly rated for postage, says: "New England is a great literary centre, and manuscripts are often sent by authors to their publishers at rates below those required by law, owing to a mistaken impression — equally shared by country postmasters and the public — that a distinction is made by the law between that kind of written matter and other kinds. This error probably had its origin in a special exception made for corrected proof sheets, where the writing was considered constructively a part of the print, and as making no addition to, or alteration of, the sense of the printed matter." While it is true that the postal regulations require an author to pay as much postage on his manuscript as if it were a letter, it ought not to be true. An author's manuscript to him and to editors and publishers is merchandise, as much as a pound of paper is to the stationer, or a printed book to the publisher, and he should be allowed to send it through the mails at merchandise rates. It is unjust that an author should be required to pay letter postage on a bulky manuscript which

contains nothing in the nature of a personal communication, when other merchandise can be sent through the mails at reduced rates. An exception in favor of the author is made in the case of book manuscripts accompanied by proof-sheets transmitted between author and publisher, which may be mailed at third-class rates. If book manuscripts accompanied by proofs can be mailed at this rate, why should not magazine or newspaper manuscripts with proofs be similarly mailed, and why should there be any discrimination against manuscripts of any kind when they are not accompanied by proofs? The present postage charges are a heavy tax on the writer, who, unless he is fortunate enough to be famous, frequently has to address many editors before he finds a market for the merchandise of his brain. In other countries his equality of rights with dealers in other merchandise is recognized, and special rates are made for manuscripts, whether intended for publication as books or in newspapers or magazines. There is no practical objection to making such a reduction in the United States.

* * *

The only way in which a change of postal rates on manuscripts can be secured is for authors to combine their influence on Congressmen, and so bring about the necessary change in the postal laws. THE WRITER is ready to take an active interest in this matter, and to do all in its power to help get the postage rates on manuscripts reduced. The editor will be pleased to receive suggestions on the subject from readers of the magazine, and to have editors of other periodicals join in calling attention to the matter and help in securing a remedy for the present injustice. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

Please tell me if Crabbe's "Synonyms" is still the best book on the subject, or if there is a later and better publication? Do you still recommend Hood's "Rhymester"? H. K.

[Perhaps the best book of synonyms for general use is Roget's "Thesaurus," the most serviceable edition of which costs $2.00. It is a book that every writer should have constantly within easy reach, and that any writer, no matter how extended may be his vocabulary, may profitably study. Campbell's "Synonyms" (price, $0.50) is an excellent smaller work. Hood's "Rhymester" (price, $1.00) is an excellent rhyming dictionary, and its value is enhanced by its introductory chapters on verse-writing. Another good rhyming dictionary is Walker's (price, $1.50), which even the possessor of the "Rhymester" will find useful, since it classifies rhymes on a different plan from that of Hood. Any of these books will be sent, post-paid, by The Writer Publishing Company, on receipt of the publisher's price.—W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The reading of Mr. Fernald's article on English spelling in the August number of THE WRITER moves me to inquire why spelling reformers are so systematically inconsistent.

Why, for instance, does Mr. Fernald write "I have red and heard"? If "red," why not "herd"?

Why does he write "scheme" when he might have written "skeme"?

Why does he write such words as "orthographic," "phonographic," and "philologist" with a "ph" when he might have used the "f"?

He predicts a great future for the phonetic basis of spelling and spells "phonetic" with a "ph" in the very sentence wherein he announces the prediction.

He asks why a word should constantly lug its genealogical record about with it, and in the same sentence says that language should be recorded in "dictionaries" (not dikshunaries).

Until the spelling reformers kan formulate sum sistematik thery and liv up tu it, pepl wil probably clev tu genealogical records in riting the langwage.

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

Every editor of a country weekly knows that in order to make a live local paper he must depend to a great extent upon the assistance of his readers, who send to him items of news of which he would not otherwise get information. He is always glad to receive such items, and to put them into shape, even when they

read like the following genuine letter, which, with all identifying names carefully changed, is printed "verbatim et punctuatim" as it was received: —

Office of Blank, Dash, & Co.,
60 to 64 Albion Street,
New York, Aug. 18, 1891.

Editor *Dashville Transcript*

Dear Sir We the undersigned have had a daughter born last Saturday August 15, 1891 to be named Alvina Imogene we had Doctor Butler of Dashville we reside in East Dashville on Albion street I am a customer of your *Transcript* I work for Blank, Dash & Co a grocery house in New York.

Respectfully yours
MR. AND MRS. EDWIN F. BROWN.

The editor found it altogether unnecessary to send a reporter to secure additional particulars.

R. L. S.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

BOOK REVIEWS.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. An Elementary Text-book for Use in High Schools and Academies. By Julian Hawthorne and Leonard Lemmon. 319 pp. Cloth. Boston: D. C. Heath & Company. 1891.

An authoritative manual of American literature, suitable for schoolroom use, would certainly meet with a ready demand, but it must be confessed that the attempt of Julian Hawthorne and his co-laborer, Mr. Lemmon, to supply the sort of book so long desired is disappointing. The chief objection to their work is that it is not what it purports to be, viz., an "Elementary Text-book." It is too scholarly and too critical, where it should be expository and didactic. It is a book, not for beginners, but rather for those who have read widely, and who understand and appreciate something of the art of making good literature. The rich erudition of the critic, Hawthorne, his scientific dissection of style, treatment, and literary motives of American writers, will probably perplex sadly the mind of the young student, and make harder, instead of lessening, the task of the teacher. The absence from the book of the didactic principle, which should be its controlling feature, is much to be regretted, because it is apparent that Mr. Hawthorne's part of the work has been done with a master hand. Probably there exists no other critical analysis of American literature, characterized by such intricate philosophical reasoning, which is so thorough, and so strong, and so ably performed as that Mr. Hawthorne has written in this book. But this is the very reason why the book does not meet its requirements. It is not a text-book, but a learned and scientific review — too heavy and too deep for high-school or academy boys and girls.

Mr. Hawthorne's literary antecedents, and his peculiar position among men of letters of the day, inspire a not unnatural curiosity regarding his estimate of American literature and literature-makers. He writes like a man who has the courage of his convictions, and is never afraid to record his opinions in unmistakable words. With his high estimate of Washington Irving probably none will disagree. His analysis of Poe, who is a "psychological study of profound interest and permanent significance," is a powerful bit of writing, and his conclusion, that "never was so broad a reputation built upon a basis of actual achievements so narrow," is satisfactory. Of Bryant, he declares that he lacked the human touch, and that when you have read "Thanatopsis" you have read all of him. His estimate of Longfellow is eminently fair. Emerson, he says, was "that rare phenomenon, a type of pure human innocence," who knew not evil, and who wrote "by a sort of divine innocence." His "works are like a soap-bubble; they mirror and enhance all beauty, and delight and educate the æsthetic sense; but they can be applied to no concretely useful purpose. At the contact of mortal fingers they vanish." Still, Hawthorne thinks Emerson's fame will increase. Hawthorne, Sr., Hawthorne, Jr., writes down as the "greatest of American men of letters," and to the analysis of his literary temperament and of the influence his writings produced upon American literature the son gives extensive space. To Holmes, he accords versatility and brilliance, breadth, but not depth. "He is not great, but what there is of him is very good." To Lowell, Hawthorne awards the honor of being the most distinguished of the writers of the present day. His imagination was strong, his facility in literary allusion was rich, but "original he is not." His ripe scholarship gave his works individuality, united with the imaginative touch, independence, life. He always carried with him "the air and diction of a man of the world; we feel that the library and drawing-room are not far off." Whittier is "characteristically and almost exclusively American in his theme; and he reaches the heart of the people as a poet of higher culture might fail to do." Of Bayard Taylor, Hawthorne says that "a few more strokes of his wings would have made his immortality secure." "A flavor of Dickens is occasionally perceptible" in Bret Harte's work, which "is on a level with the best literary product of the nation." The fallacies in Henry James' method of treatment are intelligently pointed out, as also are those in the so-called "realism of Howells." Still, if Howells would but "bestow his exquisite workmanship upon some fitting theme, his place in American literature would be not far from the top." Hawthorne pillories Walt Whitman unmercifully, — calls him an ignorant egotist, clumsy, braying

forth "his message upon a fog-horn," and says his style is a "mixture of the double-shuffle and the limp, the stride and the breakdown." "He gives us the slang of the street, the *patois* and pigeon-English of the frontier, and the bald vulgarity of the newspaper penny-a-liner." Of the best writers of current literature, Hawthorne speaks most kindly, but does not think any one of them shows signs of real greatness. His book covers the entire products of American literature from the earliest times to the year 1891, and the writers are analyzed by groups.

O. M.

BURKE'S SPEECHES ON THE AMERICAN WAR, AND LETTER TO THE SHERIFFS OF BRISTOL. With Introduction and Notes. By A. J. George, A. M. 241 pp. Stiff boards, 50 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Company. 1891.

As examples of political oratory the speeches of Edmund Burke have been equalled only by those of Daniel Webster. Their perusal in this tasteful volume emphasizes the decadence in political speech-making of the present day. The book is intended for class-room exercise, and is accompanied by a useful scheme for analyzing and shading the varied literary style of England's great orator. O. M.

A PURITAN PAGAN. By "Julien Gordon." 367 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

A society novel by a society leader would necessarily arrest attention, even if its literary workmanship were poor, but "Julien Gordon's" "A Puritan Pagan" is worthy of attention, because, from a purely literary point of view, it is one of the best and most notable works of fiction of the year. The author's style is masculine in its strength, scholarly in its diction, and exquisitely accurate and thorough in the light and shade of expression. In respect of her literary skill, "Julien Gordon" certainly deserves to rank on even terms with any of the novel-producers of the day.

The scheme of the book, while in a measure old, is none the less interesting, although it concerns a phase of fashionable metropolitan life with which few people have any sympathy. The man in the novel, a brainy and prosperous young lawyer of Puritan ancestry, marries a girl, the daughter of a great scientist, who has reared his child, her mother having died, without permitting her to mingle with the world around her. At womanhood, she is an impulsive, headstrong, foolish, and in some respects a weak girl, who marries, not so much for love, as because of her father's death and her own consequent helplessness. The husband intrigues with a beautiful California widow, his client, the scandal, and his remorse, and his ultimate confession to his wife resulting in her deserting him to live with a relative. A "leader of fashion," beautiful, rich, middle-aged, and a coquette, with a husband so old that he is unable to maintain the rapid social pace of his attractive wife, and indifferent to her flirtations, because he is glad enough of the doubtful honor of being the worse half of so prominent a social autocrat, now appears on the scene, and with her a professional society man, her lover, so far as she is capable of loving anybody, dilettante, collector of bric-à-brac, elegantly dressed, always perfumed, probably a wearer of corsets, smooth-spoken, debonnaire, utterer of pat phrases, cynical, a stickler for good form, an idler in the byways of "fast" society life, and a man who never loses his head.

Between them, Mrs. Heathcote and her obedient servant, Mr. Singleton Ackley, plan a method of distracting the unhappy young wife, and at the same time of bringing about a reconciliation. Most people will agree that the husband's disgrace, which is no less than the chief marital crime necessary for a divorce, would be excellent ground for a permanent separation; but not so these discriminating social leaders. By their connivance, the wronged wife is introduced into and made much of by upper-tendom at Newport, then at Washington, and finally at Paris. Her beauty attracts a formidable train of lovers, vapid society men, who are always taken with a new face. She becomes quite the rage, as it was intended she should. The society journals teem with accounts of her conquests. In the gayest salons of the French capitol she leads the young men, with some of whom it would be unsafe to trust an innocent girl alone for an hour at a time, to avowals of desperate love. Her husband, meanwhile, tortured by remorse, is utterly miserable and jealous, but repentant of his sin, and writes asking forgiveness, and thus the reconciliation comes to pass. It must be confessed that this unnatural flavor, distinctly Parisian, and never American, disappoints, while it also shocks, the reader. The conscienceless cynicism which regards human love and human hearts as mere playthings, to be guarded to-day and forsaken to-morrow, which mercilessly parades a beautiful and innocent woman, for effect upon an unfaithful husband, before the sensual gaze of French courtiers — this is not a noble theme, nor can one believe in its actual existence, even among the "fast set" in New York's social life. Possibly the author of "A Puritan Pagan" speaks by the card when she makes this theme the ruling motive of her story, but the unfamiliar reader cannot but feel that there has been too evident a straining to produce a sensational effect, quite unwarranted in so talented a writer. And herein the cause of the prevalent criticism of modern novels suggests itself. It is not that modern novels are not well-written, for many of them are models of literary excellence, but that their producers build them upon unworthy and unnatural lines, and thereby have inaugurated a

school of fiction-writing which may be financially never intellectually so. We should prefer to have from the pen of so skilful a writer as "Julien Gorden" a book that gives one an insight less into the artificial, nauseating life of fashionable society, and more into the humbler, but nobler, life of every-day poeple. In the latter field a good book, about good people, with a good moral suggested to the reader's mind when he lays the book aside, would add infinitely to her literary reputation, and certainly would give her work a permanent value, which it probably does not possess now.

O. M.

THE STREAM OF PLEASURE; A Narrative of a Journey on the Thames from Oxford to London. By Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell; together with a practical chapter by J. G. Legge. Illustrated. 159 pp. Cloth, $2.25. New York: Macmillan & Company. 1891.

The nature of this beautifully-illustrated and perfectly-printed book is indicated in its title. It describes simply, but satisfactorily, what there is to be encountered in the way of pleasure in a trip on the Thames in a "house-boat," a gig, a randan, or a dingey, or out of one. What is quite as important, it recounts the irritations and the shortcomings of such a trip, and thus forewarns the prospective voyager. Judging by the authors' description, however, such a journey as they made is a series of delightful, lazy experiences, which is never monotonous, because of the thousand and one beautiful bits of scenery encountered, and the many picturesque sights to be seen every quarter mile. The towns passed on the way are either historically or architecturally attractive, and more often than not famous for their taverns, facts which lend an additional charm to the trip. To the American reader the book gives a view of the Thames and of the out-of-door life of Londoners, which may be had quite so minutely in no other way. The illustrations are on thick calendered paper, and, of their kind, cannot be improved. It is delightful merely to handle so artistic a volume. O. M.

JUSTICE. Part IV. of the Principles of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. 291 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

His health regained, for a time at least, Herbert Spencer has given to the world another valuable contribution to his exhaustive series on Synthetic Philosophy, in this, his latest book, having chosen to devote himself to "The Ethics of Social Life: Justice." The contemporaneous value of this book, published at a time when human rights and wrongs are being eagerly, and not always good-naturedly, debated, will be readily appreciated. The author skilfully traces the evolution of justice, first defining justice in the abstract, and in successive chapters describing the sentiment and the idea of justice, and finally elaborating its formula, which is reduced in precise language to this Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man. Upon this formula of justice, which is commonly accepted by humanity, are based the so-called rights of man, which are elucidated, chapter by chapter, as follows: The right to physical integrity, to free motion and locomotion, to the uses of natural media, involving restrictions and abuses of them. The right of property and of incorporeal property, of gift and bequest, of free exchange and free contract, of free industry, free belief and worship, free speech and publication, the rights of women, of children, political rights, the nature, the duties, and the constitution of the state, and the limits of state duties. This mere glance at the contents of the book in no sense conveys an adequate idea of the multiplicity of subjects treated, all of which are of human interest, and apply to a thousand of social, domestic, commercial, private, and public rights of man, woman, and child, in a thousand intimate relationships. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest is reasserted, physical force as a means of settling differences between nations is deprecated, the fallacies of socialistic, communistic, and Bellamyistic states are exposed, and the so-called emancipation of women receives no encouragement, except as it relates to women in Germany, and among some primitive peoples. The question of woman's "political rights," Mr. Spencer believes, cannot be entertained until women shall furnish to the army and navy contingent such as men furnish.

O. M.

ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE. By Beatrice Whitby. 202 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

Miss Whitby's stories have been singularly successful, both in England and America, and in this volume, containing a fresh collection of them, she writes a prefatory note of thanks in acknowledgment of her American readers' generous approval. She has a simple, but lucid, style, and her stories are always well-balanced and symmetrical. O. M.

HOME LIFE ON AN OSTRICH FARM. By Annie Martin. 288 pp. Illustrated. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1891.

A remarkably cheerful woman is the author of this book, completely in love with her subject and with the wild and nomadic life she spent with her husband in the table-lands north of Cape Town, South Africa. A less cheerful woman could never have endured the deprivations and the dangers of such a life, but this woman not only relished its flavor of adventure, but by her native ingenuity overcame whatever of discomfort there was, and surrounded the rudely-constructed and frail little house which she and her husband occupied with "all the

comforts of home," even if it was in the heart of an uncivilized country. She writes in a spirited, natural way, rightly introducing into her narrative a quality of amusing description between long passages devoted strictly to explaining how an ostrich farm is conducted. She gives a wealth of information about certain surprising peccadilloes of the valuably-feathered bird, and describes certain of his traits, which prove him to be an absorbing character-study, not to mention his commercial importance. The climate of the Karroo, the natives, the plants, the birds and animals, the food, the servants, are all treated exhaustively. The book is undoubtedly a valued addition to the literature of the Dark Continent. O. M.

TWO GIRLS ON A BARGE. By V. Cecil Cotes. 177 pp. Illustrated. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

This is an exquisitely printed and profusely illustrated little volume, the sole claim to merit of which is the pictures of life on the Thames, which it only half succeeds in presenting satisfactorily. It tells the story of two girls and two men who made a trip in a rude river barge from London. The author's attempt at humorous description is frequently wearisome, but, as she is an English woman, possibly her humor is beyond the intelligent comprehension of American readers, accustomed as they are to humor which has a native coloring. The illustrations, by F. H. Townsend, are admirably done. O. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

LITERARY INDUSTRIES. A Memoir By Hubert Howe Bancroft. 446 pp. Cloth. Harper & Brothers. 1891.

CALIFORNIA AND ALASKA, AND OVER THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. By William Seward Webb. Second Edition. Illustrated. 268 pp. Cloth, $2.50. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY. By Edmund Pendleton. 345 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

LIFE'S HANDICAP, BEING STORIES OF MINE OWN PEOPLE. By Rudyard Kipling. 351 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Company. 1891.

MADAME BOVARY. By Gustave Flaubert. Translated by Eleanor Marse-Aveling. Illustrated. 407 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

THE IMPRESS OF A GENTLEWOMAN. By Fannie E. Newberry. 397 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. 1891.

SET FREE. By Jennie M Drinkwater and Ella A. Drinkwater. 384 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. 1891.

OSBORNE OF ARROCHAR. By Amanda M. Douglas. 449 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE. By Grant Allen. 248 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

RUSSIAN TRAITS AND TERRORS. By E. B. Lanin. 288 pp. Paper, 35 cents. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker. 1891.

"SPOONS." Puck's Library, No. 50. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivances that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Making Indistinct Copy Clear. — When copy is a little blind, and there is doubt whether the compositor will read certain letters correctly, I make it a rule to print duplicates of the indistinct letters above the written word. This reduces the liability of typographical errors, especially in the case of proper names. L. F.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Getting Names for Fictitious Characters. — Dickens used to keep a note-book in which he jotted down odd names as he saw them on signboards or elsewhere, and then, by combining syllables of different names among those found in his note-book, he made the wonderful variety of names which he has given to his characters. It seems to me that an easier and quite as effective way is to cut from newspapers lists of names as they appear in tax-sale announcements and other places, and to note the odd names found among them. Directories also furnish a wonderful variety of names, the syllables of which may be separated and combined according to Dickens' plan. An old Chicago directory and a note-book filled with newspaper names have given me, in this way, good distinctive names for more characters than the busiest novelist could use in twenty years.

L. O. F.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Dictionary Study. — It must be a very learned writer who cannot improve himself by occasional study of the dictionary. Words are the writer's raw materials, and he must study

them to be able to use them to the best advantage. The unabridged dictionary, as the old lady complained, does not furnish much consecutive reading, but to one who will study it aright, it affords most fascinating and instructive occupation. Comparison of synonyms, study of definitions, and tracing of derivations show shades of meaning in many words which will surprise the student, and which are important to him if he is to write accurately and well. I do not mean that the writer should search the dictionary for high-sounding phrases and odd words, as some modern novelists seem to have done, but that he should study common words and become thoroughly acquainted with their meaning and their equivalents. I will venture to assert that any writer who will make it his practice to study Webster's International Dictionary for ten minutes every day for three months will continue the habit regularly afterward, because he will have seen for himself how much benefit he is getting from it.

W. R. F.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

Copying Manuscripts. — I find that it pays to keep a copy of my manuscripts, and that the easiest way to get a copy for preservation is by means of a letter-press. I use a Remington typewriter, and generally make two copies of everything I write, one by the use of manifold paper on the machine, and the other in the letter-book. The manifold copy is convenient for use in case the original manuscript is lost or defaced in dealing with editors. The letter-book copy I make in order to keep what I write arranged in chronological order, so as to be easily referred to. My series of letter-books has come to be a set of neat, typewritten volumes, properly indexed, and containing in order everything that I have written for publication. Not only are the volumes interesting to me, but I find that a comparison of them with the scrap-books in which I have pasted the articles they contain as they have appeared in print is very instructive. I have been writing long enough to learn that the intelligent editor is the writer's best friend, and that his judicious editing of copy should instruct the writer rather than exasperate him. Seldom in my experience have editors made unwise changes in my manuscripts; almost invariably their alterations have improved the copy, and constant study of their work has given me many useful hints.

P. S. R.

DES MOINES, Iowa.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE TALES OF RUDYARD KIPLING. Reprinted from *Edinburgh Review* in *Literary Digest* for August 8.

THE FUNCTION OF LITERATURE IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS. George Hardy. *Educational Review* for July.

A BRITON ON ENGLISH ADVERTISING. James H. Osborne. *Art in Advertising* for June.

WHAT SHALL WE READ? Mary J. Keyes. *Queries Magazine* for August.

BACON. *Queries Magazine* for August.

WHY HIGH-CLASS PERIODICALS FAIL. Samuel G. Sloane. *Inland Printer* for August.

REPORTERS AND EDITORS' UNIONS. Cyrus F. Willard. *Inland Printer* for August.

THE SOUL OF WIT. Frederic M. Bird. *Brains* for August 15.

LEGITIMATE LITERATURE. Austyn Granville. *Brains* for August 15.

WASHINGTON A LITERARY CENTRE. Ellen Hardin Walworth. *Chautauquan* for August.

WOMEN IN LITERATURE. Dr. Klara Kühnast. *Chautauquan* for August.

THE SCENE OF A FAMOUS NOVEL. Harriet Latham. *Peterson's Magazine* for August.

PERSONAL ADVERTISING. William Hosea Ballou. *Printers' Ink.*

A LITERARY WEDDING. *Press and Printer* for August 8.

MAKING A LITERARY REPUTATION. Editorial in *America* for August 6.

GEN. ALEXANDER C. MCCLURG. A Biographical Sketch. *America* for August 6.

CALIFORNIA'S FIRST PAPER. *Press and Printer* for August 15.

THE SINGLE SONNET OF WILLIAM GRAY. *Toronto Week* for August 14.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON MR. KIPLING. *Toronto Week* for August 14.

ADVENTURES AMONG BOOKS. Andrew Lang. *Scribner's* for September.

BROWNING'S "ASOLO." Felix Moschelles. *Scribner's* for September.

WORDS IN AN ORDINARY VOCABULARY. E. A. Kirkpatrick. *Science* for August 21.

FRAUDULENT PUBLISHING HOUSES. *Western Bookseller* for August 15.

THE AUTHOR HIMSELF. Woodrow Wilson. *Atlantic Monthly* for September.

LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS TO WILKIE COLLINS. *Harper's Magazine* for September.

AUTHORS' COMPLAINTS AND PUBLISHERS' PROFITS. George H. Putnam. *Forum* for September.

ART IN NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATION. Charles A. Gray. *Inland Printer* for August.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN. With Portrait. *Press and Printer* for August 8.

RECOLLECTIONS OF E. C. ALLEN. George P. Rowell. *Printers' Ink* for August 12.

HUMORS OF NEWSPAPER LIFE. *Christian Union* for August 15.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. George William Curtis. *Harper's Weekly* for August 22.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Editorial by Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for August 22.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE.—XXVII. The Lyric. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Christian Union* for August 22.

HIS MAJESTY THE "AVERAGE READER." Edgar Fawcett. *Lippincott's* for September.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR POETS. Louise Imogen Guiney. *Lippincott's* for September.

REAL PEOPLE IN FICTION. William S. Walsh. *Lippincott's* for September.

CLARK RUSSELL AND HIS SEA STORIES. Raymond Blathwayt. *Louisville Courier-Journal* for August 2.

TH. BENTZON, MARIAN DARCY, AND OTHER FRENCH TRANSLATORS. *New York Tribune* for August 2.

AN ESTIMATE OF LOWELL. Richard Henry Stoddard. *New York Mail and Express* for August 14.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Eugene L. Didier is writing what should be an interesting article on "Poe's Female Friends." Such an article offers a fine opportunity for attractive illustrations. Mr. Didier has been a specialist of Poeana for many years, but this is the first time the present subject has ever been treated in a magazine article.

The *Period* is a new illustrated weekly published in Atlanta, Ga.

The recent publication of a number of books of reminiscences by publishers and authors, as well as the recent international copyright law, have called fresh attention to the subject, always on its own account interesting, of the proper division of profits between publishers and writers. George Haven Putnam, the head of the publishing house of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons in New York, has written for the September number of the *Forum* an article which explains in detail the most usual arrangements that are made between the publishers and the writers of books, and tells the percentage of profits that goes to each. The article incidentally contains many interesting facts with regard to the fortunes made by writers and publishers, and with regard to the great expectations that have never been realized.

Dr. Edward Eggleston, the novelist, is to be married to Miss Frances E. Goode, eldest daughter of Dr. S. M. Goode, of Madison, Ind., early in the fall. The Goodes and the Egglestons are both Virginia families, the founders of the American branches being among the earliest colonists in the Old Dominion.

Beginning with Vol. XII., the *Forum* is enlarged, both in the size of the page and in the number of the pages; and the magazine is sewed with thread, and no longer stitched with wire.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, who is spending the summer in Maine, has just completed a new book for girls, entitled "Polly Oliver's Problem." It is likely to appear first in serial form. The success of "Timothy's Quest" has been so gratifying that Mrs. Wiggin is busily at work on a series of New England sketches. The portrayal of "down East" life, and character, and customs, the humor and pathos of Maine village life, is directly in the line of Mrs. Wiggin's ability.

Nos. 2 to 5, of the *Monthly Catalogue of Government Publications*, are published together. This brings the catalogue up to the first of June. The editor, J. H. Hickcox, No. 906 M street, N. W., Washington, D. C., makes the following statement: "It is known to most of the patrons of this publication that early in the year an effort was made to secure for it larger support. A circular letter, to which several prominent librarians very kindly added the strength of their indorsement, resulted in the acquisition of additional subscriptions, which relieve to some extent the burdens the compiler and publisher has been obliged to carry for several years. It was very gratifying to note the cordial responses in many cases. Several librarians doubled their subscriptions, another made three, while a Canadian friend desired to show his appreciation by subscribing for four copies. In view of the endless demands on the limited resources of public libraries, such liberality was unexpected, and the compiler desires to assure all these friends, as well as new subscribers, that their timely aid is thoroughly appreciated." The *Catalogue* is an extremely useful publication, and Mr. Hickcox deserves generous support.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has gone to Europe.

A prize of $250 is offered to members of the Bar of the State of New York of at least five years' standing by the State Bar Association, for the best original thesis, argument, or work upon the following subject: "To What Extent Can or Should Parol Testimony be Accepted to Construe or Determine the Provisions of a Will?" The essay must be sent to Robert C. Alexander, chairman of the committee, at his office, No. 23 Park row, New York City, on or before October 15, 1891, signed merely with a nom de plume, and accompanied with the real name of the writer in a sealed envelope. The prizes will be awarded, if there are at least five competitors, January 21, 1892.

Jerome K. Jerome's real name is Klapka Jerome Jerome. He was born in 1861, and has lived all his life in London. He has been a school teacher, a shorthand writer, and a newspaper reporter, and is now even more famous as a play writer than as a humorist.

The *Critic*, which does such admirable service by its weekly reviews of current literature, is to be enlarged.

Saqui Smith, author of "Back from the Dead," is an Englishman who has been a New York reporter for ten years.

The author of several successful railway novels, to whom a young lady submitted a manuscript for his verdict, delivered himself somewhat thus: "My dear young lady, it won't be a go It won't, indeed. It's all very pretty, but it has n't got a cover situation in it from beginning to end. You don't know what a cover situation is? Why, it's an incident,—a thrilling, stir-you-up, sensational incident,—the riskier the better, that our men can make a stunning good picture of, in colors, for the cover of the book. Catch the public eye — see? Public says, 'Hullo! must know what that's all about!' Buys the book — see? Why, whenever I start to write a book, I say, first off, 'What's the cover situation going to be?' and then I build the rest all 'round it. Now, you have n't an incident in your book that our men could make a cover the public would look at twice."

A fine portrait of the late George H. Baker and a sketch of his life make the mid-season number of the *Thousand Islands News* especially attractive to literary people. Besides, there are many good illustrations of general interest, a travel sketch by Clinton Scollard, a poem by Caroline Washburn Rockwood, a story by Fannie Edgar Thomas, and much other good reading. The three society papers issued by F. G. Barry, whose home office is at Utica, N. Y., are models in their way, and deserve their great success.

Gleeson White has resigned the editorship of the *Art Amateur*, and will return to London this month to resume his accustomed literary work there.

George W. Cable is the guest of President Gates of Amherst at his cottage in Bethlehem, N. H.

The young lady who signs herself "Will Allen Drumgoole" is about to bring out a volume of folk-lore tales of Tennessee.

Lord Tennyson celebrated his eighty-second birthday August 6. He is in excellent health, for his years, and takes a four or five mile walk nearly every day.

"Julien Gordon's" novel, "A Puritan Pagan," was published by D. Appleton & Co., July 31. Within a week a second edition was on the press; this was soon exhausted, and a third edition is now on its way to the bookstores. It is no secret that "Julien Gordon" stands for Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, of New York City.

"Osborne of Arrochar," just published by Lee & Shepard, is the nineteenth novel Amanda M. Douglas has written.

Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler and her husband arrived in New York from Paris August 23, and left for Castle Hill, near Charlotteville, Va., the next day. Mrs. Chanler says that her teacher of painting is coming to America to complete her instruction. When she becomes proficient as a painter, it is Mrs. Chanler's intention to place her works on exhibition and divide her time between writing novels and painting. "I have not written anything new," she said.

Rudyard Kipling was at last accounts on the point of setting sail for New Zealand, and on the way will probably pay a visit to Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa. The October number of the *Century* is to have a critical study of Kipling's prose and verse by Edmund Gosse.

Miss Grace King, the Southern writer of stories, has been spending a few days with friends in Farmington and Hartford, Conn. Miss King expects to go abroad in October for a year's residence in Paris, devoting her time to studying art, literature, and history, being especially interested in looking up historic documents relating to Louisiana. Miss King is writing the life of Lemoine, the founder of New Orleans, for the "Makers of America" series, to which Rev. Mr. Twichell will contribute a volume.

Mr. Lowell's will contains this paragraph: "I give to my friend, Charles Eliot Norton, all my manuscripts, correspondence, and papers, to dispose of the same at his discretion, hereby constituting him my literary executor."

Dr. Holmes celebrated his eighty-second birthday August 29.

Arlo Bates well says in the *Book Buyer*: "It is at once surprising and melancholy how many persons are anxious to do translating at the present time. There is hardly a week that I do not receive letters from unfortunate aspirants who are eager to enter this field of work, asking what they shall translate, who will publish, and other questions to which it is impossible to furnish satisfactory answers. Everybody who has been taught to read a little in French or German is prepared to render into English anything and everything; and the universal assumption that there is nothing more to literature is in the end a little irritating. As Mrs. Wistar is said to have answered a girl who urged as a qualification for making translations that she knew German perfectly: 'That is not the question. Can you write English perfectly?' That it is necessary to have learned to write English is not one of the things which occurs to these would-be translators — or, if I may be forgiven for saying so, to many of the actual translators either."

Charles F. Dillingham, the New York publisher who failed recently, was regarded as the leading book jobber of the United States. He should not be confounded with G. W. Dillingham, who is another New York publisher.

Ibsen is said to be contemplating a visit to his native home, and will remain six months, either in the northern part of Scandinavia or at a Danish watering place. It is scarcely expected that he will return to Munich, but that, on his return to Germany, he will take up his residence in Dresden.

The office of the Belford Magazine Company, New York, has been taken possession of by the sheriff on attachments for $8,486, the largest being in favor of Alexander Belford for $6,885, and in favor of Adams, Bishop, & Co., for $1,449. The company was incorporated under New Jersey laws February 2, 1891, with a capital stock of $250,000, and published *Belford's Magazine*, which was started by Belford, Clarke, and Co., who expended a large amount of money on it before they failed.

F. H. Saltus will go to France in October to attend to the publication of a volume of sonnets in twenty-three languages written by his son, the late Francis Saltus Saltus. He will be absent for a year.

Perhaps it is not generally known that Mr. Du Maurier, the society artist of *Punch*, was intended for the profession of scientific chemistry, and that the first responsible work given him was to take charge of an alleged gold mine in Devonshire. He soon found that the desire for art was his ruling passion, and going to Paris he connected himself with the Gleyre studio, where Poynter and Whistler had both studied. From Paris he went to Antwerp, where he lost the sight of one eye, and, for fifteen years, was permitted to work but two hours a day. Upon the death of Leech, which occurred some twenty-seven years ago, Du Maurier took his place at the famous Wednesday evening dinner, at which the next issue of *Punch* is planned and agreed upon, and then and there was formally enrolled as a member of the *Punch* staff. He has had bestowed, upon him the title of "The Thackeray of the Pencil."

Mr. George Haven Putnam has received the cross of the Legion of Honor from the French government in recognition of his services in behalf of international copyright.

The International Literary Congress is to meet at Milan in September. Its object is to consider the rights of authors in Italy, and to bring about the enactment of protective laws for their works.

The offices of the *Forum* have been removed to the new Jackson Building, 31 East 17th street, New York.

Professor Arthur Shelburne Hardy has gone abroad for a year's travel, it being possible that the world may be included in his trip, which indicates another book in the future.

The last work that Mr. Lowell did, so far as is known, was an introduction to an edition of Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler," which Little, Brown, & Co. are to publish in October. He begins almost with an apology. "Biography in these communicative days," he says, "has become so voluminous that it might seem calculated rather for the ninefold vitality of another domestic animal than for the less lavish allotment of man."

"Obsession," "demulcent," "chrism of misfortune," "carking," and "missiness" are a few of the odd words in "Julien Gordon's" "A Puritan Pagan."

It would be a difficult task to define the laws of literary composition. Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," which gave such an impetus to his early fame, was composed in forty-eight hours, while Gray struggled for seven years over his famous "Elegy." Goldsmith wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield" with a rush while a bailiff stood at the door and Dr. Johnson looked over his shoulder. Among the more recent novelists Marion Crawford is one of the most rapid writers. His "Mr. Isaacs," which established his rank as an author, was produced in one month. He frequently writes five newspaper columns in a day, while Stockton composes only a tenth as much. Amélie Rives dashes off her work at great speed, and Mrs. Cruger writes under high pressure, barring the door to all intruders.

The Literary Society of Paris, presided over by Emile Zola, has just decided to erect a monument in memory of the novelist, Balzac.

A. B. Starey, editor of *Harper's Young People*, is taking a vacation in England, and will be absent until October. Kirk Munroe will edit the magazine during his absence.

The number of *Harper's Weekly* published August 19 contains full-page portraits, with biographical sketches, of the late George Jones, of the *New York Times*, and of James Russell Lowell. The sketch of Mr. Lowell is by his life-long friend, George William Curtis.

An etching of "The Morning after the Ball," by the American painter, A. A. Anderson, is the frontispiece to the September number of the *Magazine of Art*, New York. The whole number is a good one.

Despite the pressure of his literary work on the *Chicago Tribune*, Major Joseph Kirkland has two histories on his hands, both of which must be completed before January 1. One is a history of Chicago from the earliest existence of the place; the other is also a history of Chicago, but only to the time of the Indian massacre. A new edition of Major Kirkland's story, "The Captain of Company K," will soon appear.

Mr. Bartlett, who, thirty-six years ago, made his first "attempt at a collection" of familiar quotations, is about to issue a ninth and final edition of his well-known book.

The *New York Recorder* will give twenty dollars in gold to the writer of the best story of adventure by land or sea sent in before September 27, tales of personal experience preferred.

The spot which was selected for Lowell's grave, and which, it is understood, was of his own choosing, is under two large horn-bean trees, one of which is directly at the foot of the grave and the other on the right of its head. These trees are never trimmed, and their chief charm is their natural and weird growth. The lot is in a valley in the rear part of Mt. Auburn cemetery, directly in the shadow of the Longfellow lot, on Indian Ridge avenue. Thus the two poets, who were neighbors in life, may be said to occupy the same relation in death.

U of M

Yours Sincerely

Paulin Gaillard

THE WRITER.
Vol. V. No. 10. October, 1891.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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HAMLIN GARLAND'S WORK.

Among the few young American authors who have made good their claim to a permanent place in literature during the past half-dozen years, not one has shown a stronger individuality or more distinct purpose in his work than Hamlin Garland. Lowell's famous line —

"No man is born into the world but has his work born with him" —

seems in his case to have been pre-eminently true. Unlike most young writers, his early work was not tentative as to subject; he did not spend years in feeling about the edges of literature, seeking for some possible chance to creep in or crowd in. He knew the exact field in which he felt that he was born to work; a field of wonderful richness, and as yet almost wholly untilled. Whatever the temptations that seemed to lead away from it to more prompt and profitable results, they were put aside, not as temptations to be resisted, but as obstacles in the way to that success he was determined to achieve and felt that he could achieve.

When the author, at the age of twenty-three, dropped down in Boston from the Dakotan prairies, with only his brains and his pen to make his way among a multitude of others with the same ambition, his prospects of a Future with a large F were not, to say the least, brilliant. But Mr. Garland had the audacity of a man who knew he had something to say and believed he could say it. He had no respect for conventionalities in life or in literature. Coming fresh from the fields, he brought with him the flavor of the soil and the strength of the tiller. And he sat down to work. Or, rather, he stood up to work; always with the same faith in himself, and with the unfaltering belief that he was there to win.

And he has won. To-day he holds a first place among American short-story writers. There is nothing in that department of current literature more virile or truer in atmosphere and detail than some of his studies of Western life and character. The people we meet in his stories are real people; the scenes he paints for us are real scenes. Who, for instance, that has read "Main-Travelled Roads" can ever make How and Grant McLean figures in fiction, or Will Hannan other than an old acquaintance, or the Ripleys as anything other than real folks remembered in the far away past? And the bits of description, which come into his stories like accidental lights in a painting, are oftentimes as perfect as a picture by Millet,

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and as full of color. This, for instance, from "Up the Coulé": —

A farm in the valley. Over the mountains swept jagged, gray, angry, sprawling clouds, sending a freezing, thin drizzle of rain as they passed, upon a man following a plough. The horses had a sullen and weary look, and their manes and tails streamed sideways in the blast. The ploughman, clad in a ragged gray coat, with uncouth, muddy boots upon his feet, walked with his head inclined toward the sleet to shield his face from the cold and sting of it. The soil rolled away, black and sticky, with a dull sheen upon it. Near by, a boy with tears on his cheeks was watching cattle, a dog seated near, his back to the gale.

And this, from that most pathetic of all the author's stories — for it tells of the home-coming of his own father from the war — "The Return of the Private." Sick and emaciated, he had crawled home to his little Wisconsin farm, after three years' absence, to find wife and babies. In the evening hush they stand together in the little garden: —

Oh, that mystic hour! The pale man with big eyes, standing there by the well with his young wife by his side. The vast moon swinging above the eastern peaks; the cattle winding down the pasture slopes with jangling bells; the crickets singing; the stars blooming out sweet and far and serene; the katydids rhythmically calling; the little turkeys crying gurrulously as they settle to roost in the poplar tree near the open gate.

The common soldier of the American volunteer army had returned. His war with the South was over, and his fight, his daily running fight with nature and against the injustice of his fellow-men was begun again.

A great deal of Mr. Garland's power lies in his intense earnestness. There is no uncertainty about his creed, whether it touches religion, politics, art, literature, or social reform. What he believes he believes all through, and it is not always what other people believe.

As is well known, Mr. Garland is a strenuous apostle of what is called the realistic school in literature, and yet no idealist is a more passionate lover of the beautiful. His quick sympathies and an intolerance of all forms of social and political oppression have given most of his stories a painful tinge. "Under the Lion's Paw" is a powerful and indignant protest against man's legalized injustice to man; and his plays, "Under the Wheel" and "A Member of the Third House," deal with living questions which cry out for settlement. Two other plays, "Major Mullins" and "Business," are yet unpublished. Besides "Main-Travelled Roads," Mr. Garland has three novels ready for publication, one of which, "A Boy's Ideal," will appear this fall. The *Century Magazine* announces three novelettes to be published the coming year, and the author is now hard at work on a series of studies of life in Western Wisconsin.

Charles E. Hurd.

BOSTON, MASS.

HAMLIN GARLAND'S CAREER.

Perhaps Hamlin Garland would not admit Mr. Howells' claim to be called a Western man. Mr. Howells was born in Ohio, and reared among the comparatively easternized scenes of Chillicothe and Hamilton. Mr. Garland is what may be called a full-blooded Western man in every sense. Born in the La Crosse Valley in Wisconsin, in 1860, he spent his early boyhood on a farm in one of those Western *coulés*, or *deep, dry ravines*, where, in the long winter evenings, he listened to his father's thrilling stories of rough life in the Wisconsin pineries; then the father moved out into Iowa and took the boy with him; then he moved again, still in Iowa; there the boy picked up a very good education in the Cedar Valley Seminary, in the intervals of farm work; and later, after some wandering on his own account, he joined a "land boom" out in McPherson county, Dakota, and "held down a claim," as they say, for a

year or so there. All these days of his youth he had his full share in the terribly robust work of a Western farm: keeping up his station in the scorching harvest field, which meant jumping to bind his stint of thorny bundles before the rattling, inexorable reaping machine overtook him; pitching the straw amid a stifling cloud of dust on the stack at threshing time, with another roaring, relentless machine for a taskmaster; wearing out the skin upon his half-frozen boyish knuckles at the field husking, late in the autumn: all the time reaping the harvest of an eye that was not so very quiet, and unconsciously storing up in his soul wrath against a land system which, in his view, gave all the good chances to the speculator, and left the hard-working farmer an opportunity to move on periodically to some other place, where he always found the speculators already ahead of him.

We may suppose that the Indian and wolf stories — true ones, every one — which the boy heard at his father's stove-side ("fireside" is an unrealistic word which belongs to a vanished past in the West) made him a story-teller; the hard nomadic lot that the father led upon a rich soil, with no apparent chance to get a living out of it, made him a land reformer and "Henry George man"; and a kind of Puritan fervor of mind, inherited with his Scotch-Yankee blood, has made him an uncompromising "Veritist," — as he calls, for want of a better word, the literary school to which he belongs. So much are we the creatures of blood and circumstances that it is interesting to see these things conspiring to make a man like Hamlin Garland, who seems a thoroughly individual and original man, if there ever was one, — a tub standing solidly upon its own bottom.

It was from an Iowa prairie county, after he had graduated at the seminary, that Mr. Garland first came to Boston, in 1882 or thereabouts. He travelled and lectured, quite bound to earn his living by literature, for a year or two; and then he went to Dakota and entered the "boom." What a land boom is he learned very well, as some of his work shows. He also learned that he wanted no more of it, and came back to Boston in 1884, determined to follow the intellectual life. The university that he entered here was the Public Library; and that he studied in it very well one has only to enter upon a literary argument with him to find out. He began to write at once; it was up-hill toil, especially as he sturdily refused to do the sort of work that people call pot-boiling, and would write nothing unless it truly expressed him. He taught classes at Moses True Brown's school, and organized classes of his own outside of it; and with one thing and another kept going until editors of periodicals began to perceive that he had, so to speak, struck a vein of "pay dirt" in the raw soil of the West, and were good enough to let him work the vein. It may be said, in passing, that he has only scratched it so far; the best of it, I am sure, is to come.

Meantime he did not forget his father and mother on the Dakota plain, but every year, when the hard rub of the harvest time came on, he has betaken himself westward, and marched into the field with the pitchfork on his shoulder, as of old. His yearly pilgrimage to the prairies, with its actual mingling in hard farm work, has enabled him to verify and correct his recollections of Western life with actual study of the scenes he depicts. His Western pictures are to the conventional thing what Monet's paintings, made all in the open air, are to studio landscapes.

Mr. Garland has lectured much, in Boston and elsewhere here in the East, upon literary art, and especially upon fiction. The novel, the short story, the play, are, in his opinion the method of expression characteristic of the epoch. He is naturally a reformer, early embraced the doctrines of Henry George, and does a good deal of work in propagating them, from pure love of the cause. He is of uncompromising and yet thoroughly amiable temperament, with no bitterness in his soul against any man, but plenty of hatred of injustice. I have sometimes thought that his strong reforming temperament has led him to see in the Western farmer's life a somewhat darker, harder thing than it really is; but he has no other earthly motive than the exact portrayal of truth in his stories. He has the poetic temperament strongly developed, and is the friend of men of letters and of artists. Nothing could induce him to seek success by factitious work or meretri-

cious means. He is of the sort of men who push their way and sometime win success; but his endeavors are in behalf of his ideas, and not on account of any hankering for personal prominence. He would sacrifice the personal opportunity to the idea, if it were the very last opportunity he had.

Mr. Garland's career has been short — so far. Unlike some other of our literary men, however, he has the advantage of having his future before him instead of behind him. Moreover, his ideas are in the future tense. A democratic age inspires him instead of vexing and clogging him.

J. E. Chamberlin.

BOSTON, MASS.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES TO LOWELL.

The following tributes to the memory of Mr. Lowell were received too late for publication in the Lowell Memorial Number of THE WRITER: —

Mr. Lowell had surely earned a high place among poets and men of letters. Literature has had no more sincere or devoted follower. His "Biglow Papers" did great service to the anti-slavery cause. I regard his "Commemoration Ode" as a poem to be treasured and remembered. His critical articles sometimes appeared to me to lack breadth and generosity of judgment. They were, nevertheless, valuable as the results of wide reading and careful study. His name must rest in our Pantheon honored of us and of the world.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Lowell has been called the American Laureate. The phrase may have been coined idly, by some of those people who are not happy until they have matched everything English with something American: but for once it is a phrase well applied. It is a true laureateship that we accord to him in naming him as the one to whom men have looked to express and interpret our best Americanism. This is what he has done, at various crises of our national life, in the two series of his "Biglow Papers," in his "Present Crisis," in his "Commemoration Ode," in his "Democracy," and in the many utterances, wise, weighty, and witty, in which, just when it would do the most good, he has crystallized the significance of great issues. Without waiting for the muddy waters of tur moil to run clear, he could pronounce at once the calm, settled judgment of posterity. Or to put it in another figure, amid all the clanging harmonics and overtones that came surging up from the politics, the business, the inventions, the social agitations, and the thousand pursuits of our young and growing life, he it was who could catch unerringly the deep ground tone of our true national existence, the key-note to which the music of our Americanism ought to be set.

JOHN F. GENUNG.

The death of James Russell Lowell takes from us a man rich beyond all other Americans in poetic impulses, in width of training, in varied experience, and in readiness of wit; sometimes entangled and hampered by his own wealth; unequal in expression, yet rising on the highest occasions to the highest art; blossoming early, yet maturing late; with a certain indolence of temperament, yet accomplishing all the results of strenuous labor; not always judicial in criticism, especially in early years, yet steadily expanding and deepening; retaining in age the hopes and sympathies of his youth; and dying, with singular good fortune, just after he had gathered into final shape the literary harvest of his life.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1891.

Lowell was a man so many-sided that one shrinks from saying anything at all about him

in brief. He was by far our greatest literary critic, perhaps the only really great American critic, save, of course, Emerson, in his own peculiar field; and I think of no modern writer with whom literary criticism was so creative, unless it be Lessing, concerning whom Lowell has himself written the best that has been written by an American. We read what Lowell writes of Spenser or of Milton no more for the new light it throws upon Spenser and Milton than for its revelations of the writer's own thought. As a political writer and as a poet, no American has from first to last kept before himself and before the American people a more definite conception of what the republic stands for, and should stand for, among the nations, and of what democracy itself means.

> "Our country hath a gospel of her own
> To preach and practise before all the world,
> The freedom and divinity of man,
> The glorious claims of human brotherhood."

This he sang in one of his earliest poems, and this he sang in varying tones to the end. He never spared the harsh word of rebuke, never failed to call America the land of "broken promise," whenever she was false to her high ideal and to his high ideal. He would love his country only "so as honor would, nor lightly to dethrone judgment, the stamp of manhood." There are no nobler lines which he ever wrote than those lines of dignified protest prefixed to the three memorial poems, at a time when vain and superficial Americans were talking of him as "Anglicized" and "denationalized," because he dared to rebuke what was corrupt and vicious in our national life. He never wrote an un-American word, nor an undemocratic word. It was precisely he who, in such essays as that "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," and such lines as those in the "Fable for Critics," in which he satirized his fellow American writers who "kept glancing aside into Europe's cracked glass," did more than any other, save Emerson alone, to free our literature and our life from the English thrall.

> "Be true to yourselves and this new nineteenth age,
> To your own New World instincts contrive to be true;
> Keep your ears open wide to the Future's first call;
> Be whatever you will, but yourselves first of all."

So far from falling short of democracy after the conventional American standard of democracy, Lowell was in truth in his convictions and in his vision a democrat to an extent which it has as yet entered into the hearts of few Americans to conceive. His verse abounds with lines which the socialist and the communist might well make use of for their cause; Victor Hugo furnishes no more. Only in Carlyle s "Past and Present" or Shelley's "Mask of Anarchy" is the terrible justice which governments must expect when people's primal needs and rights are ignored set forth more powerfully than in such poems as Lowell's "Hunger and Cold."

EDWIN D. MEAD.

SHORT STORIES AND SHORT-STORY WRITING.

The short story is the leading literary event of the day; the parable and popular feature of the times. The most acceptable short story is that which in some way interprets the times. This kind of story is criticised as an evidence of literary degeneracy, but wherein does it differ from the best and most lasting models of the past? The stories of Joseph and Ruth and of the Talmud will forever interpret the spirit of the Hebrew race; the "Arabian Nights" stand for the vanished thrones and courts of the Orient; the stories of the Golden Fleece, of Plutarch's heroes, and of the death of Socrates are a spiritual map of Greece; the "Rhinegold" interprets Germany in her long struggles of the New against the Old; and the spiritual history of England from Chaucer to Dickens may be best read in short stories and ballads — which are short stories in rhyme — which sympathetic interpretation has made immortal. Short stories

are not only the interpreters of history and the soul, but of the spirit of the ages in all their seasons. And is it to be regretted that American writing should have taken this form, amid the progress and activities of the times, when the sun of our history is leaving the horizon?

Before the Christian era, Horace in his "De Arte Poetica" thus gave the secret of the most popular and enduring methods of writing: "He that hath blent the useful with the agreeable hath carried every vote. His book crosses the sea: it will enrich the Socii, and win for him imperishable fame." It is the story that makes what is useful agreeable that best meets the wants of life. "He is a genius," said Emerson, "who gives me back my own thoughts." He who can well say what others think becomes a voice of the times, and a brother to all men. The Great Teacher of life himself made use of these methods. The Gospel of Luke is a book of short stories. The story of the Holy Grail will forever interpret the knighthood of England, and that of Ponce de Leon the spirit of the American student.

America has as yet produced not many short stories that promise to live. Of those that seem likely to become representative, the best are in verse. I was recently asked by a student what I thought to be the most beautiful short story ever written. I replied, "That of Joseph in the Hebrew Scriptures." I was asked again what I regarded as the best short story in American literature. I answered, "Evangeline"; but received the correction, the "Legend of Sir Launfal." I have heard Baron Fouqué's "Undine" named as the most beautiful of all short stories of the creative imagination. It might be a good exercise for literary societies to debate and analyze these questions and the answers that they would be likely to receive: What *is* the most beautiful story in all the world? What is the best in American books?

Among the representative short stories in our literature before the present time of interpretative story writing we may cite: Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," Poe's "Gold Bug," Hawthorne's "Province House Stories," Harriet Prescott Spofford's "Amber Gods," Fitz James O'Brien's "*Diamond Lens*," Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country," Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp."

With these models all writers should be familiar, but they seem to have been but early stars in our Western sky. Within a few years short-story writers have appeared in nearly every section of our country as the interpreters of the genius of the places where they lived or of the spirit and progress of the times. Ten years ago a book of short stories could hardly find a publisher; now it is the current reading.

The popular short story takes three leading forms: that which seeks to interpret the times, which is some way a parable; the folk-lore picture; and psychological analysis. Of these the form that deals with the spirit and tendencies of current events seems to be the principal in interest, though the most short-lived of all.

The revival of interest in village stories, old neighborhood events, home tales, and the dialect and methods of the old natural story-tellers must be regarded as one of the instructive methods of the times. These stories, which follow the models of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" and Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair," are becoming the conservators of the incidental part of our history. Incidents are the soul-expression of events. Grimm's "Fairy Tales" are the household history of Germany. The soul of a town lives in its popular story. The time has come to collect the best stories of our own land, and to give them permanent form, as has been done in part by Mr. Harris, Mr. Cable, Bret Harte, and Miss Wilkins. Every state in the Union may have its Hans Christian Andersen. Tales of colonial houses and farms; of Southern plantations; strange Indian fancies; old French legends of the *rencontres;* pioneer cabin lore; yarns of ships and sailors; and the humorous and remarkable events of neighborhoods and villages, — all this varied material may now well begin to engage the pen, and will be likely to prove historically instructive. Our history is mellowing for such work, for the charm of such stories is the gay in gray garments of the past.

The psychological story, as a rule, is the highest form of art, and, like "Rasselas," "Undine," and "Rip Van Winkle," is likely to

prove the most enduring. There are fewer stories of this kind than of the others which are now being produced. This may indicate a material tendency of the age. In the Hebrew Talmud nearly all of the short stories relate to spiritual events, for such thoughts filled the minds of the people. The genius of the nation was spiritual, as that of Germany is metaphysical. But such writers of short stories as Mrs. Phelps-Ward still hold the interest of the best minds, and easily lead all others in dealing in jewels and interpreting what is best in life.

Will the old emotional love-story in the form of the three volumes ever come back again? I hope not. The most enduring parables of life are short, and these models of the past are the best for all time. Read Horace's "De Arte Poetica" for the first principles of literary art, in all of its forms. The old Apulian poet, after giving to the world that brief poem of direction, left but little for any one to say: "He that hath blent the useful with the agreeable hath carried every vote." The most agreeable form of literary teaching in our times and country has become the short story, and we see no reason to criticise it, to disparage its mission, or to regret its advent. We would rather welcome it as the good genius of our hearts, hearths, and homes. *H. Butterworth.*

BOSTON, MASS.

HOW TO WRITE HISTORY.

The recent publication of Hubert H. Bancroft's "Literary Industries" has afforded readers an insight into the methods of an historian who has successfully accomplished what no other writer ever attempted. For thirty years he has been engaged in writing the history of the Pacific Coast, which he has published at regular intervals since 1874, the entire work consisting of thirty-nine volumes. The account the author gives of his system of collecting, indexing, and arranging his authorities is not only interesting to writers, but it undoubtedly marks a new era in historical writing. By applying business methods to historical research, and by a judicious division of labor, Mr. Bancroft attempted to do in a year what would require ten years by the usual methods. He endeavored to collect practically all the evidence on a complicated and extensive subject by using the services of trained assistants, when by ordinary methods a life of toil would yield only a part. This system he claims to be the only one by which all the evidence on a great subject or on many similar subjects can be brought out. Otherwise an author must confine himself to limited topics or do his work superficially.

The ordinary historian plods industriously through each book as he finds it, making careful notes of such matter as he deems of value, while Mr. Bancroft puts ten men to work, each as capable for this kind of work as himself, to extract everything under its proper heading. These men tunnel their way through a mountain of court records and legal briefs, government documents, and innumerable files of newspapers. Living witnesses are interviewed, and their testimony is taken down by expert stenographers. After this preparatory work is finished and the evidence on each specific point is laid before Mr. Bancroft, he proceeds to tell his story clearly and in the fewest words. By employing the services of these assistants he is saved the drudgery of studying any but the best authorities. The information thus placed on his desk gives him a bird's-eye view of all evidence on the topics of his history as he takes them up, one after the other, in accordance with his plan of writing.

When he began his work Mr. Bancroft determined to keep upon firm ground, to avoid meaningless and even technical terms, to keep

LITERARY INDUSTRIES. A Memoir. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. With Portrait. 446 pp. Cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

clear of theories, speculations, and superstitions of every kind, and to deal only in facts. His work could not be wholly worthless, he thought, if he gathered only facts and arranged them in some form which should bring them within reach of those who had not access to his material, or could not use it if they had.

His first work was to index his extensive collection of books, comprising 30,000 volumes, in a dozen different languages, brought together from all over Europe and America. He employed a number of assistants, who, in time, became very expert in handling historical material, and put them to work very much as he would clerks in a counting-room. They began at eight in the morning, and worked until twelve; then from one to six, averaging nine hours each day. The method of indexing pursued in his library was as follows: —

Forty or fifty leading subjects were selected, such as Agriculture, Antiquities, Botany, Biography, Commerce, etc., which would embrace all real knowledge and cover the contents of the whole collection, except such parts as were irrelevant. These subjects were then subdivided. Thus, under Agriculture were included stock-raising, soils, fruits, and all other products of farm cultivation. The same system was observed with Architecture, Art, Bibliography, and all the other chief subject-headings, including states and localities. A list of abbreviations was then made, and the plan was ready for application.

In indexing a book, when the reader came upon a fact bearing on any of the subjects on which he was seeking information, he wrote it on a card made of heavy writing paper, three by five inches in size. For instance, the reader is engaged on Macgregor's "Progress of America," published in London in 1847, and he comes across, on pages 848–9 of the first volume, a description of the location, character, dress, and manufactures of the Zapotec Indians of Tehuantepec in the year 1847. He fills out a card somewhat as follows: —

Ind. Tehuan. Zapotecs. 1847.
Macgregor, J. Progress of America. London, 1847.
Vol. I., pp. 848–9.
Location, Character, Dress, Manufactures.

When these index cards are put away in their case, all cards on the Indians are brought together. Of the Indian cards, all those relating to Tehuantepec are brought together. Of the Tehuantepec natives, all in the library that relate to the Zapotec tribe will be found together, and so on.

The indexing finished, the next step was to make references to the information required, giving the place where found and the nature of the fact therein mentioned; after this the information would be taken out in the form of notes. These notes were written on half-sheets of legal folios, one following another, without regard to length or subject, but always with a space left between the notes so that they could be torn apart. When separated and arranged they were placed in paper bags, numbered chronologically, and entered in a book. They were afterward pasted on sheets of strong brown paper, folded and cut to the required size. When bound and lettered these sheets made up a library in themselves and represented the subject much more in detail than the printed volumes.

With the notes and references the assistant went to work to reduce the subject-matter, so that Mr. Bancroft might receive it weeded of all superfluities and repetitions, whether in words or in facts, yet containing every fact, however minute, every thought, and every conclusion, and arranged in as good historic order as the assistant could give it.

To accomplish this, the assistant proceeded to arrange the references and notes that pointed to events in a chronological order, yet bringing together certain incidents of different dates, if the historic order demanded it. Institutionary and descriptive notes, on commerce, education, with geography, etc., were then joined to such dates or occurrences as called for their use: geography coming together with an expedition into a new country; education with the efforts of churchmen; commerce with the rule of some governor who promoted certain phases of it; descriptions of towns, when they were founded, destroyed, or prominently brought forward.

With the material thus grouped it was found that each similar sub-division, incident, or bit of descriptive matter had a number of notes bearing upon it, from different authors, some-

times several score. These must then be divided into three or more classes, according to the value of the authority: the first class comprising original narratives and reports; the second, such as were based partly on the first, yet possessing certain original facts and thoughts; the third, those which were merely copied from others, or presented brief and hasty compilations.

The assistant then took the best of his first-class authorities, the fullest and most reliable so far as he could judge after a brief glance, and proceeded to extract subject-matter from the pages of the book to which the reference directed him. This he did partly in his own language, partly in a series of quotations. Although the accurate use of quotation marks and stars consumed much time, Mr. Bancroft always insisted upon it; the note-taker, however, could throw anything he pleased into his own language, but if he used the exact words of the author he had to indicate them plainly. Each extract was indexed in the margin, and at the foot of it, or on the page, was written the title of the book or paper from which it had been taken.

The next best authorities were then read on the same topic, or series of topics, and any information additional or contradictory to what had already been noted was extracted and placed at the foot of the page bearing on the subject, or on a blank page, on which was indexed a heading similar to that of the original page, so as to bring the same topics together. If these contradictions or additions bore on particular expressions or facts in the original extracts, they were sub-divided in accordance with the particular word or line. To each subdivision was added the title of the authority. The titles of all or of several first-class authorities which agreed with the original extract were also added to the foot of the extract, with the remark, "The same in brief," or "in full," as the case might be. This showed Mr. Bancroft which authors confirmed and which contradicted any statement, and enabled him readily to draw conclusions. From second-class authorities the assistant rarely obtained anything but observations, while the third-class authorities yielded sometimes nothing.

As he proceeded in this refining process or system of condensation, the assistant added, in notes to particular lines or paragraphs, his own observations on the character of the hero, the incident, or the author. To the most experienced and able assistants were given the study and reduction of certain minor sections of the history, which Mr. Bancroft employed in his writing, after more or less condensation and change.

With the notes for a volume all arranged and the plan of the work clearly defined in his mind, Mr. Bancroft says the actual writing was comparatively rapid. He proceeded to tell his story clearly and concisely, taking a common-sense, practical view of things, and arranging them in natural sequence, giving one episode as much as possible in one place, even though in its relation to other episodes it over-lapped a little. An historian, Mr. Bancroft thought, should narrate facts, not spin theories; and he sometimes gave two totally different accounts of an occurrence when his best authorities radically disagreed. A bit of dialogue would be inserted here and there, if terse and to the point. Sometimes a short story enlivened the text. The notes appended were for reference to authorities, for proof, elucidation, discussion, illustration, balancing of evidence, and for second-class information. To this end quotations from authorities were deemed in order, not as repetitions, but as presenting the subject in its several shades and opposite positions.

It will be readily seen what a vast amount of money and labor this method of historical writing cost. The task of making references, as well as that of taking out material, was equivalent to five times the labor of writing; so that before a line was written Mr. Bancroft had no difficulty in keeping from fifteen to twenty persons employed. For instance, in taking out the material for the California history alone, eight men were occupied for six years; for making the references merely for the "History of Mexico," without taking out any of the required information, five men were steadily employed for ten years. Counting those engaged on such work as indexing newspapers, epitomizing archives, and copying manuscript, Mr. Bancroft says he has had as many as fifty men engaged in library detail at one time; $35,000 were ex-

pended on the preliminary, but necessary, work of indexing alone, the work lasting a number of years.

Mr. Bancroft says he never had a serious misunderstanding with any one of his regular assistants. He had, however, much difficulty in securing competent men to help him in his work. Nineteen out of twenty of those he put to indexing failed to do the work that was required of them. He always encouraged among his assistants a freedom of expression of their own ideas, and acknowledges that he has derived the greatest benefit from frequent conversations and discussions with them on special topics.

Speaking of his personal habits while engaged in writing his histories, Mr. Bancroft says that for years it was his custom to rise at seven, breakfast at half-past seven, and write from eight until one, when he lunched. The afternoon was devoted to recreation and exercise. He would usually get in an hour's writing before his six-o'clock dinner, and four hours afterward, making ten hours in all for the day; but interruptions were so frequent that, including the many long seasons during which he hermited himself in the country, where he often devoted twelve or fourteen hours a day to writing, he does not think he averaged more than eight hours a day, taking twenty years together.

Mr. Bancroft's story of his thirty years' labor cannot fail to be instructive to young writers who intend to engage in historical work. Never before has a writer pursued such original methods in historical investigation, accomplishing a work that has been called "One of the noblest literary monuments, not only of the country, but of the century"; nor has any historian given us so complete and elaborate an account of his system of research as we find in "Literary Industries."

J. C Moffet.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

JOAQUIN MILLER AT HOME.

Far up on the hilltops, looking down on peaceful Oakland slumbering quietly below, over the shining waters to stately San Francisco, and out through the famous Golden Gate to the ocean beyond, is perched the quaint little abode of the "Poet of the Sierras."

As we stood at his door and beheld the magnificent prospect which is always his, for, as he says, no ship comes into the harbor which does not in part belong to him, we seemed to feel the inspiration, and thought that we, too, might be poets if only we might gaze long enough.

Mr. Miller is tall and of slender build. His manners are kindly and courteous, and during conversation one occasionally catches an expression of the eyes which proclaims him not lacking in appreciation of a good joke.

We had with us a letter of introduction which specially commended us to his consideration, and we found him a most agreeable host.

His house, which by reason of its odd design interests all visitors, clings to the hillside as if seeking safety from the forces of wind and storm, which are sometimes far from gentle.

The interior comprises nine rooms, finished in California wood, and each opens on a veranda.

A charmingly cosy apartment is that prepared for the poet's little daughter. It has a separate portico, from which the tiny maiden may look on such a wealth of scenery as will afford ample material for the odd little sayings which amuse her friends.

The exterior of the building is ornamented by a cross, a crescent, and the rising sun, symbol of the Aztec's worship.

After we had rested a while in the study, Mr. Miller invited us to look about the grounds, of which he may justly be proud. There are trees

from nearly every state in the Union, sent to him by the various governors; a sassafras from Virginia, the gift of General Lee; and several tobacco plants brought by the poet himself from Mexico.

A cypress from the grave of Shelley bids fair to thrive in its new home. Elms from Mills Seminary rear themselves gracefully at the entrance. An extensive grove of little olives, some only a few inches in height, stretches far away over the hills.

"Look out for the little trees!" was an occasional necessary warning as we climbed the slippery hillsides. "They are babies now, so I must protect them. When they are larger, they can take care of themselves."

A mountain stream supplies water for the 14,000 trees of various kinds that are scattered in every direction. Goldfish and carp ponds, arbors and grottoes, are in process of construction. Pretty little bridges span the stream, which in winter becomes a torrent.

On the very summit is a level tract just large enough for a fine building site, and there Mr. Miller intends to erect a stone residence.

As we cheerfully retraced our steps, still thoughtful for the infant trees, a grove of tiny pines won our admiration.

"They've not done well," said their owner in a pathetic voice. "I've bestowed a great deal of care upon them, and they have not proved responsive."

"Oh, surely," said we, "they will do better another year."

"Well, perhaps they may reform," was his reply. "We will hope so."

Crossing a beautiful grass plat dotted with clover and buttercups, we remarked: "The entire place is delightful, with the exception of that," indicating the fence protecting his domain.

"What could I do with a board fence when there are a lot of cattle around here that are not satisfied unless they have a little of that barbed wire to chew? If you could see them, you would know why I use it. They are not the mild-eyed cows I put in poetry, I assure you."

The place is not without its historical associations, which appeal forcibly to every Californian.

Over the hill beyond, a slight depression indicates the locality of the old emigrant road over which Frémont came to behold the beautiful Golden Gate in all its glory, and which he named from its resemblance to the "Golden Horn." This was five years before the discovery of gold, which event rendered the title doubly appropriate. Just above the house is the "Frémont Spring," to which the general refers in his writings. It was with feelings of awe that we stood by its brink and thought of that other company who drank of its cold crystal waters. What a sense of triumph would have been theirs had they been granted a vision of the future cities which would clasp hands across that peaceful harbor!

On approaching the house, we spoke of the wild shrubs that flourished there in all security.

"They are God's plants," was the reply. "What right have I to dig them up? Do you see that fennel?" he added, pointing to a border along the pathway; "I always wear a piece of it because it is lowly," glancing at a sprig that adorned his coat. "Have worn it for years, and when I got this place I said, 'Old fellow, we have banged about the world together; now come and live with me'; and so I have given it this spot. We have been good friends."

It was impossible to depart without another view of sky, sea, and land, and, forgetful of time, we stood lost in imagination of what the scene must be when the splendor of the sun gave place to the softer radiance of the moon; when the lights of San Francisco sparkled in long, straight lines from hilltop to bay; when Alcatraz donned her tiara of diamonds, and the restless phosphorescent waters gleamed in ever-changing loveliness.

Something of this we said to the poet, who confirmed all our dreams of beauty, adding: "Often have I seen ships passing through the Golden Gate with the moon tangled in their masts."

With this picture in our minds, we turned regretfully away, for we must descend from the realm of poetry to the monotonous level of Oakland and every-day life.

Edna Verne.

OAKLAND, Calif.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Desultory writing does not bring either fame or gain. "I have a contract with myself to send out the manuscript of one new story every month this year," says a young writer whose name is becoming known. Such persistent work, with a reasonable amount of ability, is sure to win.

***

The Boston correspondent of the *San Francisco Examiner* sent by telegraph to the *Examiner* September 23 a despatch of 17,520 words, equivalent to nine or ten columns of a newspaper, giving a verbatim report of the Searles will case. The press rate from Boston to San Francisco is three cents a word, so that the message cost $525.60. As the proprietor of the *Examiner*, however, is the son of the late Senator Hearst, and heir to $25,000,000, it is presumed that he can stand the expense. Manager Henderson, of the Boston office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, says that the message is the longest one ever sent across the continent, and that "the nearest approach to it in magnitude was one of 11,000 words, comprising a speech of General Butler, sent to a St. Louis paper three years ago." The editor of THE WRITER, by the way, knows something about that Butler despatch, for he sent it to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* himself.

***

London Punch points with pride, in its Jubilee number, to the fact that Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt" first appeared in its pages. It would be interesting to know how much *Punch* paid for it.

***

The proposed movement to secure a reduction in the rate of postage on manuscripts transmitted between authors and publishers, which was suggested in an editorial in the September WRITER, has excited a good deal of interest among writers. A number of letters relating to the subject have been received by the editor, and a practical suggestion made by Mrs. Spicer ("Kate Carrington") is printed in this month's WRITER. Writers generally appreciate the injustice under which they now labor, and they are ready to join in any movement to secure the same rate of postage on manuscripts as is charged on other merchandise sent through the mails.

***

Recent correspondence between the editor of THE WRITER and officials of the post-office department at Washington shows that the statement made last month, that there is a discrimination in postal rates made in favor of book manuscripts accompanied by proof sheets, is no longer true. Under the present postal regulations, according to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, "manuscript of any kind accompanied by proof sheets is subject to postage at the third-class rates, if sent unsealed,

whether it be book manuscript or any other." In reply to questions upon the general subject, the Third Assistant Postmaster-General writes as follows, under date September 16: "In the domestic mails, manuscript, of whatever character, except manuscript copy accompanied by printed proof sheets, is first-class matter, and subject to postage at the rate of two cents an ounce or fraction thereof. This rate is fixed by law, and can be changed only by act of Congress. If admitted at the merchandise rate, manuscript would be mailable at the rate of one cent an ounce or fraction thereof. A few persons have, at different times, recommended a reduction in the rate of postage on manuscript, but no recommendation has, within the knowledge of this office, been made to Congress in regard to the matter. Information as to foreign rates and regulations relating to manuscript can best be furnished by the Superintendent of Foreign Mails."

* * *

The Superintendent of Foreign Mails was asked regarding the regulations concerning manuscripts sent from the United States to other countries of the Universal Postal Union. His reply, dated September 21, is as follows: "In reply to your letter of the 18th instant, I have to inform you that 'Manuscript for Publication' is entitled to transmission by mail from the United States to any country of the Universal Postal Union at the rate of postage applicable to 'Commercial Papers' in mails exchanged between countries of the Postal Union, viz.: five cents for the first ten ounces or less, and one cent for each additional two ounces or fraction of two ounces; provided it is wrapped so as to permit of being *easily* examined, does not contain anything in the nature of personal correspondence, and does not exceed four pounds six ounces in weight, or eighteen inches in a single dimension. In this connection, your attention is invited to the list of countries embraced in the Universal Postal Union (page 10); the item 'Commercial Papers,' paragraph 1, and paragraphs 6 and 7, page 11, of the enclosed copy of the United States Official Postal Guide for September."

* * *

The list of countries embraced in the Universal Postal Union is too long to print here. It includes all the principal countries of the world. The rate of postage on "commercial papers" to all such countries, including Canada and Mexico, is as follows: "On packets not in excess of ten ounces, five cents; on packets in excess of ten ounces, for each two ounces or fraction thereof, one cent." Packages of manuscript must be plainly marked "Manuscript for Publication," and must be unsealed. Letters regarding the manuscript must be mailed separately at letter rates.

* * *

It is evident, therefore, that there is a discrimination in favor of manuscripts sent by writers in the United States to foreign editors and publishers against manuscripts sent to editors and publishers at home. It is actually cheaper for a writer in Boston, for instance, to send a book manuscript to a London publisher, for examination than to a publisher in his own city. If the manuscript weighs fifty ounces, it will cost him one dollar to mail it to any point in the United States; he can mail it to any foreign country in the Universal Postal Union for twenty-five cents. There is no reason that writers can see why the United States post-office should not carry a manuscript from Chicago to New York as cheaply as from Chicago to Hong Kong. There is no good reason why in the United States writers should pay more postage on manuscripts which they are offering for sale than merchants are required to pay on merchandise which they send through the mail. If the subject is properly agitated, all whose attention is called to it must admit that there is an unjust discrimination against writers now, and if suitable action is taken by writers, this evil can be remedied.

* * *

Congress makes the postal laws, and the action of those interested in this matter lies with Congress. Writers, editors, and publishers must unite in bringing the subject to the attention of congressmen, and in urging them to favor the passage of a bill reducing the rate of postage in the domestic mails on manuscripts for the printer. There are no outside interests

involved, as there were in the case of the international copyright agitation, and it ought to be easy to secure justice for literary workers. Systematic presentation of the facts to congressmen should bring a correction of the present evil.

* * *

THE WRITER will print next month the draft of a petition to Congress, asking for the change, which may be circulated for signatures among writers, and finally presented to Congress. Readers of the magazine are invited to send in suggestions for the form of such a petition. In the mean time all who are interested are urged to write each to his representative and senator, urging the injustice of the present law, and asking for a change. When Congress opens, the editor of THE WRITER will see that the matter is properly presented at Washington, and he hopes to have the coöperation of editors of other periodicals and publishers generally. Every one interested in writing or publishing is directly concerned in this matter, and it is of importance enough to make earnest work well worth while. Suggestions from any one who has any ideas about the matter are invited. W. H. H.

POSTAGE ON MANUSCRIPTS.

Manuscripts are merchandise, and are no greater burden to Uncle Sam than the magazines and newspapers that publish them. Postage is a heavy tax on the professional writer, and reduces his wages by a considerable amount. Why should he not have the same rates as printed copies of the same matter? The suggestion in the editorial column of the September WRITER touched a thought on which I have often dwelt before.

Now is the time to move in this matter. The benefit to be derived from reduced postage should awaken every writer into active interest. I, for one, am ready and willing to do all I can to help a movement in that direction.

I suggest that a petition to Congress be prepared and submitted to THE WRITER for publication; that on its publication all writers who approve the effort to get reduced rates on manuscripts send their signatures, with a line expressing the purpose, to the author of the petition; that said author paste the signatures to a verbatim copy of the printed petition, and present the petition in person to his representative to Congress, soliciting that representative to use every honorable means to get such a reduction granted.

If no better plan is suggested, the petition can be made ready in due form on short notice. The sheets can be easily extended and the signatures pasted on, provided, of course, that each writer prefixes a few words to show that the signature is genuine and is intended for that purpose.

If we wait to impress the subject on the minds of various congressmen as chance gives opportunity, and depend on their voluntary action, reduced postage is far in the future. The petition will be something tangible, and more weighty than spoken words.

Kate Carrington.

CLINTON, Ky.

PERSONALITIES IN NEWSPAPERS.

During the past year there has been a lessening of hostile personal criticism between journalists in New York City and in this part of the country generally. Newspaper readers are gratified. Dignified journals do not increase their stock of respect from the public by vilifying one another. Life is too short for the reading of the personal shortcomings of this editor or that editor. Readers, as a whole, are better pleased with earnest commendation of human nature than with denunciations. It is always easy to pick flaws in the other fellow without seeing the beam in our own eye. This applies to all mankind. To a serious mind there is nothing very "smart" in the editorial fun-making of the foibles of another editor. Cheap-John writers and small-minded men may enjoy it, but no one else does. Of course, few of us like to be hit without hitting back. As a rule, silence pays better in the end. Nothing galls an editorial assailant more than silence. Mr. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, has found that out, and ceased replying so vigorously to the silly stories printed in the *World* about his establishment. At one time the *Tribune* and the *Times* had it hot and heavy. They insulted each other nearly every day, until all hands grew weary, and the fight

ceased. The *Tribune* manifested a magnanimous spirit toward the *Times* by a manly editorial tribute upon the death of George Jones.

A decent recognition of the good qualities of a contemporary and competitor never hurts a newspaper. Metropolitan papers are loath to say much in favor of each other. Competition is too strong to permit of much "free advertising." It is, therefore, notable when the *Tribune* and the *Post* take the trouble to compliment the *Herald* editorially upon the latter's enterprise in securing the first news of the capture of Valparaiso. The *Herald*, in turn, almost equalled the *Tribune* itself in reporting the celebration of the *Tribune's* semi-centennial jubilee.

Greater coöperation among New York papers would save them money and result in better papers. Expressions of good will one toward the other are more frequent of late. This may mean that the big dailies will work together more earnestly later on. *M. Y. Beach.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Is it justifiable in one holding the correspondence of several journals in different cities to wire the same matter to each successively; or should he confine himself wholly to one publication? S. W. M.

[If a correspondent is sending news despatches by telegraph to several journals which are not rivals in the same field, there is no objection to his duplicating his despatches. If the papers are rivals in any sense, he should not send the same despatch to two or more of them unless the managing editors by whom he is employed have no objection. — W. H. H.]

Will you tell me if there is any reliable work on punctuation of later date than Wilson's "Treatise" and Bigelow's "Handbook"? Also, if there is any work on orthography giving the rules of different authorities? F. A. N.

[There are no better works on punctuation than the two books named. Punctuation is not to any extent a matter of fashion, likely to change from time to time. Wilson's work is a standard book, and any one who follows it today will be sure that he is following the rules of the best available authority. Bigelow's "Handbook" is less exhaustive, and, for that very reason perhaps, better adapted to popular use. There are other books on punctuation, of course, but there are none better than these two. — W. H. H.]

In addressing such a concern as the Mrs. John Jones Company would you use "Dear Sir," or "Dear Madam," or "Gentlemen," or "Ladies," or what? In writing to such a firm recently I used "Dear Madam." R. A.

[If it is known definitely that the members of the corporation or partnership are all women, "Ladies" is the proper word. If some are women and some are men, or if it is not known whether the members are women or men, "Gentlemen" should be used, on the principle that the use of the word in addressing a business firm is so common that its misuse in case the members of the firm happen to be all women would generally not be noticeable. — W. H. H.]

In the September *Cosmopolitan*, Brander Matthews, in his essay on "Some Recent Short Stories," says: "The most of these collections attained to a surprisingly high level of merit." In the *Critic's* "Lowelliana," also, in a published letter to Alexander Ireland, Lowell used the verb "at ain" in a similar manner, that is, with the "to" added. Is not the "to" in either case superfluous? In *Lippincott's* for September, Julia C. R. Dorr and Edgar Fawcett each use the same verb without the infinitive. P. A. J.

[The idea of the preposition "to" after "attain" is contained in the first syllable of "attain," which is derived from the Latin "ad," meaning "to." The use of "to" after "attain" consequently is superfluous. — W. H. H.]

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"Try and" and "Whether or No." — Let me call the attention of our writers to two of

the worst errors in their use of English. "Try and do so" is a phrase that we see every day in books and newspapers. It is obvious to any one that this form is ridiculous. If you ask a friend to "try and come see me," you imply a request that the friend should come whether or not, with the qualification that he or she might *try* first, if so disposed. Without any argument, it is plainly evident that it should be "try to come." Next! What on earth do our writers and public speakers (not to mention the public itself) mean by saying "whether or no." To show its absurdity briefly: If you say to a friend "try and come see me," you imply a request that the friend should come whether he or she could or could no (not). I trust that these errors are silly enough to work out their own doom. They are becoming ominously general with English-speaking people. W. J.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Under the title "News and Notes" in the September number of THE WRITER appears the following: "Goldsmith wrote his 'Vicar of Wakefield' with a rush, while a bailiff stood at the door and Dr. Johnson looked over his shoulder."

Now, according to Johnson, he not only did not look over Goldsmith's shoulder while Goldsmith was writing his famous book, but he knew nothing about it whatever until it was ready for publication. This is Johnson's account of his first knowledge of the "Vicar of Wakefield": "I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired that he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit." Then the Doctor tells how he took the manuscript to a bookseller, and sold it for sixty pounds, with which Goldsmith's rent was discharged. DEWITT C. SPRAGUE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Allow me to say to Mr. Williams that I did not spel every word in my August article phonetically because it would be too much to ask of the readers of THE WRITER that they should familiarize themselvz with full phonetic spelling in order to read a single article. The explanation of my seeming inconsistency in the changes that I did make iz this: I speld only those words phonetically the *final forms* of which are now agreed upon by all spelling-reformers. I do not believe in changing one letter of a word, then another some time afterward, and perhaps making a third change stil later. While thus confining my changes for the prezent to comparatively few words, I am actively endeavoring to increase the number of these by carrying on discussions of disputed points in *Our Language*, the journal that I publish, and by urging reformers to make mutual slight concessions for the good of the general movement.

To take up special cases, I cannot adopt the spelling of "herd" that Mr. Williams proffers, because I might hav to change later to "hurd," or "hùrd," nor hiz spelling of "skeme" (which I must tel him iz not phonetic, sins it haz a silent final *e*), because I should certainly hav to unlearn it and get used to writing "skîm," "scim," "skeem," or perhaps some form containing a new letter. Hiz "thery" makes me fear that he mispronounces this word. I am not prophet enough to say which spelling wil prevail in cases like those mentioned, but I am veri clear az to "giv," "stil," "pamflet," "biznes," "imens," "visiniti," "hwen," and a thousand or two more. Iz one who haz a rule and follows it "systematically inconsistent"?

FREDERIK A. FERNALD.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Much is said of the "blunders of authors," but surely the apprentices may be pardoned when the "master hand" of W. D. Howells pens the following sentence (see "An Imperative Duty," *Harper's* for July, p. 192, second

column, twenty-eighth line): "And here he encountered them" (the negroes) "of all ages and sexes." How this sentence escaped the proof-reader's eye can be explained only by the charm of the smoothly flowing periods leading up to it.

CLARA J. DENTON.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

An editorial writer in the *Boston Herald* well says: "The printing of a full list of the wedding gifts at a wedding, together with the names of the donors, is criticised by some people as bad taste; but it is something of a relief to escape the usual phrase that the wedding presents were both numerous and costly." It would be well if all newspaper reporters would paste this idea firmly in their memories. L. O. N.

BOSTON, Mass.

The readers of that excellent Episcopal weekly, *The Churchman*, must have had mingled feelings when they read in the issue for September 12 that "The Church of the Beloved Disciple are showing their love for their rector, the Rev. S. Gregory Lines, and their tender memory of his wife, who departed this life a few weeks ago, in a very practical and and commendable manner." The quotation is made to show how necessary it is that writers should be careful where in a sentence they place their adverbial clauses. R. E.

PITTSBURGH, Penn.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS. Six Mississippi Valley Stories. By Hamlin Garland. 260 pp. Cloth. $1.00. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Arena Publishing Company. 1891.

In the works of Hamlin Garland there is an unmistakable suggestion of both Dickens and Howells. What reminds one of Dickens is the perfectly natural way in which Mr. Garland's characters talk. As you read on page after page of dialogue, grave or gay, you feel that you are in the presence of living people, instead of the creatures of a story-writer's imagination. This is an art which the great English character-sketcher had mastered far more skilfully than any other writer of his time or since, and in a more limited way the same dexterous workmanship is noticeable in Mr. Garland. It is a real pleasure, a positive stimulant, an object lesson in human nature, of the American sort, that is to say, to be brought into imaginary contact with these rough, but whole-souled, types of the Western civilization; to listen to their ready badinage, given and taken; to feel the throbbings of their heart-strings in sorrow or sadness; to be touched by the pathos of their hard struggle against poverty and the mortgagee; and to laugh at their quick, homely wit. All this is perfectly real, but it is realism of a kind no other writer has yet been skilful or wise enough to depict. Mr. Garland's likeness to Mr. Howells lies in his analysis of the emotions, and of the mental conditions of his characters, and also in his graphic descriptions of a sunrise, of a bit of scenery, or of the on-coming of the twilight hour. Whether the author is word-painting with a few short, bold strokes of his pen the waving fields of golden wheat or depicting the beauties of a bit of meadow or forest scenery, with the birds singing in the thickets and the brooks babbling musically on, or describing in his swift and exciting way the sonorous threshing machine, the reader finds himself unconsciously applauding Mr. Garland's genius, and likening it to a similar felicity of Mr. Howells. Possibly Mr. Garland is a disciple of Mr. Howells' school of writing, if school it may be termed, but it is only fair to say that Mr. Garland writes with a virility and a heartiness of feeling which are wanting in the work of his honored friend and guide. The highest praise to be given to Mr. Garland is to advise ambitious, but unrecognized, writers to study his style, and, like him, to write of life as they see it, not as they think it should be. He who can do this successfully, as Mr. Garland does it, will win speedily the favor of a great reading public. O. M.

WE ALL. By Octave Thanet. With illustrations by E. J. Austen and J. P. Birren. 280 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

This is a story for the young, by an author who ranks high among the fiction-writers of the day. It is a good, wholesome story of life on an Arkansas plantation, among a white and negro population abounding in queer "characters," whose talk is a distinct patois, altogether unlike any other spoken in the English language, and rarely met with authoritatively in print. For this reason, "We All" is instructive to any one who reads it, while for the young reader its exciting incidents will afford rare entertainment. The deftly constructed plot concerns the operations and ultimate discovery and death of an outlaw, who farms by day and by night plies his peace-disturbing trade in the centre of a law-abiding people. The fifteen-year-old son of a Chicago railway magnate, proud, fastidious, aristocratic by taste and breeding, visits his uncle, the plantation owner, and depends for amusement upon the latter's children, a boy and girl, both of whom are natural products of the raw civilization surrounding them. The contrast in the respective temperaments of the

children thus thrown together and the environment to which they belong is used skilfully by the author to point a moral, and the richly dressed and pampered child of luxury awakens finally to a sense of his own inferiority to his cousins, in spite of the refinement of his breeding and his life at home. This result is reached as the story proceeds. The boys lead an active out-door life, with a 'possum hunt and a wild-hog hunt, graphically described, as incidents in it. Lost in the forest one night, they happen upon the lonely cabin of the outlaw, for years supposed to be inhabited by "hants" (Arkansas for "ghosts"), and, after a most exciting experience, give the alarm to the improvised vigilance committee. Notwithstanding the dramatic climax, the story is void of anything of the character of sensationalism. Altogether it is a thoroughly agreeable and elevating tale of adventure admirably told. O. M.

RUSSIAN TRAITS AND TERRORS. By E. B. Lanin. With an Ode by Algernon Charles Swinburne. 288 pp. Paper, 35 cents. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker. 1891.

In this book, which is the work of several writers, the professed aim is to give accurate and authoritative pictures of life and manners in the Czar's kingdom. If only half is true of all that is asserted, Russia is certainly the most depraved of the earth's civilized nations. The Czar's subjects are written down as natural-born liars, as slothful to the last degree, as dishonest and financially irresponsible, as fatalists, and with ideas of conjugal morality and bodily decency the very worst in the world. Mr. Kennan's statements are more than borne out in the chapter on prison management. An appropriate chapter is devoted to Mr. Swinburne's famous poem on Russia. O. M.

LIFE'S HANDICAP. By Rudyard Kipling. 351 pp. Cloth. $1.00. London and New York: Macmillan & Company, 1891.

This new book of Mr. Kipling's, the title of which is as original as the author's style, contains fourteen new short stories which have never before been printed. The reader who is in search of inimitable stories inimitably told, or who would acquaint himself with Mr. Kipling's work, cannot do better than to read this book. O. M.

A GIRL IN THE KARPATHIANS. By Ménie Muriel Dowie. Illustrated. 301 pp. Cloth. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. 1891.

The globe-trotting woman is a sign of the times. Not only is it no longer remarkable for women to travel long distances by rail, or steamer, or stage-coach unescorted, but as if to emphasize the ability of the sex to accomplish such journeys without fear and without molestation, at least five young women, within the past two years, have made more or less adventurous tours through foreign lands unaccompanied. Of this interesting quintet, four have written books descriptive of their travels and of their experiences. We have had a book from the pen of the young woman who circumnavigated the globe in the interest of a great newspaper, and one also from the luckless rival who raced against her in the interest of a great magazine. So far as known, the young woman who essayed to cross the Dark Continent in a curiously-constructed palanquin has not recorded her experiences in book-form, probably because an attack of fever caused her to abandon the attempt when it was only fairly begun. It is not at all improbable that Mrs. Peary, who accompanied the Arctic exploration party headed by her husband, Lieutenant Peary, will surprise the world some day with a thrilling narrative of life in the Arctic regions, — providing, of course, that she returns alive — in a book bearing such an attractive title as "A Woman at the North Pole," or "Home Life in the Arctics." The account of "A Woman's Trip to Alaska" is still fresh in the mind.

The latest book of travels by a woman is "A Girl in the Karpathians," in which the author, a Scotchwoman, less than twenty-five years old, tells her story simply, yet forcibly, and at times with a natural piquancy of style. To a certain class of readers, her frank and unblushing confessions of suffering from the native torments encountered in the land of the Huzuls may not be entertaining, but as she has undertaken faithfully to describe her own life there, she is entitled to forgiveness. An out-of-the-way spot it certainly was that she invaded, a country of which there is little authentic information, but which, according to the author's account, is not uninviting, where the inhabitants, mainly Jews, are fairly prosperous, quite happy, and, like most civilized but remote nationalities, hospitable to a degree. Possibly the fair traveller's appearance prepossessed them in her favor. She wore a tweed suit, cut like a man's flannel shirt, a Tam O' Shanter, and knickerbockers, and thus attired, spent two months roving through the mountain towns on horseback. Not only was she dressed like a man, but she had certain mannish accomplishments, such as cigarette smoking, swimming, and beer-drinking, and she carried a revolver. Her journeyings were without particular exciting incidents, but are readable, nevertheless. The language of the inhabitants is Polish, and of this she writes: "The ingenuity with which they combine their consonants, the kaleidoscopic feats they can perform with an 'sz,' a 'cz,' a 'dz,' and an 'rz,' these alone force a certain breathless admiration from the aspiring student, and even the disinterested spectator; but when you watch their careless and light-hearted feminization of a verb, your eye is

dazzled, and seems to lose its power of focus. In any case, the favorite build of a Polish word is four-masted and three-decked, with quite a heap of rigging; or perhaps it will be clearer if I say that it is panoramic." O. M.

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF GOVERNMENTS. By John Wenzel. 26 pp. Paper, 20 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Company. 1891.

This is a pamphlet which shows by parallel columns the outlines of the governments of the United States, France, England, and Germany. It designates the functions, the qualifications, and the responsibilities of the chief magistrate or sovereign, and specifies his powers and duties, his tenure of office, his power of appointment, and such matters. It also describes the duties and operation of the respective legislative departments. It is a valuable work in many ways. O. M.

AUGUSTUS JONES, JR., THE LITTLE BROTHER, AND OTHER STORIES. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow. 293 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

The writer of this collection of stories, now reprinted by their original publishers, was one of the readiest story-tellers of his time. His training in journalism sharpened his powers of observation, at the same time affording him a wealth of inspiration for his stories. His sketches are marked by wit. and pathos, and fine character portrayal. O. M.

WELL WON. By Mrs. Alexander. 146 pp. Paper, 30 cents. New York: John A. Taylor & Company. 1891.

SWEET IS REVENGE. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. 291 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: John A. Taylor & Company. 1891.

OUT AT TWINNETT'S. By John Habberton. 197 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: John A. Taylor & Company. 1891.

Of these three novels, "Well Won" is the first of a series to be published under the name "The Mayflower Library," and to contain works by the most popular modern authors. The others are Nos. 1 and 2 of the New Broadway Series, and will be followed by books by W. Clark Russell, Julian Hawthorne, "The Duchess," James Payn, Grant Allen, George R. Sims, "Rita," and several other well-known fiction writers. O. M.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN CIVILIZATION. A Hand-book based upon M. Gustave Ducoudsay's Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation. Edited by Rev. J. Verschoyle, M. A. Illustrated. 587 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

An exhaustive work along the lines of the subjects suggested by a broad interpretation of the title has been attempted by the editor of this volume, and he has succeeded admirably. Within its pages are contained the history of the world from the rise and spread of Christianity until to-day. The work treats not only of the political history of civilization, but also of the world's no less important advance in the arts and sciences, in literature, in commerce, in exploration, in religious and social freedom, in philosophy, in music and the drama, in education, in political economy, and in a thousand and one evidences of humanity's onward march toward its natural destiny. Indisputably a work of much research and authentic information, the book deserves to be commended to the student, and to the general reader as well. The literary man or woman will find in it a vast storehouse of world's knowledge, arranged and classified with due consideration of the purpose for which it is intended. The beginnings of the age of letters and the motives actuating the various great literary names from age to age are intelligently brought out. Probably no more valuable work on the same subject exists in English. O. M.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Charles Gide. Translated by Edward Percy Jacobsen. 581 pp. Cloth, $2.00. Boston: D. C. Heath & Company. 1891.

This is a translation of an important French work on political economy. It is not a text-book, but is intended for students who have mastered the elements of political economy, and who desire a guide to a broader and more philosophical study of the subject. A most interesting, as well as timely, chapter is that on "The Question of Free Trade and Protection," in which the author writes without bias on both the advantages and the disadvantages of protective duties. He also shows under what conditions the bounty system is preferable. The chapter on "Credit" considers the banking system from a scientific point of view. The Socialist system is also exhaustively analyzed. The book is able, scholarly, and comprehensive. O. M.

A MERCIFUL DIVORCE. A Story of Society. By F. W. Maude. Town and Country Series. 280 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1891.

It is the favorite habit with society story-writers nowadays to marry the man and the woman early in the book, and then to involve them in a career of scandal and intrigue, resulting finally either in separation and the union of each with more congenial life-partners, or in death, or, what is worse, in disgrace. It appears to be true that many novel-readers prefer a story in which "marital infelicity," with all that the term suggests, supplies the inspiration of the story to one which concerns the pure, sweet, deep love of a young couple, and their marriage, after the usual obstacles or complications have been overcome, on the last page but one. In "A Merciful Divorce" a young English girl, whose father is unable to pay his bets made on the race-course, sacrifices herself in order to regain his lost honor, and marries a a rich parvenu, whom, of course, she does not love. The man to whom she has been engaged, and whom she loves, nobly smothers his love,

and, his own resources requiring replenishment, within a year he marries the daughter of a Liverpool millionaire. The author utilizes these situations to write a strong and dramatic story of "high society" life, with betting, gambling, horse-racing, flirtation, and kindred weaknesses of the English "fast set" to give the story color. The description of the racing itself is a creditable bit of fine writing, and the story, as a whole, is a good piece of work.

O. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

STEPHEN ELLICOTT'S DAUGHTER. By Mrs. J. H. Needell. 493 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

"SPOONS." Puck's Library, No. 50. 70 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

"WHISKERS." Puck's Library, No. 51. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS. By George Meredith. 278 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

ELSIE. By W. Heimburg. 236 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI. By Ernest von Wildenbruch. Illustrated. 291 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

THE RACE PROBLEM, AND OTHER CRITIQUES. By H. W. Holley. 143 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1891.

THE MOUNTAINS OF OREGON. By W. G. Steel. Illustrated. 109 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Portland, Oregon: David Steel. 1890.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 597 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1891.

FONTENAY, THE SWORDSMAN. By Fortuné du Boisgobey. 325 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

HINTS FOR THE MILLION. 224 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

THE WORLD AGAINST HER. By Edward R. Roe. 254 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White-Smith Music Publishing Company, 62 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal—"The Sailor's Vision," Edward Fuller and G. J. Couchois; "Agnes," Franz Petersilea; "Johnny Doolan's Cat," George Horncastle and John Cooke; "If Thou Hast a Key," Carl Bohm; "Once only Comes the Hour," Ambrose Davenport and Carl Bohm; "Alone, yet not Alone," Henry Vaughan and Paul Rodney; "The Fellow who Played the Drum," Arthur West and John S. Baker; "Pretty Girl! Rather!" Felix McGlennon and John S. Baker; "Only Sad Memories," Will J. Moorman; "Good Night!" H. W. Longfellow and Luigi Denza; "Jack and Jill," male quartette, arranged by Warren Davenport; "Forward March," male quartette, arranged by W. Davenport; "Harvest Sunday," six numbers, C. C. Stearns; "The Angel's Promise," violin accompaniment, Frederic E. Weatherby and H. Behrend. Piano—"Vivacité Galop," A. Corraggio; "Golden Moon," Charles Drumheller; "La Californienne," Henri Herz; "Vaillance," Joseph Ascher; "Tarantella," J. C. Dunster; "Oriental Perfumes," valse brillante, G. Bellenghi; "Valse Militaire," Emile Waldteufel; "Sweet Remembrance," waltz, E. Waldteufel; "Tramway," for four hands, L. Gobbaerts.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE POEMS OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. With Portrait. Frank Dempster Sherman. *Century* for September.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS. E. W. Howe. *Century* for September.

HOW SIR EDWIN ARNOLD WRITES HIS POETRY. Reprinted from *Cassell's Saturday Journal* in *Review of Reviews* for September.

SOCIETY WOMEN AS AUTHORS. Anna Vernon Dorsey. *Cosmopolitan* for September.

ON CERTAIN RECENT SHORT STORIES. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for September.

BUYING FICTION BY MEASURE. Roline Elgin. *Kate Field's Washington* for September 16.

THE THEORY OF FICTION-MAKING. Maurice Thompson. *Chautauquan* for October.

ANECDOTES OF DICKENS. *Library and Studio* for September.

NATURALISM IN FICTION. Edgar Fawcett. *New York World* for September 19.

WHERE MILTON WROTE "PARADISE LOST." Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Queries Magazine* for September.

POETS LAUREATE. Reprinted from *Merry England* in *Queries Magazine* for September.

LOWELL MILDLY CRITICISED. Theodore Watts. Reprinted from *London Athenæum* in *Boston Transcript* for September 8.

THE ALLEGED BRIBERY OF NEWSPAPER CRITICS. Philip G. Hubert, Jr. *Epoch* for August 21.

THE HOUR OF THE SHORT STORY. W. D. Howells. Editor's Study in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SOCIETY JOURNAL. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. *Cosmopolitan* for September.

FRANK G. CARPENTER. With Portrait. *Press and Printer* for August 29.

IRELAND'S PATRIOT POET. *No Name Magazine* (Baltimore) for September.

MR. CHILDS' LIBRARY AND CURIOS. *No Name Magazine* (Baltimore) for September.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HEROINE. Elisa M. Moore. *Kate Field's Washington* for September 2

INFERIOR PAPER A MENACE TO THE PERMANENCY OF LITERATURE. Rossiter Johnson. Reprinted from *New York World* in *Library Journal* for August.

HEALTHY HEROINES. "Jullen Gordon." *Lippincott's* for October.

HACKNEYED QUOTATIONS. Lylie O. Harris. *Kate Field's Washington* for September 23.

A REALISTIC CRITIC. Maurice Thompson. *America* for September 17.

NAMES IN NOVELS. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *America* for September 17.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Richard Henry Stoddard. *North American Review* for October.

LOVE-STORIES. Reprinted from *New Orleans Times-Democrat* in *Public Opinion* for August 8.

THE INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA. Reprinted from *Paris Revue des Revues* in *Public Opinion* for August 8

LEADING LONDON PAPERS AND THEIR EDITORS. V. — *The Daily Graphic*. *Paper and Press* for August.

POPE. Blanche Wilder Bellamy. *Christian Union* for September 5.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S REMINISCENCES. Archibald Forbes. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Toronto Week* for September 4.

THE EROTIC NOVEL. Elizabeth Deering Hanscom. Reprinted from *Boston Journal* in *Public Opinion* for September 19.

SIGNS AS ADVERTISEMENTS. Charles F. Benjamin. *Printers Ink* for September 16.

MAJOR BUNDY. Obituary, with Portrait. *Harper's Weekly* for September 19.

NAMES IN NOVELS. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* in *Literary Digest* for September 12.

THE LIBRARY AT SAN MARINO. Herbert Vivian. Reprinted from the *Library* in *Literary Digest* for September 12.

"THE OLD SETTLER" (Ed Mott). Tom Masson. *New Bedford Evening Journal* for September 19.

GETTING LONDON NEWS. Frederick R. Burton. *New Bedford Standard* for September 19.

LITERARY STYLE. Reprinted from *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* in *Public Opinion* for September 20.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE. Reprinted from *Atlanta Constitution* in *Public Opinion* for September 20.

FROM AN OLD NEWSPAPER. Edward Irenaeus Stevenson. *Christian Union* for September 26.

GOLDSMITH. Blanche Wilder Bellamy. *Christian Union* for September 26.

EMILY DICKINSON'S LETTERS. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Atlantic Monthly* for October.

MR. HOWELLS' LITERARY CREED. *Atlantic Monthly* for October.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S MINOR ESSAYS. Editorial. *Springfield Republican* for September 20.

THE MODERN THIRST FOR REALISM. Paul Kester. *Kate Field's Washington* for September 9.

SHORTHAND IN JOURNALISM. J. R. Stevenson. *Frank Harrison's Shorthand Magazine* for October.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Poem. Oliver Wendell Holmes. *Atlantic Monthly* for October.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF LOWELL. Sidney Low. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Public Opinion* for September 26.

CHICAGO'S LITERARY SET. *Chicago Evening Journal* for September 19.

EMERSON. *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* for September 13.

HAWTHORNE IN ENGLAND. Edgar L. Wakeman. *New Orleans Picayune* for September 20.

NATURALISM IN FICTION. Edgar Fawcett. *New York Sunday World* for September 20.

MAGAZINE-MAKING. *San Francisco Daily Report* for September 12.

SOCIAL VERSE. Algernon Charles Swinburne. *Forum* for October.

A SCHOOL-GIRL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Fräulein Rosa Schmelz. *St. Nicholas* for October.

BOOKS OF OLDEN TIMES. C. A. Lynde. *St. Nicholas* for October.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Aldrich have returned from their short European trip, and are now at their delightful country home on the shore of Lake Ponkapog.

America (Chicago) has been merged in the *Graphic*, and its separate publication ceased with the number for September 24 — the last of the sixth volume. *America* itself was the successor of the *Current*.

W. R. Hearst, of the *San Francisco Examiner*, proposes to erect in Washington a magnificent building, which will cost about $2,000,000, and which will be devoted to the accommodation of press associations and newspaper correspondents.

The *New York Herald* has offered a prize of $200 for the best new and original one-act drama, comedy or genteel farce, on an American subject, written by a resident of the United States, and submitted before December 1. The plays must contain 4,000 words, call for the use of only one scene, and not more than seven characters. The winning play will be produced at one of the leading New York theatres.

Palmer Cox has signed a contract with the *Ladies' Home Journal* whereby his amusing little "Brownies" will hereafter belong exclusively to the *Journal*. Mr. Cox's contract begins with the October number.

John L. Heaton and Mrs. Eliza Putnam Heaton will be joint editors of the new *Providence* (R. I.) *News*. Mrs. Heaton has been editing the woman's page of the *New York Recorder*, and her income from this and other newspaper work when she left New York for Providence was about $4,000 a year. She is a New England woman, and graduated from Boston University in 1880, at the head of her class. Upon her marriage she settled in Brooklyn, and became associated with her husband in his work on the *Brooklyn Daily Times*.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century*, Henry C. Walsh, editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, and James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the *Pilot*, spent Sunday, September 13, at Marion, and were the guests of ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland.

Mrs. Margaret Deland (who prefers to be called Mrs. L. F. Deland) has arrived home at 112 Mt. Vernon street with her handsome husband, her large dog, and a new manuscript volume of short stories. Mrs. Deland worked regularly a stated number of hours all through her absence at Kennebunkport every day, just as she does at home.

Chicago is in search of a poet for the opening of the Columbian Exposition. Stoddard, Stedman, Aldrich, and George E. Woodberry have been suggested.

Dr. Holmes contributes to the October *Atlantic* a poem in tribute to James Russell Lowell.

A bird's-eye view, so to speak, of contemporaneous miscellaneous literature is afforded by the perusal of the *Weekly Bulletin*, published in Boston by B. R. Tucker. It is built upon a novel plan worthy of its Yankee originator. It will save literary, or professional, or business men many hours of time each week, for it will give them at a glance the titles of important articles in the newspapers and magazines, and the space they occupy. The procuring of any article or articles desired is an easy matter, for the editor undertakes to supply these by means of a unique system of coupons. The *Bulletin* costs only fifty cents a year.

"Albert Ross" (Linn B. Porter) is on his way to Europe again. He will visit Spain, Morocco, Algeria, and Italy before his return.

Dr. Edward Eggleston, who has just taken a second wife, is one of the oldest contributors to the *Century* magazine. He began his work for it by writing the literary notes for the first number, and furnished its first short story, which, under pressure, he wrote between four o'clock on a Friday and midnight of Saturday. It was called "Hulda, the Help." Dr. Eggleston and his bride will pass the honeymoon at the author's home at Lake George.

The office of *Frank Harrison's Magazine* has been removed from Newark, N. J., to Boston.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney celebrated her sixty-seventh birthday September 16.

The "Lounger" of the *Critic* says: "How much there is in a word! A lady sent a poem to a certain magazine, and in return received a letter which made her cheeks burn with indignation. What the editor said might be true, but he could have expressed himself with less brutal frankness. In the course of a week, however, she received the following letter, which soothed her wounded pride, and at the same time gave her much amusement: "DEAR MADAME: On August 7th, we wrote you regarding your poem, saying by mistake that we had 'so much better on hand.' We intended to say that we had 'so much *matter* on hand,' and could therefore only use it without compensation."

Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie, the "Girl in the Karpathians," was married recently to Henry Norman, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Norman, although an Englishman, is a graduate of Harvard College. He returned to London not long ago from a trip around the world in the interests of the *Gazette*.

The *New York Tribune* recently stated that the Rev. Edward Everett Hale was seventy-nine years of age, which is just ten years too many. The mistake has brought forth two pleasant letters of correction. One is from Dr. Hale, who says: "This will be all right ten years hence, but at present is a little 'previous,' or, as I think the reporters say, 'premature.' Keep it among the obituaries at Hal; and if you will print it again in 1901, it will gratify yours truly, Edward E. Hale." The other is from the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, editor of the *Evangelist*, who, as will be seen, has strong personal reasons for making the correction. "How dare you," expostulates Dr. Field, "make Edward Everett Hale seventy-nine years old? In doing so you are not only pushing him to the wall, but me, too; for we were born on the same day, April 3, 1822, so that he always calls me his twin brother — a fact to which I refer in dedicating my book, 'Old Spain and New Spain,' to him."

In the *North American Review* for October a worthy tribute to the late James Russell Lowell, who was the editor of the *Review* from 1863 to 1872, is offered by his friend and fellow poet, Richard Henry Stoddard.

The Critic Company, of New York, announces the advent of a new magazine devoted to the discussion of social and economic questions and the advancement of organized charities, to be called the *Charities Review*. The first number will be published November 1.

Elizabeth Bisland, the *Cosmopolitan's* 'round-the-world traveller, is engaged to C. W. Wetmore, a young New York lawyer, partner of General F. C. Barlow. They met at a country club ball on Long Island. They will be married this month.

A second edition of the "History of the Franco-German War," by Count von Moltke, has been published. The entire manuscript is written in the late field marshal's own hand, and has graciously been presented to the publishers by his heirs.

A critical article, which will probably excite some curiosity as to the author, appears in the October number of the *Atlantic*. It is entitled "Mr. Howell's Literary Creed," which, it may be added, is not precisely the creed of the writer of the paper, since he calls it "dreadfully contemporaneous and hopelessly individual."

The *Critic* says that in the later years of Lowell's life the *Century Magazine* offered him $1,000 each for as many essays as he would write for its columns, and that *Harper's Magazine* made him a proposition of $5,000 for six essays. He declined both offers.

Wolcott Balestier, who has collaborated with Rudyard Kipling in the new novel which the *Century* will begin publishing in November, is a young American now living in London. He is a writer and a business man as well, being a member of the recently organized firm of Heinemann & Balestier, of Leipsic, which is publishing a series of copyrighted English and American novels on the continent of Europe in the fashion of the Tauchnitz editions. He was formerly the editor of the New York humorous weekly, *Time*.

Percy Fitzgerald has written a full and most entertaining "Life of James Boswell," which is to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Fitzgerald has made a book full of interesting anecdotes, and readable throughout. It will contain portraits of Boswell and of Dr. Johnson.

Frank Bolles, secretary of Harvard College, has found time to complete the book on which he has been working so long, and it appears in the fall announcement of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. It will be especially interesting to Cambridge people, for it deals with out-door life in this vicinity, the scenery, the birds, and the thoughts which leisurely tramps around the outlying towns of Boston would naturally inspire.

Mrs. Margaret Woods Lawrence, author of "Marion Graham," occupies one of the most historic mansions in Marblehead, a house of Revolutionary fame, known now as "Linden Home.' Mrs. Lawrence is at present the guest of Dr. Hiram Orcutt, in Dorchester, on her way to Lakewood, N. J., where she will pass the winter.

Sir Edwin Arnold is to begin his American tour in Boston November 6. Sir Edwin's entertainment will consist of descriptive talks and readings from his poems and writings on India.

W. C. Noble, the sculptor, who has a studio at Cambridge, has received a commission from an unknown person to model an $18,000 bronze statue of William Ellery Channing, to be erected in Touro Park, Newport, R. I.

The publishers of the *Cosmopolitan* paid Madeleine Lemaire for the illustrations of "Three Women of the Comédie Française," published in the October number, ten times the amount paid for the article.

A colossal bust of the late James Russell Lowell, by the young sculptor, William Ordway Partridge, is exhibited at Mr. Partridge's studio, 122 Boylston street, Boston. The bust of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, from the same hand, is still to be seen at the studio.

Mrs. Maud Howe Elliot is giving receptions and later a literary talk every Monday night at Mrs. J. Clinton Gray's at Newport. September 14 she discussed the pertinent question, "Has America Produced a Poet?"

"Julien Gordon" (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger) contributes to *Lippincott's* for September a paper entitled "Healthy Heroines." She declaims against the delicate style of heroines to be found in old-fashioned novels, and declares, "If we turn to history, we will find that the few women who have ruled it and the hearts of men were not invalids."

The October *Century* contains a frontispiece portrait of Rudyard Kipling and an article on his work by Edmund Gosse. Mr. Gosse says that Kipling was born in Bombay in Christmas week, 1865, and is therefore only in his twenty-sixth year.

The only near relative of Mr. Lowell now living, except his daughter, Mrs. Burnett, is his elder sister, Mrs. S. R. Putnam, of Beacon street, Boston. Mrs. Putnam, although advanced in years, is engaged upon some literary work of a biographical character.

Munsey's Weekly has been transformed into *Munsey's Magazine*, the first (October) number of which will be ready in a few days. It will be of the same size and price as *Scribner's*, but will publish no serial stories.

Dr. George Macdonald has written a new novel, "The Flight of a Shadow."

The Brooklyn Institute will commemorate Monday, November 30, the eightieth birthday of Wendell Phillips. An address will be made by George William Curtis, and Rev. John W. Chadwick will read a poem.

Mr. Gladstone has been chiefly engaged during the recess in rearranging his library. This reaches stupendous proportions, and is always being added to. Years ago he invented or adapted an arrangement of shelves in the library which enabled him to stow away an almost incredible number of books in a given space, but the flowing tide of books threatens to swamp the castle, and he has been obliged to make provision for them outside. He has accordingly had constructed close to the castle a building of corrugated iron. Mr. Gladstone, assisted by his daughter, Mrs. Drew, has spent many happy hours since parliament was prorogued in arranging his books in this new location.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Daly and Miss Ada Rehan visited Tennyson September 23, and listened to the reading of a three-act comedy written by the poet laureate. Daly has bought the play, but is not ready yet to say much about it. He does say, however, that he will produce it in New York this winter.

Walter McDougall, who has made an enviable reputation as the cartoonist of the *New York World*, has written a novel, which is his first attempt in the line of fiction.

Mrs. Sallie Toler, of Wichita, Kan., has a series of illustrated sketches of "Notable Kansas Women" running through *Frank Leslie's Newspaper*.

Mr. and Mrs. Brander Matthews were in Lucerne September 12.

Mrs. Mary A. Denison, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Walter S. Eaton, both residents of Washington, D. C., have been visiting their brother, Dr. R. R. Andrews, of Cambridge.

F. W. Bourdillon, author of the lyric beginning "The night has a thousand eyes," has prepared for publication a volume entitled "A Lost God."

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward has completed her biography of her late father, Professor Austin Phelps, and it will be published at an early date by the Scribners. An interesting feature of the book is the autobiographical matter relating to Professor Phelps' youth and early manhood.

The D. Lothrop Co. has in press for immediate publication, a new edition of Miss E. E. Brown's "Life of James Russell Lowell," with three new chapters added.

Jessie Fothergill, whose most successful work was the musical novel, "The First Violin," could not herself play an instrument — could not even sing.

The editor of *American Notes and Queries* (Philadelphia) asked 480 editors all over the country which pronunciation each preferred: adver*tise*ment or ad*ver*tisement? Roughly speaking, the canvass yielded, from all parts of the country: For ad*ver*tisement 230 votes. For adver*tise*ment 250 votes, or a majority for adver*tise*ment of twenty votes.

Very truly yours,
James Parton

THE WRITER.
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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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JAMES PARTON.

I first met Mr. Parton some twenty-five years ago, at General Butler's house in Washington, which Mrs. Butler's gracious and delightful presence made unlike any other. We were very gay under the spell of Fanny Fern's irresistible drollery; and the air of amused indulgence with which Mr. Parton listened was very attractive. Indeed, his whole personality was attractive: it was one of great simplicity and dignity. His voice was low and musical, his manner the perfection of quiet, except when aroused in one of his enthusiasms. He was so slender that he seemed taller than he was, with the scholarly air of one who bends over books; while with his dark hair, and lashes, and beard, and his dark-blue eyes, and with the sometimes pensive, but more often placid, expression, there were aspects of his pale face that were beautiful, although perhaps this struck you more after you had found the beauty of his character. It was at a ball in Washington, somewhat later, that, as he commented on the flowing wine, the splendid toilets, the flowers, the jewels, the abundant waste, I was struck by the originality of his disapproval even in enjoying the enjoyment of others, and learned then the strength of passion with which he regarded all things that worked for the good or ill of humanity. My subsequent acquaintance showed me that his intense convictions were a part of himself, of his life, his identity; and so intense and compelling were they that there was something wonderful in the habitual repression which he exercised, although now and then some volcanic outburst of indignation or rapture carried him away. For he admired, in the depth of his being, all fine action and intention: he was on the side of every reform; he suffered with every sufferer; he was the enemy of oppression, of cruelty, of craft, and the redresser of every wrong. He had, besides this, the pure genius of common sense.

It was owing, probably, to this self-control that one would hardly have suspected that he was not a happy man at that earlier period, although one might have thought him a solitary man, whose feelings were deepened by being forced back on himself. He had married Fanny Fern in a moment of chivalrous impulse, for the sake of affording her protection at a time when she was undergoing some painful injustice, and, with his usual unconventional habit, ignoring the difference of age. Before a month had passed he had discovered his mistake. Generous, noble, and true, Fanny Fern had suffered trials which had made her morbid and difficult;

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[illegible] the most self forgetting women [illegible] known, and that love for her grew into [illegible] which at last made him ask her to become [illegible] With his wholly unconventional habit [illegible] no impropriety in the case. [illegible] marriage with her mother had been [illegible] than a marriage in name. He had [illegible] of this second marriage [illegible] advised of that [illegible] marriage was extreme. He [illegible]

that in his view a mother also was a sacred thing.

A few years ago Mr. Parton bought and moved into one of the tree-shadowed, large square houses of the old town, with an acre or so of ground around it, which he and his wife beautified with shrubs, and trees, and flowers, and where he delighted to work, or to join the children at their play. Every contrivance for their play was there: the tennis court, the swing, the see-saw, for out-door weather; the barn fitted up for storms; and that, not only for his own children, but for any children, either of the rich or poor, who wished, — the only condition of admittance being their good behavior. He was with the children in their play and pleasure; as much an enthusiast about the base-ball game as about their books, and he was always leading them up by word and deed to loftier development both of mind and body. His best thought was not too good for them, and what he dared to think, he always dared to say.

From the day when Mr. Parton first came to Newburyport he entered heart and soul into the interests about him. He acquainted himself, impartially, with all sorts and conditions; he went on our pleasure parties and was their life; he made himself familiar with all the region round in drives and sails; he joined the evening clubs formed by some of the intellectual men, where his modesty never allowed him to assume superiority, but where his outspoken sincerity always attested his self-respect; and he became a member of the school committee, his official visits always being hailed with joy by both teachers and pupils, for he invariably aroused their intelligence with some novel thought, and they felt his interest was genuine. He had the welfare of the town always at heart, and there was, perhaps, no citizen there so generally beloved. His courtesy was unfailing; and it was not the courtesy of fine manners, but of a fine nature. After some impetuous outburst of conviction, his immediate and childlike gentleness and sweetness were most winning. As a guest, he exerted himself with all his rare powers for the pleasure of the house; as a host, he made you feel his hearth your own. He was delighted to find anything to praise in another; he had always, in his large charity, the extenuating word for the sinner, but he never had any for the sin. And his charity was not only that of the liberal thinker, but of the generous giver. I recall one Christmas when he and his whole household put together the amount that their Christmas gifts would have cost and gave it to a family in need; and that was one act out of a life filled with such acts. If you wanted counsel, if you wanted sympathy, if you wanted help, you were sure of it from Mr. Parton. An unbeliever himself as to religious dogmas, he had immense hospitality to other people's creeds: it was not what people believed, but what they were which signified to him; and this liberality of his had a very enlarging influence on all who came within his reach. He had as warm friendships with clergymen as with agnostics, and he had their deep respect. An Orthodox doctor of divinity, an Andover trustee, was among those who paid the last tribute of regard at his funeral; and an Episcopal clergyman published in the local paper afterward a generous estimate of his worth and goodness. He met death with unbroken serenity, and without a fear troubled only by the knowledge — which he possessed first of any — that he was leaving those he loved, the children who needed him, the wife who adored him. He would never admit that he was suffering, lest it should make them suffer to know it. Although not strong for some years, the actual illness of failing heart and labored breath lasted but seven weeks. His mind was clear and undisturbed, his affections strong and sweet, and his courage perfect to the end.

Mr. Parton's home life was singularly beautiful, the family union perfect. He gave the morning to work, dictating usually to an amanuensis, and more lately to a typewriter. He was fond of his work; believed in it and in its value, and had especial satisfaction in the faithfulness of his last undertaking, the "Life of Voltaire," to which he had given the leisure and much of the hard work of twenty years. It was not the satisfaction of vanity, a quality of which he was entirely destitute, but that of having achieved vindication and appreciation for his subject, — and his subjects were chosen more often than not from those who had endured misrepresentation and obloquy, and had

and he had the hot, impetuous temper of youth. Separating at once, but coming together out of regard to propriety and expediency, they lived under the same roof, sometimes in friendly habit, sometimes in a state of armed neutrality. His first glimpse of sunshine, at this time of wretchedness, was the coming into the house of the little six-weeks-old grandchild whose mother had just died. He turned toward her with his whole sore heart; all the tendrils of his affection twined around this baby; she was the peace-maker, the mutual object of interest; delight in the unfolding of the little flower was the one thing on which all agreed. He has told me that if he lived a thousand years and served her in them all, he could never repay the child the debt of happiness he owed her in bringing light into his darkness. From her sweet babyhood to her brilliant and beautiful womanhood this child never ceased to be a source of continual happiness to him.

The heroism with which Fanny Fern met the cruel fate of a mortal disease, involving severe surgery and unspeakable suffering, aroused in Mr. Parton an admiration for the real grandeur of her character under whatever else encumbered it, and in the six years of her illness he was unremitting in affording her all the comfort and content she could receive. After her death, he wrote to my husband and myself that he should like to have the child brought up in a large country town, having once seen Newburyport, and having been attracted by what he had heard us say of it, and asking our advice and assistance in procuring a home there for her and her aunt, he to be with them in the summers, and in New York in the winters. But after a little, the time given to New York grew less and less, and he purchased a house and established a permanent home in Newburyport.

It was in opening this new home that he thought how different it would be were it mother and father and child entering it, instead of people held together by a so much looser bond. But it was a very cheerful and pleasant home, for all that; and brought into such close relation, he had occasion to see and feel, as never before, the devotedness, the faithfulness, the charm of her who was at its head, one of the most unselfish persons, the most self-forgetting women I have ever known; and that love for her grew into being which at last made him ask her to become his wife. With his wholly unconventional habit of thought, he saw no impropriety in the case; and his marriage with her mother had been hardly more than a marriage in name. He had no idea of the illegality of this second marriage; and his horror, on being advised of that fact shortly after the wedding, was extreme. He left the house at once, till they could go to New York, where there was no restriction of the sort, and be remarried. A bill, legalizing the marriage, passed the Massachusetts Legislature, but was vetoed by a governor who could hardly have realized how much worse it was to put a stigma on a family than to sacrifice an ecclesiastical punctilio. Some precedents in law, however, declaring valid a civil contract made under similar conditions, set the matter at rest.

I was not at home at that time, but the idea of such a marriage being repugnant to me, I spoke of it with unpardonable freedom. Whatever condemnatory thought I had, being their friend, I should have been silent. I ought to have remembered, too, that his younger years, the fact of the use of his Christian name by all in the family, and the separate life he led, had hindered any filial feeling or relation; and I should have known that two such noble people could do nothing which did not seem to them noble. I am glad that I had the grace to go to them afterward and express my sorrow and receive their forgiveness. It was impossible for Mr. Parton to do anything else but forgive; it was out of his power to nourish a resentment, or an unkindly feeling: his heart overflowed with good-will.

It seemed with this marriage as if Mr. Parton had just begun to live. He was deeply, calmly happy, and he shed his happiness on all about him. He once said he had been so happy that it would be sheer avarice in him to demand another life. His two children afforded him unceasing joy, and his love for them expanded to all other children. Every child, of whatever birth or breeding, was to him a mirror of the best possibilities of human nature; he was himself an ideal of fatherhood; it was natural, then,

that in his view a mother also was a sacred thing.

A few years ago Mr. Parton bought and moved into one of the tree-shadowed, large square houses of the old town, with an acre or so of ground around it, which he and his wife beautified with shrubs, and trees, and flowers, and where he delighted to work, or to join the children at their play. Every contrivance for their play was there: the tennis court, the swing, the see-saw, for out-door weather; the barn fitted up for storms; and that, not only for his own children, but for any children, either of the rich or poor, who wished, — the only condition of admittance being their good behavior. He was with the children in their play and pleasure; as much an enthusiast about the base-ball game as about their books, and he was always leading them up by word and deed to loftier development both of mind and body. His best thought was not too good for them, and what he dared to think, he always dared to say.

From the day when Mr. Parton first came to Newburyport he entered heart and soul into the interests about him. He acquainted himself, impartially, with all sorts and conditions; he went on our pleasure parties and was their life; he made himself familiar with all the region round in drives and sails; he joined the evening clubs formed by some of the intellectual men, where his modesty never allowed him to assume superiority, but where his outspoken sincerity always attested his self-respect; and he became a member of the school committee, his official visits always being hailed with joy by both teachers and pupils, for he invariably aroused their intelligence with some novel thought, and they felt his interest was genuine. He had the welfare of the town always at heart, and there was, perhaps, no citizen there so generally beloved. His courtesy was unfailing; and it was not the courtesy of fine manners, but of a fine nature. After some impetuous outburst of conviction, his immediate and childlike gentleness and sweetness were most winning. As a guest, he exerted himself with all his rare powers for the pleasure of the house; as a host, he made you feel his hearth your own. He was delighted to find anything to praise in another; he had always, in his large charity, the extenuating word for the sinner, but he never had any for the sin. And his charity was not only that of the liberal thinker, but of the generous giver. I recall one Christmas when he and his whole household put together the amount that their Christmas gifts would have cost and gave it to a family in need; and that was one act out of a life filled with such acts. If you wanted counsel, if you wanted sympathy, if you wanted help, you were sure of it from Mr. Parton. An unbeliever himself as to religious dogmas, he had immense hospitality to other people's creeds: it was not what people believed, but what they were which signified to him; and this liberality of his had a very enlarging influence on all who came within his reach. He had as warm friendships with clergymen as with agnostics, and he had their deep respect. An Orthodox doctor of divinity, an Andover trustee, was among those who paid the last tribute of regard at his funeral; and an Episcopal clergyman published in the local paper afterward a generous estimate of his worth and goodness. He met death with unbroken serenity, and without a fear troubled only by the knowledge — which he possessed first of any — that he was leaving those he loved, the children who needed him, the wife who adored him. He would never admit that he was suffering, lest it should make them suffer to know it. Although not strong for some years, the actual illness of failing heart and labored breath lasted but seven weeks. His mind was clear and undisturbed, his affections strong and sweet, and his courage perfect to the end.

Mr. Parton's home life was singularly beautiful, the family union perfect. He gave the morning to work, dictating usually to an amanuensis, and more lately to a typewriter. He was fond of his work; believed in it and in its value, and had especial satisfaction in the faithfulness of his last undertaking, the "Life of Voltaire," to which he had given the leisure and much of the hard work of twenty years. It was not the satisfaction of vanity, a quality of which he was entirely destitute, but that of having achieved vindication and appreciation for his subject, — and his subjects were chosen more often than not from those who had endured misrepresentation and obloquy, and had

won his commiseration. In the afternoon there was some reading, usually with an eye to the morrow's task, and then walking, or driving, or play; and in the evening the family gathered about the lamp with the book to be read aloud, which was useful or pleasant to all; and a friend was always welcome in the circle. No page he ever wrote equalled his daily talk at home; he spared nothing of word or thought, and to live with him was indeed a liberal education. He cultivated beauty everywhere about him, the beauty of art and nature; beauty in a woman's face moved him but faintly; he had not a single gross taste or appetite. When I think of his intensity of conviction, of his unfailing charity, of his sympathy, his tenderness, his kindness, his magnanimity, his integrity, his purity, his fearless truth, his divine compassion, his love of humanity, indeed, his absolute goodness, it seems to me that he lived a life as near the life of Christ himself as it is possible for a man to live.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

TWO MODERN NOVELS.

An exquisite facility in phrasing is observable in Edward Eggleston's new novel, "The Faith Doctor." A graphic phrase, as all writers are aware, is more fetching than any amount of so-called fine writing. Here are a few of Dr. Eggleston's best, chosen at random: —

"The sacred white elephants of conventionality."

"There were no half-tones in Mrs. Master's judgments; everything was painted in coal-blacks or glittering-whites."

"He sat and stared a hard-coal fire out of countenance."

"Her emotions were mettlesome horses well bitted."

"From drab Quakerism to stained-glass Episcopalianism."

"The chimney-corner chatter of old women."

A modernized portrait of Bartley Hubbard, the newspaper reporter in Mr. Howells' "A Modern Instance," is drawn by him in his novel, "The Quality of Mercy," now running as a serial in several large papers. The young man has been sent to a country town in Massachusetts to investigate a reported heavy defalcation. He is a space-writer on the *Boston Events*, well remembered by readers of "A Modern Instance," and proves himself easily the equal of Bartley Hubbard in the cool and insinuating manner in which he pumps the natives for the "facts in the case." The demands of journalism having changed from those in vogue in Bartley's time, the author is able to produce an entirely fresh type, and does so with an intimate knowledge of the ways of modern journalism which no newspaper man will question. If the methods required of reporters by sensational newspapers are not wellknown by the public, here is afforded excellent opportunity to learn of them. The "bright young man from the *Events*," by practising certain arts peculiar to the profession on occasion, interviews the daughter of the missing defaulter at the family mansion. Like many people under similar circumstances, she says things which in type under glaring headlines next morning would cause her intense pain. The reporter, to his credit and that of the craft, decides not to use all she has said, purely from a sense of her helplessness, and the misery it might cause her. His rival, the reporter of the *Abstract*, is a high-minded young man, who does not sympathize with sensationalism, and prefers to be "scooped" to doing anything in the news-gathering line which would lower his dignity. He differs, also, from the other reporter in that he claims to possess the literary instinct, and although a member of

the profession, is not proud of the fact. Sent to interview a rich mill-president at his home on the Back Bay, he is shown into the library, where the young lady of the house engages him in conversation, and is quite captivated with his polite bearing and his intelligence. The suspicion is justified that Mr. Howells intends to make a match between the couple; at least everything pointed that way at the time when the last instalment of the novel was published, notwithstanding the fact that when the young lady saw the young man that afternoon she took him for either a walking delegate or a factory hand, so deceiving are appearances in reporters. Mr. Howells is especially happy in his portrait of the reporter at work; in fact, he asserted recently that "A Modern Instance," in which the newspaper man was the leading character, is his greatest work. *Oliver McKee.*

BOSTON, MASS.

THE MAN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE.

In this phrase a bright Indianapolis woman once characterized an editor who had made use of a personal item concerning her, against her expressed wish. The classification was apt, as, in frequent instances, the experience of too many writers will attest.

On large grounds, — which is the best and most ennobling standpoint from which to judge of other people, — I have no quarrel with editors. They are unco guid citizens; all good befortune them.

To avoid injustice to editors, however, writers should endeavor to live up to a theory that only the most practical standards should regulate their relations. Consider these relations from a common-sense basis; if you are peddling strawberries, and the lady of the house declines to buy your fruit, however large and fine it may be, for the reason that she has just supplied herself, are you not absurd to become affronted and go from her door with wounded feelings? Rather should you commiserate the poor woman for the ill-fate which led her to purchase before you appeared, and you should hasten your steps out of her neighborhood, that she may have leisure to shed tears unseen over her inferior fruit.

Neither should you take serious umbrage because she does not come out to the curbstone to inspect your wares; she is already supplied, and would be but giving you time to which you have no shadow of claim. So with the editor who declines our well-meant contributions: the poor man's pigeon-holes are doubtless already overcrowded. Since belief in one's own value is pronounced an effective element of success, we are not obliged to interpret his non-acceptance as disapproval of the work submitted, but as a mournful disability, on his part, to purchase or accumulate any further manuscripts whatever.

For the same reason, it is equally unreasonable to expect editors to read all manuscripts received. Like the lady of the strawberries, since he is already too well-stocked, he should not be required to squander his valuable time, and risk having his literary discernment mingled with envy and coveteousness, by perusing matter perhaps harrassingly better than that which he has already purchased.

It is the purest folly to strew eyelashes, hairpins, button-hooks, and such trifles between the pages of manuscript in order to convict the editor of non-perusal. The editor who returns contributions without reading them, when he has no intent to purchase, is a man to admire, and it would augment literary friendliness if there were more of him. He instructs literary pedlers to grow fine, large strawberries and convey them from sanctum to sanctum until fortune brings them to the blessed spot where he willing editor and the vacant pigeon-hole are holding expectant vigil.

On small grounds, however, — which is the most natural and soothing basis for contemplation of personal woes, — I cherish lively and sustained resentment against "the man without a conscience."

He accepts articles "to be paid for on publication," and then holds them unpublished for a term of months and years, cheating me out of the interest on my ideas, and perhaps risking their irremediable mildew. Sometimes he has accepted my work, for a stated consideration, and then, after using the contribution, falls into a condition of forgetfulness concerning the payment. Gentle reminders and courteous request alike have failed to bring him to a state of financial responsibility.

There is an editor of repute now at large in New York City who owes me a respectable sum of money which he rigidly resists remitting. When I reflect on the street-car fares, the cigars, the ice-cream, the soda-water, the new neckties, the polka-dot hose and handkerchiefs, and perfume — for he is, no doubt, a person of gross tastes — which that wicked man is daily purchasing with my money, it grieves me sore. My only consolation is to watch closely the New York criminal records, and await the inevitable day when justice shall avenge me by incarcerating him for thefts of legal magnitude.

Then, too, the man without a conscience takes liberties with contributions. He accepts articles and reconstructs them without leave or license, in a manner that is calculated to arouse ire. A most glaring case in point is that of a writer of my acquaintance who submitted a serious and scholarly article on Macbeth to an Eastern Shakespearian magazine. It was accepted, but, when published, contained such marked, and even jocular, alterations as made the author stand aghast when it met her eyes. A letter of indignant protest concerning the outrage was met only by a discreet and preservative silence.

At this moment an article of my own, on "The Cherokee's Mother-in-Law," lies in an Eastern editor's possession. He has had it more than a year, and it has not been accepted, rejected, or published. At forbearing intervals I have requested some definite information concerning it, — asking its return, — anything, rather than such unwholesome silence.

To none of these communications has any reply been vouchsafed, and I have tried to excuse the editor on the ground that he is so busily engaged on a department in his periodical which instructs the literary world on the niceties and courtesies of the relations which should exist between editor and writer.

It is my sincere belief that the Cherokees will be exterminated long before my interesting sketch reaches the public eye, and long, too, before the influences of literary civilization have humanized the man without a conscience.

Emma Carleton.

NEW ALBANY, Ind.

AN EDITORIAL GROWL.

I have been an editor for thirty years. I am one of the monsters so feelingly reprobated by a few of your correspondents, who are doubtless indorsed by many more who make no sign. Editors have woes as well as contributors, and sometimes the former growl as well as the latter. I do not believe an editor is an autocrat who is excusable for treating authors with discourtesy and neglect. I sympathize with the writer who has sent a stamp with her manuscript and can obtain no reply.

The march of civilization has introduced the custom of sending a stamp with the article, and most writers recognize the propriety of doing so. Yet, within the last two weeks I have thrown twenty-two envelopes, containing stamp-

less manuscripts, into the drawer used for the purpose, labelled with the writer's surname and the legend, "No stamp." I have on hand hundreds of such manuscripts, which I shall burn after a year or two. Of course, the writers growl at me. If the note with the article mentions a stamp, I "take the will for the deed," and accept or return the manuscript. Some send two or three times as many as are necessary, in which case I return the overplus. "No attention paid to manuscripts unless accompanied by return postage," is conspicuously printed under the "Contents" of the publication of which I am the editor. Why should I pay two cents for the privilege of saying that I do not want an article? The hungry book agent charges me nothing for declining to buy his book. Why should I pay for declining an article for publication? Most authors have learned this lesson; but some of these drop the stamp into the envelope, stick it in the middle of the sheets, or conceal it in some other way. The safest method is to attach it to the note, if there be one; if not, to the address.

A few authors, when they begin to think of writing an article, send a stampless letter to the editor, wishing to know what kind of matter is desired. This missive may be directed to the publisher who retired twenty years ago, or to the office that was abandoned ten years ago. Some send articles that would fill the entire publication for a whole year. Of course, these inquirers have not seen a copy of the periodical for many years, if ever. Such writers ought to send for a free specimen copy, or even invest the price of a number, before they begin to write, in order to obtain needed information. Nevertheless, I am not aware that I ever failed to reply to any letter, properly armored with a stamp for its protection, however "queer" the questions. Of course, I am stormed at for my discourtesy if I fail to answer a stampless letter, when the discourtesy is all on the other side. Writers of this class ask the editor to give his time to a reply, and to pay for doing so. Such letters awaken growlish feelings, for it is the principle rather than the two cents, though "little drops of water make an ocean."

I receive ten times as many articles as I can use. Throwing out about one half of them as rubbish, I find that four-fifths of the remainder are good enough to print, though of unequal merit; but we cannot print them unless we make the publication five times its present size, and that "would not pay." To decline these "unavailable" manuscripts is the disagreeable office of the editor; and thereby he gives offence, however gently he may do his duty.

Rolled manuscripts are a nuisance, though but few come in this form at the present time. Some editors will not read rolled articles, for they have wings, and flutter all over the sanctum. Hardly less objectionable are the flat manuscripts written on post-note paper, which some writers complain have been folded when returned. There is no objection to this form when an addressed envelope of the right size is sent. I do not keep all sizes of envelopes in my pigeon-holes, though I have several. I sometimes have to fold the article to accommodate my limited resources. I am willing to add, confidentially, that an article of five hundred or a thousand words, written on note paper, and enclosed in an ordinary envelope, suits *me* best. If the manuscript is typewritten, a letter sheet, folded to fit the same, or a larger envelope is equally satisfactory.

The pretty ribbon with which the sheets are sometimes tied together is by no means indispensable; in fact, it is not necessary to tie the sheets together at all, and the fastening makes them more difficult to read. As a rule, the editor is not a tenth part as particular about such matters as the writer. Readable writing, especially of proper names, is much more likely to be his weakness.

Some editors desire to be respectful, and even polite, strange or incredible as this statement may appear to some of your complaining contributors. In directing a letter even to a gentleman, I object to putting it simply "Q. Z. Mopplepod." I insist upon prefixing "Mr." to his name, unless I know that he has some other title. More decidedly, my pen revolts at the idea of addressing a lady as "P. R. Buckhorner." If I make it "Miss," she may be a grandmother; if "Mrs.," she may be a maiden of sixteen. Some strong-minded ladies insist upon the omission of the title, evidently believ-

ing that editors and the world in general have no right to know whether a correspondent is a man or woman. I suppose I am weak, but I really wish that lady writers would have some regard for the sensitive feelings of editors who desire to be civil, at least, if not polite, and would write "Mrs." or "Miss" before their names, even if they spare their modesty by putting the title in parenthesis. I have had letters returned to me because, I suspect, the postmaster could not identify a grandmother addressed as "Miss," or a school girl with "Mrs." before her name. *A. Monster.*

UNITED STATES.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY WITH SCRAP-BOOKS.

After various trials of — and with — envelopes and boxes, I have been convinced long ago that newspaper clippings are best preserved by pasting, after careful sorting. This is my method, followed with increasing satisfaction through many busy years: —

As often as is practicable, I look over the accumulated newspapers, — more than a dozen weeklies, besides dailies, and fortnightly and monthly sheets, — clip what seems valuable, and carefully sort my clippings; setting aside in one small heap the poems, in two or three other piles the literary and biographical articles with choice criticism; in still another, household receipts and kindred suggestions; and in another, miscellaneous prose articles. This latter department is quite comprehensive. It would doubtless admit of classification, for facts, incidents, suggestive events, bits of description, statistics, and printed matter of many another sort go into it. I regret that I have not sooner devoted a book to items of historical, or geographical, or national interest; for geography and history have been making so rapidly within two or three years that one must often piece out one's knowledge, gained from text-books almost obsolete, with freshly printed facts.

For scrap-books I use school and agricultural reports, substantially bound and usually quite thick. But it is better to divide more critically than I have done, and to have a greater number of thin volumes. Then they are more convenient in many ways. Of course, one must remove leaves at frequent intervals. It is best to cut them very evenly half an inch from the inner edge.

For fastening in my cuttings I use common flour paste, freshly made, and the seven volumes, after twice seven years, betray no odor of mould or sourness. Very rarely has a column started from its place or refused to stick, but I think it would be safer to add to the paste a little glue or some of the "sizing" used by paper-hangers.

Having occasion very frequently to look up data concerning authors and their work, and finding, as doubtless every literary worker does, that newspapers often give new and reliable information, for which you might look long and vainly elsewhere, I use two volumes for accounts of American authors, and one for sketches of English and foreign writers. I arrange these sketches in alphabetical order, allowing space in each case for additional matter, and leaving pages all along to be filled later. One volume has at its close a goodly space for critical and literary articles, and for pieces that did not belong elsewhere, yet were important and helpful. An excellent summary of two or three years' books, with critical judgment thereon, is one of the articles, and opinions of experts in such matters, whether history or prophecy, have been preserved here.

It has been to me much easier to lift one of these books from its shelf or from the floor of my book closet, and to turn to my article, spread in smooth double columns before me, perhaps with additional items pertinent to my topic appended, than it would be to take a dozen flut-

tering slips from an envelope, scan, and return them. And I find these growing volumes, with their stories of information gathered, sifted, and made portable, are, aside from their special uses, valuable to their owner and to others.

Many people say, "Paste at once." But one's selections will not be nearly so valuable if pasted too soon. With a goodly accumulation made before sorting, there is less danger of duplicates or repetition; and by waiting a little, one has a choice of critiques, and can present a thing in its most valuable form. How rich will be the stores of information from all sources concerning Mr. Lowell! It is well to be liberal in clipping, but very critical when it comes to pasting. The left-overs will often be acceptable to somebody else. I may add that an envelope kept in my desk, and marked "Immediate," receives such matter found in my clipping or sorting as I am likely to need for speedy reference. If valuable, it is pasted afterward. When the name of the author of a piece is not given, and I am sure of the fact of authorship, I sometimes indicate it in writing. And it is well, though one is apt to be familiar with the type of the papers most frequently laid under tribute, to credit in some convenient way each more important article, and to give the date of its appearance.

I have found it convenient to keep intact the files of one standard weekly, choosing one whose summary of news is concise and complete, whose mention of current events is timely and just, and whose general articles are valuable. This year I keep the *Christian Union*.

For one purpose — the preservation of one's own articles — I recommend the envelope system. Very frequently copies of published poems or stories are wanted, and they cannot be loaned so well in a volume. Such articles I sort and keep in large envelopes, marked "Stories," "Verses," "Essays," "Domestic," etc.; it would be well to indicate on them where and when they appeared, but the pen-worker realizes, if she does not often express the fact, that "Art is long, but time is fleeting," and is to be given to its best uses.

Olive E. Dana.

AUGUSTA, Maine.

HOW TO GET WORK AS A REPORTER.

The editor of THE WRITER is continually asked by callers and by correspondents: "How can I get a position as a reporter? Whom should I approach, and how can I best approach him?" In order to be able to answer such questions with authority, he wrote recently to the managing editors of leading daily newspapers in large cities throughout the country, asking each how a bright young man or a bright young woman desirous of getting into active newspaper work can best secure a position. He received the replies which are printed herewith, and which will be found to be very instructive reading. The managing editors of the different newspapers practically agree in the advice they give, and a careful reading of their letters will help any young man or young woman who desires to get a position as a reporter. Some of the suggestions given are especially useful. The letters from the editors are as follows: —

THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.
THE BOSTON EVENING RECORD.
BOSTON, September 23, 1891.

To the Editor of THE WRITER: —

The bright young man or bright young woman who comes into this office with an article of direct interest in the local field — as evidence of capacity to look at persons or things in a newspaper way, and to write of the same in straightforward and attractive style — has altogether the best chance of securing any

vacancy that may exist. The general address of an applicant is also taken into consideration, especially if the vacancy be one on the staff of reporters. But the chief test, so far as possible, is always one of capacity; and to meet that promptly and satisfactorily nothing is better than a piece of work that bears on the history of the very day or week.

HERBERT UNDERWOOD.

THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS.
NEW YORK, October 9, 1891.

To the Editor of THE WRITER: —

In reply to your query, I would say that the best and surest way for either a young man or woman to obtain a position on the *Mail and Express* is to bring forward an original idea that will add interest to our paper and increase its circulation. A good idea is a better letter of introduction than any other in this office. There are scores and scores of people on Park row, and hundreds of other young men and women, who are eager to do newspaper work, but they seem to lack the creative faculty. What we want is some one who can suggest something new and interesting for our readers. The regular staff of the paper is complete. We have a great many men who are able to do what they are told every day. What we lack, and what I take it every newspaper wants, is ideas of absorbing interest that will increase circulation. To either man or woman who can supply ideas, there is both fame and rich reward on Park row.

FOSTER COATES.

THE BOSTON GLOBE.
BOSTON, September 27, 1891.

To the Editor of THE WRITER: —

To the bright young man or bright young woman seeking employment as a reporter I would say: Before application, aside from an education, perfect yourself in the requirements of a good reporter, namely: good manners, conciseness of speech as well as composition, and get a few first-class references as to character and writing ability. Thus equipped, present yourself to the managing editor, and state your desire, in as few words as possible, for the editor abhors a bore, and next to him a person who uses a multitude of words to express a minimum of ideas. State your wants quickly, and accept your fate calmly; if you meet with refusal of position, depart quickly, leaving your address, legibly written, for reference. Do not be discouraged at ill success, but if you fail in the city (for positions are few and applicants are many there), seek some suburban daily. You will have to work hard on such a paper, but you will get a better general knowledge of the business there in a year than on the *Globe* or the *Herald* in five years. Obtain the Boston correspondence, if you are in New England, and you have secured a footing. Your work, if you have the "nose for news," will obtain you a situation in time. The better the work, the sooner success comes. Newspaper men are born, not made, and only individual work tells. No amount of influence will gain the reward. The large dailies are now so systematized that beginners are not available, except at rare intervals. When a vacancy occurs it is filled by an experienced man, not by a novice, who must be trained. Hence the value of suburban training, for "all-around newspaper men" are most in demand.

A. A. FOWLE.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.
NEW YORK, September 25, 1891.

To the Editor of THE WRITER: —

The best way for a bright young man to secure a position on a newspaper would be for him to apply personally to the city editor, and take whatever work he could get, at any price.

To a bright young woman who was anxious to secure such a position, I should say — don't.

D. NICHOLSON.

NEW YORK EVENING POST.
NEW YORK, October 16, 1891.

To the Editor of THE WRITER: —

My reply to your inquiry of September 16 has been delayed by accident, but it shall make up for that — somewhat on Charles Lamb's principle of office attendance — by being brief, for, truly, there is not much to be said on the questions, "How can I get a position as a reporter, Whom should I approach, and how can I best approach him?"

The way of getting a position is, of course, by "going for it." An intending reporter should

apply ordinarily to the city editor, for he is likely, in a good office, to be allowed a free hand in selecting the men for his work. Application should be made in person, because the applicant's appearance and address are of consequence. The editor's least busy time should be chosen for the visit. References and recommendations are never without value, but they serve only to determine a few fundamentals, — such as sobriety, diligence, etc. The nature of the applicant's previous work in reporting may have an important effect. If, however, he should be a beginner, let him take care to be fit before he applies. A young man once desired of me an appointment on the *Evening Post*, that he might earn money to use in "getting an education." I doubt if that man ever really understood why I should have told him that he had the cart before the horse.

After all is done, the chance will be, in any given case, that the editor wants no reporter at the time. Then, the thing is to try another office, or to return to the same one after some interval. If the applicant is a born newspaper man, he cannot be kept out of the business forever.

I am almost ashamed to set down things so obvious, but the sum is, that there is no royal road into newspaper offices, and that things there are much like things elsewhere.

I. E. LEARNED.

THE WASHINGTON EVENING STAR.
WASHINGTON, D. C., September 23, 1891.

To the Editor of THE WRITER: —

I have your favor of the 21st inst. asking for an answer to the question how a bright young man or woman can get a position as a reporter on a newspaper. This is rather a difficult question to answer briefly. The managing editor is the person to whom application should be made, and when it is made, it should be with as little waste of words and time as possible. As a general thing, newspapers are overrun with applications for reportorial positions from inexperienced young persons who are eager to follow a journalistic career. As a managing editor generally has an experienced reporter in view in case a vacancy should occur on the staff, it can be readily seen that the inexperienced bright young man has but a small chance of securing an engagement, particularly as every bright young man will not make a good reporter, no matter how good a writer he may be. In case such a person is determined to follow his journalistic bent, I would suggest the following plan as the best to be followed: —

Let the young man state the situation briefly to the managing editor, and request, not a position on the paper, but the privilege of writing something for the paper without remuneration. Then let the aspiring newspaper man turn himself loose upon the town, and write up commonplace subjects and incidents which have escaped attention, and in such a way as to compel recognition. If he can show that his work is such that a paper cannot get along without him, a position will be found for him. If, after a good trial, there is still no place for him, he had better turn his attention in another direction.

RUDOLPH KAUFFMANN.

THE WASHINGTON POST.
WASHINGTON, D. C., September 24, 1891.

To the Editor of THE WRITER: —

To the bright young man seeking a reportorial position with the *Post* I should say: Apply to the city editor in person at an opportune time; say to him frankly that you have no practical knowledge of newspaper work, but are anxious to learn; that you are willing to undertake any branch of local work to which he may assign you, and that your services, to the best of your ability, will be at his command at all hours, day or night If he should say to you, as he probably will, that there is no vacancy on the staff, and that he now has all the men he can keep employed, politely ask him to bear your application in mind and grant you the privilege of calling from day to day in the hope of securing an odd assignment. On these visits remember that every moment in a newspaper office is valuable, and do not prolong your stay unnecessarily. By and by you will probably be fortunate enough to secure an assignment. Then strive to follow the instructions of the city editor to the letter. Your first assignment will do much toward determining your fitness for regular employment on the paper. If you show an aptitude for the work, and conduct yourself

in a quiet, gentlemanly manner, you will at once have a friend at court in the person of the city editor, who will neglect no opportunity to add you to his corps of reporters. When regularly employed, be content with any line of work that is given to you, trusting the judgment of your employer to appreciate properly your talents as they may develop. The lot of the average news reporter is not a pleasant one at best, but the law of the survival of the fittest is invariably applied in this field, where competition is so strong.

To the bright young woman seeking newspaper employment I should say: Do not undertake reportorial work, for there are few branches of it in which feminine talent can be utilized successfully. Seek, rather, employment as a special writer. Many articles of the highest literary merit which please and entertain the readers of the large and bright Sunday editions of the modern newspapers are from the pens of women. To secure the opportunity for such work I should say, study carefully the style of the paper with which you seek employment, and then submit to the managing editor a manuscript on some live topic or topics. Whether it be available or not, it will give him a knowledge of your ability, and he will be ready to encourage you. Avoid frequent visits to the editorial room, and, if one of your pet manuscripts happens to be returned, do not lose heart, but try again. Every large newspaper is compelled to send back meritorious matter because of a not infrequent over supply of special articles. The editor, however, is always the friend of the deserving writer, and if you do not succeed, it will hardly be his fault.

SCOTT C. BONE.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS.
PHILADELPHIA, October 1, 1891.

To the Editor of THE WRITER: —

So far as the *Philadelphia Press* is concerned, I know of no better way for a young man or a young woman, desirous of getting into active newspaper work, to make for himself or herself an opportunity than by bringing in to the city editor, or to the head of some other department, a piece of news written in a bright, original, and careful style. According to my notion, such a specimen of one's capacity amounts to more than a whole trunkful of letters of recommendation. A young man or a young woman who is capable of doing good newspaper work needs no other recommendation, and can have no better introduction than to demonstrate to the editor of the paper that he or she has the right kind of ability.

HAMILTON PELTZ.

THE CHICAGO TIMES.
THE CHICAGO MAIL.
CHICAGO, September 26, 1891.

To the Editor of THE WRITER: —

Your question, "How can a bright young man or a bright young woman, desirous of getting into active newspaper work, best secure a position on the *Chicago Times?*" may be briefly answered thus: When it is desired to make an addition to the *Times'* staff of writers, that person is selected who has furnished the best evidence of fitness for the place. Usually such a person is found among those who have been for some time contributors of acceptable matter, but have not been regularly employed by the paper. "By their works ye shall know them," is especially applicable to writers seeking employment. No recommendation or "certificate of character" has half the weight of a meritorious piece of work.

JOSEPH R. DUNLAP.

THE CHICAGO HERALD.
CHICAGO, September 26, 1891.

To the Editor of THE WRITER: —

Replying to your favor of recent date, I would say that young writers having an ambition to secure a position on a newspaper can in no other way so easily attract the attention of an employing editor as by submitting to him articles of their own composition. The staffs of the great newspapers are always large, and there are rarely any "vacancies," as the young people call them. Yet most newspapers are willing to take on young and aspiring writers who give promise of usefulness. The trouble with the great majority of beginners is that they pick out in advance the place that they want, ask for it, — though it may be one that requires great experience, — and then, when

informed that there is no opportunity in that line, they are likely to come down to earth, and say that they will take anything that they can get. Generally they are told that there is no opening, and they go away wondering how people gain positions in newspaper offices. I know of no better plan for young people to adopt than to study the style of the newspaper they wish to serve, to write something that they think will be acceptable to it, and to leave their manuscripts with the proper person. It may not always follow that they will be engaged, even if their work is satisfactory, but they will begin an acquaintance that may be valuable to them. This is the main point. If the work submitted shows originality and grace, the writer will sooner or later receive an invitation to go to work in some field which, in the mind of the editor, he or she may be qualified to fill. The fault of many beginners is that they themselves wish to select the field, and the employer, knowing nothing of their capacity, but feeling reasonably sure that they are not qualified, and rarely being in urgent need of assistance, puts them off without even a trial.

H. W. SEYMOUR.

APPROACHING THE EDITOR.

"How can I get a position as a reporter? Whom should I approach, and how can I best approach him?"

All journalists of experience have been asked these questions, and have probably smiled at them, recalling the days when they, too, had to beard the editor in his den. For the editor is a formidable personage, especially on the great New York dailies, where red tape and vigilant guards hedge him round. But he is the man whom you must see and impress if you want a place on his newspaper, and the way in which you go about it will have everything to do with your success.

The numerousness of the editor is an embarrassing factor to a young journalist, who hears references to the editor-in-chief, managing editor, and city editor, and who vaguely wonders which member of this great triumvirate he would better see. He will have much to do with all three, if he be fortunate enough to get a place on the paper, but his first interview should be as near the throne as possible, — in other words, with the editor-in-chief.

A letter of introduction is a great help. It will secure at least an audience and a courteous hearing, which is much to ask of a man whose office is thronged day and night, and to whom time is more than money.

On the New York dailies, and on many in other cities, there exists what people (sometimes with unnecessary emphasis) term the blank system. If you try to see the editor of the *World*, the *Sun*, or the *Herald*, you are confronted in the lobby of the building by a more or less courteous young man, who hands you a blank form like this: —

Mr..... .....would like to see Mr..... .....on business pertaining to.....

This you fill out so that it will read: —

Mr. White would like to see Mr. Black on business.

adding the magic words, "with a letter of introduction from Colonel" So-and-So, if you have the letter. Leave the editor in suspense as to the nature of your business. If you added "pertaining to employment," as rash youths sometimes do, you would probably meet their fate in the shape of a message that the editor is "busy" or "out." He may send this in any case. It will then be your business to call again and again, always between the hours of one and five P. M., until an audience is granted.

Once admitted to the editor's presence, there will be no unnecessary words on his part, and should be none on yours.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Black, I want a position on your newspaper. I'm in earnest, and I know I can do good work." (If you don't know this, you're out of place in that office.)

"What can you do?"

"Anything."

"What experience have you had?"

"I reported one year on the *Hayville Courier*, did some special writing for the *Star*, and am now on the *Smithtown Call*. I wrote so and so" (naming a few of your best "stories").

"Why do you want to leave the *Call?*"

"I want to come to New York — bigger field, better opportunities. I'm ambitious."

"The chances are all against you, but we'll give you a trial. Go down and tell the city editor to take you on for a week, on space."

The other side of the picture is not rosy. There is always room for a good man on a big newspaper, but the editor naturally forms his opinion of you by your conversation and general bearing. If you are ill-at-ease, and if the outline of your work does not sound alluring, you will doubtless be assured that the staff is overcrowded, that there is no vacancy and no prospect of one.

To try to get a position in New York without experience behind one is an almost hopeless task. Inexperienced workers are occasionally employed, but the road is a hard one to travel. They must have any amount of ability and energy, together with an "up-again-and-take-another" spirit which repeated discouragements cannot break.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Elizabeth G. Jordan.*

GETTING ON A NEWSPAPER.

In a newspaper experience of twenty years I have never known a healthy young man with aptitude for newspaper work, and with a determination to get such work, to fail. Two or three years ago Murat Halstead, addressing a meeting of editors in the Northwest, said that the only way he knew for young men without influence to get into the newspaper business was to "break in." He was right. But the same is true of almost any other business or profession. If Mr. Halstead had told how to break in, — which he knows as well as how to break out, or ought to, — I would have copied his advice and sent it, as the views of one of the eminent journalists of the country, and asked to be excused from framing my own.

Hardly a week passes but from one to half a dozen young men visit the editorial department of the *Pittsburg Post* and inquire if there is an opportunity to get a position as reporter. The almost invariable answer is that there is no vacancy. The young man leaves, and usually that is the last seen or heard of him in this or in any other city office. He did n't really want a place as reporter. He only thought he did. But now and then there is among these visitors a young man of different calibre. He does n't accept as final the formal announcement of "no vacancy." He soundly reasons that there is certain to be one sooner or later. The most successful angler is he who is most patient and persistent. The young man comes in again and again. His face and his purpose become familiar to the city editor. He gets acquainted with the reporters. He accompanies the police reporter to the city hall, to the central station, and sometimes to the district stations. He gets on a friendly footing with the depot and hotel reporter, from whom he inveigles an invitation to accompany him on his rounds.

He reads the paper next morning to learn how the items which he saw collected were handled. Sometimes he is surprised, because what he thought was a big item has only a few lines, and what he thought was a matter of little consequence has a column with a display head. Herein he perceives the difference between experience and inexperience. He asks the city editor if he can be of service in any way. He may get as a favor an unimportant assignment, or may be given a half-column local clipping from an afternoon paper, with instructions to "boil" it into fifteen lines. When an emergency arises, such as a great fire, a railroad accident or an explosion, he is prompt with a tender of his services for such use as may be made of them. He forces recognition of the fact that he is able and willing to be useful. He absorbs valuable knowledge of newspaper work and methods. By moving in the news channels and around the news centres he gets acquainted in some degree with the city reporters generally, and secures their friendship, thus putting himself in a position to know more or less about the local staffs of all the papers, and to hear, at the earliest moment, of prospective or probable vacancies.

These evidences of ambitious willingness, repeated day after day, cannot fail of their ultimate effect. Sooner or later, — it may be one, two, three, or four months, — the inevitable vacancy occurs, and the chances are nine out of ten that the young man will fill it, provided he is the right kind of young man. He has now "broken in." He has secured footing as a newspaper worker. The rapidity and height of his rise thereafter will be in exact proportion to the development of his professional value, and the niggardliness or liberality with which he bestows time and labor on his work. If he thinks when he has put in eight hours that he has done his whole duty to his employer and to himself, he might as well quit the office at once and for good. He has but one future ahead — a future of failure.

The only limit a young reporter should put to his time and labor is the limit of health and reasonable social recreation and intellectual improvement. If his own paper shall fail to recognize and adequately reward the qualities of industry, sobriety, reliability, and thoroughness, he can rely upon it as absolutely certain that some other paper will. His merit will not go unnoticed, and he will make this all the more sure by giving at all times to his employer, mean and stingy though his employer may be, the best effort and the best thought of which he is capable. He may not get a public reputation, the world may never even hear his name, but in the newspaper circles of his own city he is sure to become well known as a capable, careful, and conscientious worker; and satisfactory pecuniary compensation will be the certain reward of these qualities.

If the young man has received a college education, he has, to start with, an advantage the value of which cannot be over-estimated. But it is only an instrument, and valueless if not in industrious hands.

Influence of a business, social, or political nature may, and often does, open a place for an applicant in the editorial department of a newspaper, but it won't keep him there unless he has merit, any more than it would keep him in any other occupation. It is in public, not private, station that the power of merit is reduced to a minimum, and this is why so many men want offices.

If my readers will overlook the apparent egotism, I will briefly tell, in conclusion, for the benefit of those readers who live in the country, how I got my first position as a reporter. It is merely one of the varied phases of an oft-told story of life. I was a clerk in a grocery in a country town seventy-five miles from the city. I had a fondness for writing, which I cultivated, in leisure hours, by collecting the news and gossip of the community, putting it in what I accounted readable form, and mailing it to a city paper for such use as might be made of it. My pay was the satisfaction of reading in print what I had written. In the course of a year I sent a good many such news letters. One day I got a letter from the editor of the city journal offering me a two-weeks' trial as a reporter. I accepted the offer with much boyish fear and trembling, and I have been following the business ever since.

John S. Ritenour.

PITTSBURGH, PENN.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

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*** Everything printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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It is fitting that THE WRITER this month should honor the memory of James Parton. Mr. Parton had always taken a warm, friendly interest in the magazine, and his encouraging letter, which was printed in the second number of THE WRITER, was one which would be highly appreciated by any editor struggling with the many difficulties of a new undertaking. Afterward, up to the time of his death, Mr. Parton showed his interest in the magazine in many ways, and his death has taken away one of THE WRITER'S most helpful friends. Mrs. Spofford's article, accompanying the excellent portrait printed in this number, will be read with keen interest. Mrs. Spofford writes with the knowledge gained during an intimate friendship extending over many years, and she speaks with authority on some interesting features of Mr. Parton's character and life.

***

In the August number of THE WRITER the suggestion was made that editors of magazines would do a good thing for themselves, as well as for their readers and their contributors, if they would publish with each article a brief account of the author who wrote it for the magazine. Since then the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, which is always on the lookout for attractive new ideas, and which has advanced to a leading place among the great monthlies since Mr. Walker took control, has adopted the plan suggested, and at the bottom of the first page of each article has printed a small portrait and sketch of the author. The publication of the portrait in addition to the sketch is an excellent idea, and must be appreciated by readers of the magazine. It gives a personal interest to the contribution, and in many cases greatly enhances its value to the reader. Other magazines will do well to follow the *Cosmopolitan's* example.

***

The estimation in which The Writer's Literary Bureau is held by editors and publishers is shown by the fact that requests are constantly received from them for circulars of the Bureau to be enclosed in letters to writers whom they recommend to send their MSS. to the Bureau. The *Ladies' Home Journal* for several months past has been recommending the Bureau in its "Literary Queries" column altogether gratuitously and at its own suggestion. No amount of money could have bought such editorial expression of opinion in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It would not be printed if its editor, who probably receives more manuscript every year than the editor of any other publication in the country, did not recognize the value of an honestly conducted Literary Bureau to author and editor alike.

***

Speaking of literary bureaus, by the way, recalls an advertisement printed recently in the *Fliegende Blätter*, of Münich, which shows that the usefulness of the idea originated in

1887 by The Writer's Literary Bureau has been recognized in Germany, as it has by various imitators in this country. The advertisement may be of service to readers of THE WRITER who write German, and it is accordingly printed for their accommodation and as a matter of general interest: —

Litterarisches

Vermittlungs-Bureau

Hamburg, Colonnaden 54

Geschaftsleiter: G. Muller.

Die Unkenntniss des einzuschlagenden Weges einerseits sowie andererseits der Umstand, dass Verleger und Redakteure mit Manuscripten überhäuft werden, was ihnen eine eingehende Prüfung derselben oft geradezu zur Unmöglichkeit macht, sind zumeist die Ursachen der grossen Schwierigkeiten, welche selbst begabtere Autoren auf ihrer Laufbahn finden.

Angesichts dieser Verhältnisse stellt es sich das Litterarische Vermittlungs-Bureau zur Aufgabe, gegen eine mässige Gebühr eine eingehende und gewissenhafte Prüfung sämmtlicher uns zugehender und geeigneten schriftstellerischen Erzeugnisse vorzunehmen und im geeigneten Falle den Verlag resp. die sonstige litterarische Verwerthung derselben zu vermitteln, um auf diese Weise sowohl den Autoren zu dienen und namentlich aufstrebenden Talenten den Weg zu ebnen, wie auch durch Ueberweisung nur durchaus druckreifer und geeigneter Arbeiten die Verleger abzubürden.

Unsere Prüfungscommission besteht aus bewährten Kräften, wir ertheilen einschlägige Informationen und werden gegebenen Falls Verfassern solcher Werke, die noch einer Ueberarbeitung oder letzten Feilung bedürfen, mit fachmännischem Rate gern an die Hand gehen.

Prospekte auf Wunsch gratis und franco.

JAMES PARTON.

When I was quite a lad I worked as a compositor on James Parton's "Life of Horace Greeley," and used to carry the proofs to him at his lodgings in New York. I admired the man as a writer, and was greatly pleased to be able to see him and to speak to him. Many years afterward, when I wrote my little work on Shakespeare, I sent him a copy, and reminded him of our early, though slight, acquaintance in New York. He wrote me the kindest letter in reply; and when I took his strictures of my book good-naturedly, he said it was better to have such a nature than to write the best book. This was eight or nine years ago; and since then he has written me some of the kindest and most helpful letters I ever received, displaying a nobility and generosity of nature which could hardly be excelled. I leave his genius and his ability as a writer to other hands; but I think it my duty to bear witness to the fact that James Parton was a man of the kindest and noblest nature, a true friend, and a helpful companion. *Robert Waters.*

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Grammar vs. Idiom. — This is a democratic country, and every man's sovereign opinion is theoretically as good as any other's; but, really, is it too much to ask that self-appointed grammatical censors should know something themselves before assuming to denounce others? I understand the intoxication of delight with which boys discover that the language is made up of pieces and can be taken apart; but to assail thereupon every living organism as a monstrosity, because it is not made out of verbal blocks by a linguistic carpenter, is to be silly and impertinent. We are getting so much of this ignorant purism of late that it is becoming a genuine nuisance; for its self-confidence frightens timid and modest people into paying some attention to it, and we are in some danger of losing our best and oldest idioms because amateur grammarians find or think they cannot be analyzed. A most glaring example of this is "W. J.'s" assault in the October WRITER on "Whether or No." This location, with "no" in the sense of "not," and "if" or "whether" as the representative of a clause, is as old as the birth of the English language proper, and has been first-rate English in every century since. It is found in writers antedating Chaucer, in Shakespeare, the King James Bible, and Milton, in the Queen Anne writers, in Byron, Coleridge, and Scott, and in late writers, of whom J. R. Green may serve as a type. I cannot cite more for the moment, because of the astonishing impudence of the charge, — nobody ever thought it would be necessary to gather statistics of an expression coeval with the language. If a man asserted in print that walls should be built at forty-five degrees incline instead of plumb, or that brandy never made anybody drunk, he would go uncontested for a little space. "Ominously general," forsooth! The most ominously general thing in this line is the rushing into print with pedantic rubbish. I am reminded of Professor Lounsbury's pro-

phetic remark, that some critics appear to think the only people who can write English correctly are those who have never shown any ability to write it at all. Artemas Ward said it was a good thing for a comic paper to publish a joke now and then. I think it would be a good thing for literary censors to read a little good literature now and then.

Forrest Morgan.

HARTFORD, Conn.

Here is a sentence, taken from the local columns of the *Southbridge Journal*, which is well worth reading: "A man from Wales, on his way to Southbridge after meat with a pair of horses drove into the village Friday about 11 a. m., when a bolt, holding the neap dropped out, causing fright to the horses, which jumped to the right and left to get clear of the wagon, pulling the driver with considerable force, but he still held on to the team, until obliged, to save his head, to let them go and they cleared themselves from the wagon and ran from the upper end of the village to Bennett's corner, where they were stopped by men at work on the street." The facts in the case seem to be all there. G. F. W.

SOUTHBRIDGE, Mass.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"Equally as."—This expression is manifestly inelegant, to say the least, and it is unfortunately often seen in the columns of the press. It seems hardly necessary to point out that the word "equally," in this connection, is superfluous. One may say that "two things are equally good," or that "one thing is as good as another," but to say that "one thing is equally as good as another" is like writing an algebraic equation, as follows:—

$3x + a$ is equal to the same as $4x - 6$,

which is obviously saying the same thing twice.

A note of caution should go forth with no uncertain sound to all writers who trip over this stumbling block, for this use of the word "equally" grates harshly on the perceptibilities of all lovers of good English. H. J. L.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MEMORIES AND FANCIES. By Laura Garland Carr. 144 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: The Writer Publishing Company. 1891.

This volume of the collected poems of Mrs. Carr will be welcomed especially by the readers who have enjoyed them as they were originally published in the *Boston Transcript*, the *Boston Journal*, the publications of the D. Lothrop Company, and other discriminating periodicals. Mrs. Carr is a New Hampshire poet, and her poems are characteristic and descriptive of New England scenery and life. She has an unusual faculty for descriptive writing, and her pictures of country life and pastoral scenes are vividly distinct and always true to nature. No one who has ever lived in New England outside of the great cities can fail to be attracted by her poems, or to recognize their charm. Mrs. Carr has lived what she writes, and she depicts what she has seen with deft and facile touch. The sentiment of her poems is exquisite, and their expression is almost invariably graceful and melodious. Every lover of New England life will want to possess her book

W. H. H.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA. By Frank R. Stockton. 375 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1891.

The ingenious constructive imagination of Mr. Stockton seems to have no limit to its fertility. No less remarkable is his ability to sustain the interest after the originality of his conception has been laid bare. Of course, the fair Sylvia of "The House of Martha" must needs marry the man who has declared his passion for her, but the reader is at a loss, long before the story is ended, to understand how this may be brought about. Sylvia is a nun in a Protestant sisterhood, the purpose of the existence of which is to make its members useful to a suffering community. Mr. Vanderley, who is at work on a book of travels, advertises for a stenographer to take his dictation. Not finding a person of the right sort, he finally enlists the services of a Quaker-bonneted and sombre-clad nun from the neighboring convent, who works for him only on the stipulation of the mother superior that the young lady shall occupy a separate room, and shall be cut off from the dictator by an iron grating. A strange and painful situation arises, the more so because the young lady must not talk nor show her face. Of course, she is beautiful, refined, and noble, and more than ever enticing because of the mystery of her life. In consequence of an ingeniously conceived incident, the assiduous

attention of a wasp, the two young people make each other's acquaintance, and ultimately fall in love, after a host of amusing experiences. An entirely original conception is Vanderley's man, Walkirk, who acts in the capacity of a Fidus Achates, and who entered the author's employ as a "good listener." Vanderley's European experiences, it seems, did not interest his friends on his return, but in order not to spare himself the pleasure of entertaining others, he engages Walkirk to listen to him by the hour. Another weird conception of this extraordinary writer's brain is a mythical locality where unconventionality holds complete sway. The men and the women are bound by no rules of propriety except the dictates of common sense, and live in an altogether delightful atmosphere, bearing such imposing names as "The Sand Lady," "Interpolation," "The Shell Man," and the "Lover in Check." O. M.

THE FAITH DOCTOR. By Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "Roxy," etc. 427 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

The faith-"cure" needed the caricaturist. The craze has enjoyed a long run, which the condemnation of medical scientists has been powerless to stay. Not even the incoherency of their principles, as enunciated by the practitioners themselves, nor the ridiculous jargon employed in effecting their cures, has contributed otherwise than to the spread of the business. The celebrated aphorism of a world-famous showman, to the effect that the public dearly loves to be humbugged, in the case of the faith-cure has found another instance of its eternal truth. Yet the author of "The Faith Doctor," so he declares in his preface, had an object in view quite removed from the exposure of the false pretences of the cure by faith: he strove to write a novel of fashionable New York life, with certain original phases, and to make his story an entertaining one. This result he has accomplished admirably; yet his bold portrait of the ignorant and mercenary faith-doctor, Mrs. Bowyer, and his clever burlesque of her professional treatment of a case of diphtheria, leave no doubt in the reader's mind, not only of the fallacy of the cure, but that humanity has been done a valuable service. That Dr. Eggleston has drawn for his material upon real life, no one who has had personal experience with the faith-curists will attempt to deny. Possibly the picture has been overdone; possibly Mrs. Bowyer is an exaggerated type; yet exaggeration is the caricaturist's license.

The story piques the curiosity from first to last. The man in the book, Mr. Charles Millard, is a fresh type, whose rapid rise in the social scale is no less remarkable than his secret periodical visits to his obscure relatives in the unfashionable neighborhood of Avenue C. The young woman whom he loves, the daughter of a deceased foreign missionary, from whom she inherits strong religious feelings, is of that rare class of women who live that others may be happy. She meets a professional Bible-reader, Mrs. Frankland, who turns many a handsome dollar by establishing a Christian Science shrine, where society leaders may do temporary penance for their sins, and so works upon the native religious tendencies of Millard's prospective bride as to bring her completely under her magic spell. The young lady herself develops the faith-curing power, and actually succeeds in making a poor bedridden creature in Avenue C rise up and walk. Finally, there comes a time when she is forced to choose between her duty and her inclination, and duty rules. There is thus afforded a series of strange situations and fine opportunity for character work. The book abounds in delightful humorous touches, and is marked by a sub-stratum of satire at the expense of the Four Hundred. The Knickerbocker nobility and the new rich are made to meet on the same social plane, the effect being an impression that New York high life is a structure that is curiously and wondrously made. The author possesses a fine literary style, and this, his latest effort, is especially readable, because he has entered a new field, utterly different for fiction purposes from that in which he made his reputation. O. M.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT IN OUTLINE. By Caroline E. Upham. Illustrated. 161 pp. Cloth. Salem: The Salem Press Publishing and Printing Company. 1891.

An account of the witchcraft craze in Salem is given in this book by a Salem woman having peculiarly advantageous opportunities for collecting the material. Her father-in-law, the late Charles W. Upham, in his prime wrote a notable work on the same subject, which is now out of print. The author of this volume tells her story in a natural style, and intelligently explains the origin and the growth of the great popular delusion. Pictures of the old witch houses, so attractive to modern tourists, are included in the book. O. M.

MEMORY AND THOUGHT SERIES. I.—The Mastery of Memorizing. 120 pp II.—Quickness of Perception. 105 pp. III.—Eye and Ear Memory. 110 pp. IV.—The Study of Languages. 82 pp. V.—Memory and Thought. 96 pp. Paper, $1.00 each. New York: James P. Downs. 1891.

The development of the memory is a necessary condition of culture. The greatest minds, almost invariably, are characterized by the retentive faculty. Certainly, there is no more important adjunct to literary culture than a ready memory of literary allusions, graphic phrases, characters in novels, and quotations from the literature of past ages. As a means of forcibly illustrating an idea, or in bringing a writer's best thought in bold relief before the mind of the reader, this ability to draw from the vast storehouse of the world's literature some

fitting phrase, or line, or saying is of the greatest value. With some, this faculty is inborn, and comes as naturally as the power to think, but with most people it comes only after diligent practice. The "Memory and Thought Series" is a guide to those who desire to cultivate the memory, and it is full of practical suggestions covering the entire field of mental effort. To the literary or professional man the study of these practical lessons in memorizing is commended. O. M.

THE LOG SCHOOLHOUSE ON THE COLUMBIA. A Tale of the Pioneers of the Great Northwest. By Hezekiah Butterworth, author of the Zigzag books. Illustrated. 250 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

The author of this book, whose article on "Short Stories and Short-story Writing" was a readable feature of the October WRITER, is one of the best writers of popular books of the time. His style should serve as a model to all ambitious writers, being clean-cut, direct, graphic, and characterized by unusual command of language. His book is founded upon an Indian legend of the Great Northwest, which tells of the death of a grief-stricken chieftain in the grave of his son. Gretchen is a young German girl, who was adopted by pioneers from New England, and who possesses marvellous ability in playing the violin. When the red men hear it their revengeful feelings are subdued, and an Indian massacre is averted. There is a noble young Indian prince, who displays the wonderful agility of his race in a way that will captivate all juvenile readers, and whose emancipation from the ignorance of savagery under the guidance of a young Harvard graduate, who becomes his and the other Indians' guide, philosopher, and friend, is a tribute to the civilizing influence of Indian schools. The book is also historically valuable from the fact that it sheds new light upon the original settlement of this now populous and beautiful region, and that it recites the local tradition regarding the massacre of Dr. Whitman, the missionary. O. M.

FREELAND: A Social Anticipation. By Dr. Theodore Hertzka. Translated by Arthur Ransom. 443 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

The effect of the publication of this book in Germany and Austria has been the establishment of societies in the large cities with the avowed purpose of starting a colony in Africa, such as is minutely described in the book. The success of the book and its subject matter are similar to those of "Looking Backward," but the feasibility of its imaginary free state is not so clearly shown as that of Mr. Bellamy's Utopia. The author, who is well known as one of the greatest of Austrian economists and writers on socialism, tells the story of an expedition which leaves Europe, and, after surmounting many obstacles, pitches its tents in a camp in Central Africa. The Dark Continent was chosen for settlement as being the only outlet for the surplus population of the next century. In the wilds of a rich and beautiful country the government of Freeland was set up, and agriculture, manufacturing, and all the industries of the old civilization were started on a prosperous career. Freeland was a huge, profit-sharing, coöperative enterprise, in which all the people owned all the land, and every one contributed to production, except those who were incapacitated or aged, and women and children. The latter were allowed a separate maintenance, paid by a direct tax upon the net income of the total production. In this state woman enjoyed her highest destiny, so the story relates, and the "rights of women" in property, marriage, and in politics reached their perfect realization. The administration of the government was in the hands of twelve self-governing associations, each vested with full powers over separate branches of the government, members of which were chosen by reason of their peculiar fitness. As might be expected, the crying evils of modern civilization were eradicated in this new-fangled government, and in a surprisingly short space of time it held a large population of Europeans.

The book is full of valuable suggestions, united with a healthy criticism of the world of to-day, and to all persons who are interested in the progress of humanity it is commended as well worth reading. O. M.

CECELIA DE NOEL. By Lanoe Falconer. 216 pp. Cloth, $1.00. London and New York: Macmillan & Company. 1891.

The story of the haunted house is as old as civilization itself. We have been introduced to ghosts *ad libitum*, and they have all been fashioned pretty much after the same pattern. The author of this story, however, has evolved a new species of ghost, endowed with all the familiar attributes of those of our childhood fancy and mature experience, yet at the same time living in an altogether original environment, and producing upon those with whom it came in contact an effect clearly out of the ordinary run. This new ghost inspired its witnesses with intense religious enthusiasm, and a desire to prepare themselves for the future life ere it should be too late. It awakened in them, also, a sense of the possibility that the future life might be what their religious teaching led them to think it would be, and even in the canon himself it caused a haunting suspicion, only temporary perhaps, of the weakness of Christian doctrine. The discovery of the peculiar condition — solitary confinement — in which the spirit lived was no less startling than the apparition itself. It was learned from the experience of the heroine of his weird sttory, who became so intimately acquainted with it as to embrace its

shadowy form, with its head resting on her breast, that the ghost was imprisoned in impenetrable eternal darkness, cut off from all companionship, and that its frequent appearance in the sleeping rooms of visitors at the house was for the purpose simply of drawing from them some word of hope or pity, which it had never heard.

There is a psychic freshness about this story which commends it to a place among the best ghost stories in the language, while its discussions of theology, or, rather, of atheism, constitute no small part of its attractiveness.

O. M.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE OF MACMILLAN & COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS FROM 1843 TO 1889. 715 pp. Cloth. London: Macmillan & Company. 1891.

What strikes one most forcibly in examining the pages of this volume is the inestimable service to humanity rendered by a great publishing house. When one considers also that in the course of its forty-six years of business life the firm of Macmillan & Company has published nearly seven thousand books, with editions of from two hundred and fifty to one hundred thousand each, the value of this service is more readily appreciated. The portraits of Daniel and Alexander Macmillan are printed in the volume, and, together with a history of the house, add much to its interest. O. M.

THE WOMAN'S MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW. By Harriet R. Shattuck. 236 pp. Cloth. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1892.

The Boston Political Class, a society of clever women, who meet regularly and discuss pregnant topics in politics, social science, and the arts far more intelligently than the average of men, conducts its meetings, under the guidance of its president, the author of this manual, in perfect accord with the requirements of parliamentary law. The numerous other organizations of women in the country will therefore be glad to know of Mrs. Shattuck's useful little book, which abounds in practical illustrations, and sound advice regarding the harmonious conduct of a formal meeting or a deliberative assembly, and they will find it practically useful.

O. M.

MIDSHIPMAN PAULDING. By Molly Elliot Seawell. Illustrated. 133 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

Midshipman Hiram Paulding was a brave young sailor, whose deeds of daring and capabilities as an officer in the navy during the war of 1812 were remembered by Congress. Although only fourteen years old, he entered the navy and saw active service against the British, and the book relates his adventures, which are most exciting. The book has a beautiful dress, and both intrinsically and artistically makes a handsome holiday gift for juvenile readers, in whom it cannot fail to stir a strong feeling of patriotism. O. M.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE TORY CLERGY OF THE REVOLUTION. By Arthur Wentworth Eaton, B. A. 313 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1891.

This book is especially valuable from the fact that it covers a subject which ecclesiastic writers hitherto have only touched upon. To American readers, or to American students of history, it recommends itself on account of the intimate connection between the Anglican church in the United States and that in Nova Scotia. At the time of the British invasion of America thousands of British loyalists left the colonies and emigrated to Nova Scotia, and there remained, most of them forever afterward. Among these emigrants there were many clergymen, who entered upon their labors in a new field, some of whom never forgave the patriots for making war on the king. Biographical sketches of the first bishop of Nova Scotia, the Right Rev. Charles Wylis, D. D., who occupied the episcopate from 1787 to 1816, and of his four successors, Staners, John Wylis, Binney, and Courtney, the present bishop, together with sketches of many of the laymen prominently identified with the church, add to the interst and value of the book. O. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

PRETTY KITTY HERRICK. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. 407 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: John A. Taylor & Company. 1891.

OUT AT TWINNETT'S. By John Habberton. 197 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: John A. Taylor & Company 1891.

WELL WON. By Mrs. Alexander. 146 pp. Paper, 30 cents. New York: John A. Taylor & Company. 1891.

SWEET IS REVENGE. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. 291 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: John A. Taylor & Company. 1891.

A MATTER OF SKILL. By Beatrice Whitby. 197 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY. By W. D. Howells. 419 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company.

HISTORY OF THE LORD JESUS OUR SAVIOUR. By John M. Klüh. 70 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Chicago. J. M. Klüh. 1892.

TARBELL'S LESSONS IN LANGUAGE. By Horace S. Tarbell, A. M. 293 pp. Cloth, 70 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

SAVED BY A DREAM. By Consuelo. Illustrated. 211 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

THE MARRIAGE OF GERARD. By André Theuriet. Illustrated. 241 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

ROSARIO; OR, THE FEMALE MONK. By Monk Lewis. Illustrated. 400 pp. Paper. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

HOMER IN CHIOS. By Denton J. Snider. 218 pp. Cloth. St. Louis: Sigina Publishing Company. 1891.

BEFORE HE WAS BORN; OR, THE SCARLET ARM. By Dr. E. L. Macomb Bristol. 69 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Dr. E. L. Macomb Bristol. 1891.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE; OR, DEBTOR TO THE DEVIL. 256 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1891.

DON'T MARRY; OR, ADVICE AS TO HOW, WHEN, AND WHOM TO MARRY. By Hildreth. 112 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1891.

WILMOTH THE WANDERER. By C. C. Dail. 207 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1891.

MEMORY'S CASKET. By Mrs. Lucy H. Washington. 154 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1891.

THE HEAD OF THE FIRM. By Edmund March Vittum. 527 pp. Cloth. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. 1891.

RABBI AND PRIEST. By Milton Goldsmith. 314 pp. Cloth. hiladelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America. 1891.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK. No. 1. 64 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

"FRESH." Puck's Library, No. 52. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White-Smith Music Publishing Company, 62 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal—"They Discharged Him Because He Was Old," Felix McGlennon, arranged by John S. Baker; "The Gift," F. E. Weatherly and A. H. Behrend; "The Working Man," G. A. Storey and Mrs. C. C. Aspinall; "Every Day Life," Harry Boden and Charles Chaplin; "Maya," Frederic E. Weatherly and Joseph L. Roeckel; "Pardoned," Lindsay Lennox and M. Piccolomini; "On the Cross," J. Manning Roberts and Loren Bragdon; "My Heart Will Hear," G. Hubi Newcombe and Jno. Charles Ervini; "The Fickle Maid," Claxson Bellamy and Jno. Charles Ervini; "My Son, My Son, My Only Son," E. W. Rogers and Geo. Le Brunn; "The Beacon," Knight Summers and Michael Watson; "O! Sing Unto the Lord," quartette, C. T. Steele; "Jubilate in B Flat," quartette, C. Walter Gaylord Piano—"La Bouquetière," Gustav Lange; "Fleurs Puritanières," F. Devrient; "Whippoorwill," Blind Boone; "Quaintness," Theodore Moelling; "Confidences," Emil Waldteufel; "Spanish Peasant Dance," Frederick W. Holland; "Minuet," Theodore Moelling; "La Chatelaine," minuet, Gustav Lange.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL. James Lane Allen. Reprinted from *Independent* in *Public Opinion* for October 3.

LOVE AND FICTION. Paul Bourget. Reprinted from the *Review* in *Public Opinion* for October 3.

THE STORY OF ELAINE. Reprinted from *Buffalo Express* in *Queries Magazine* for October.

IMMORTALITY OF GREAT BOOKS AND GREAT AUTHORS. Reprinted from *Paris Revue Bleue* in *Public Opinion* for October 24.

THE NOVEL. Willard Smith. *Music and Drama* (Denver) for October 20.

BURNS. Blanche Wilder Bellamy *Christian Union* for October 24.

RECENT ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for November.

MR. LOWELL AS A TEACHER. *Scribner's* for November.

ADVENTURES AMONG BOOKS.—II. Andrew Lang. *Scribner's* for November.

COUNT TOLSTOÏ AT HOME. Isabel F. Hapgood. *Atlantic Monthly* for November.

JOURNALISM AND LITERATURE. W. J. Stillman. *Atlantic Monthly* for November.

ARE FRENCH NOVELS FAITHFUL TO LIFE? Madame Adam. *North American Review* for November.

AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF LOWELL. Archdeacon F. W. Farrar. *Forum* for October.

SOCIAL VERSE. Algernon Charles Swinburne. *Forum* for October.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Portrait. George Stewart, D.C.L., LL.D. *Arena* for October.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. His maternal ancestry. Joseph Foster. *Magazine of American History* for October.

GOOD THINGS FROM DR. JOHNSON. S. H. M. Byers. *Magazine of American History* for October.

RUDYARD KIPLING. With Portrait. *Churchman* for October 3.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF MASSACHUSETTS. Henry S. Nourse. *New England Magazine* for October.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Edward Everett Hale. *New England Magazine* for October.

LOWELL'S "PIONEER." Edwin D. Mead. *New England Magazine* for October.

WRITING FOR THE DOLLAR. Edward W. Bok. *Ladies' Home Journal* for October.

CERTAIN RECENT FOREIGN FICTION. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for October.

NAMES IN NOVELS. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Eclectic Magazine* for October.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic Magazine* for October.

NOTE ON A NEW POET. Grant Allen. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic Magazine* for October.

RUDYARD KIPLING. With Portrait. Edmund Gosse. *Century* for October.

THE PRESS AND PUBLIC MEN. General H. V. Boynton. *Century* for October.

THE STORY OF A STORY. Brander Matthews. *Century* for October.

THE MOST POPULAR BOOKS. Interview with F. M. Crunden, of St. Louis public library. *Library Journal* for September.

LOWELL AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS. Professor J. F. Jameson. LOWELL AS A MAN OF LETTERS. Professor C. T. Winchester. LOWELL AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. Professor Richard D. Jones. LOWELL'S MESSAGE AND HOW IT HELPED ME. W. T. Stead. A LAST INTERVIEW WITH LOWELL. Raymond Blathwayt. *Review of Reviews* for October.

THE LAW AND AUTHORS IN THE OLDEN TIME. *Green Bag* (Boston) for September.

LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES. George Parsons Lathrop. Reprinted from *New Review* in *Literary Digest* for September

AMERICAN LITERARY CRITICISMS. *No Name Magazine* (Baltimore) for October.

BRILLIANT LITERARY FAILURES. *No Name Magazine* (Baltimore) for October.

IN MILTON'S FOOTSTEPS AT VALLOMBROSA. Professor W Garden Blaikie, D.D. *Churchman* for October 10.

AMERICAN WOMEN POETS. Illustrated. William Rice. *Treasure Trove* for October.

THE WOMEN OF MR. HOWELLS' NOVELS. Kate Upson Clark. *Christian Union* for October 20.

MORE ABOUT CARLYLE. H. C. Shelley. *Christian Union* for October 17.

A FRENCH METHOD OF LITERARY CRITICISM. Reprinted from *Paris Revue Bleue* in *Public Opinion* for October 17.

AUTHORS' WIVES. Reprinted from *New Orleans Times-Democrat* in *Public Opinion* for October 17.

TENNYSON'S SUCCESSOR. Reprinted from *Richmond Times* in *Public Opinion* for October 17.

LOWELL IN HIS POETRY. Sidney Low. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Literary Digest* for October 17.

HENRIK IBSEN'S POEMS. Philip H. Wickford. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Literary Digest* for October 17.

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS. Historical Number. October 12.

THE TRUE THEORY OF FICTION. Maurice Thompson. *Chautauquan* for October.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS. Reprinted from *Illustrated American* in *Public Opinion* for October 10.

COPYRIGHT IN TITLES. *Western Bookseller* for October 3.

CHICAGOANS WHO WRITE BOOKS. *Western Bookseller* for October 3.

REVIEWERS AND REVIEWED. Agnes Repplier. *Brains* (Boston) for October 1.

HALL CAINE. Raymond Blathwayt. *New Haven Register* for October 11.

WRITERS OF NEW YORK. Edmund Collins. *Denver Republican* for October 11.

HERMAN MELVILLE. Arthur Stedman. *New York World* for October 11.

KANSAS WRITERS. Sallie Toler. *Buffalo Truth* for October 11.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. *Chicago Inter-Ocean* for October 11.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. "C. L." *Louisville Courier-Journal* for October 18.

TYPESETTING MACHINES. *Chicago Tribune, Times, Herald, Globe* for October 18; *Inter-Ocean* for October 19.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN. Portrait. *Buffalo Express* for October 4.

PAUL HEYSE AT HOME. *Chicago Inter-Ocean, New Haven Register* for October 11.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. E. J. Edwards. *Syracuse Herald* for October 16.

HOW AUTHORS WRITE BOOKS. *New York Mail and Express* for October 16.

AUTHORS' WIVES. *New Orleans Times-Democrat* for October 11.

SOME MILWAUKEE GERMAN EDITORS. *Milwaukee Sentinel* for October 11.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Zitella Cocke is about to publish a volume of the poems contributed by her to various periodicals, including many graceful verses. Miss Cocke was born in Alabama, of Virginia parentage, and has lived in Boston about two years. The appearance of her book will gratify many readers.

Charles Walter Stetson, of Providence, R. I., now in Florence, Italy, is contributing a series of thoughtful art papers to the *Providence Journal.*

Grace Ellery Channing is spending the winter in Florence, Italy; her eyrie being a bright sunny apartment high up in an old house on the Lung' Arno. The yellow river flows beneath, the soft hills rise beyond, and just here, with one of the most entrancing views in the world constantly before her eyes, the young poet has penned some of her most exquisite verse and thrilling stories.

Mrs. Frances E. Lanigan, the wife of George T. Lanigan, the brilliant newspaper writer, will hereafter be Mr. Bok's chief associate in the editorial management of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Mr. Howells' next novel has been bought by the *Ladies' Home Journal.* The story is one distinctly for girls, and will portray the life of a Western girl in New York City.

The *Californian Illustrated Magazine* will be published monthly at San Francisco, Vol. I., No. 1, being the October number. Charles F. Holder, author of "Life of Charles Darwin," is the editor and manager, and leading writers have been asked to become contributors. The magazine will devote considerable space to the Pacific coast, but is to be a magazine of general literature, of cosmopolitan interest. The October number is bright and attractive.

Charles K. Dabney, New York, announces the publication of a periodical to be called the *American Publisher*, and to be devoted to the interests of publishers, booksellers, librarians, and newsdealers. The paper will be a semi-monthly.

Vernon Lee, the English art critic, who wields a man's pen, is a Miss Paget, who has spent most of her life in Italy. She is living now — with her invalid brother, a poet — in a charming villa outside the gates of Florence. Her "Pictor Sacrilegus, A. D. 1483," which appears in the August and September numbers of the *Contemporary Review*, reveals deep study, wide reading, an extensive knowledge of her subject and all that takes hold upon it, and a marvellous command of the English language.

Mrs. Caroline F. Jewett, mother of Sarah Orne Jewett, died October 31, 1891, at South Berwick, Me. Mrs. Jewett was the daughter of Dr. William Perry, of Exeter, N. H., widely known in New England as a famous surgeon. Her mother was of the family of Gilmans, of Exeter, distinguished in Colonial and Revolutionary times for their loyalty and generosity. She married Dr. Theodore H. Jewett.

Mrs. Lucius Chandler, mother of Louise Chandler Moulton, died at her residence at Putnam, Conn., October 26, aged sixty-eight.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for November contains a very interesting article, "Count Tolstoï at Home," an account of a visit paid to the celebrated author and his family at their summer home in Túla, a day's journey south from Moscow. This is written by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, the translator of many of the novelist's works. Among other noteworthy articles is Professor W. J. Stillman's essay on "Journalism and Literature."

The Henry G. Allen Co., New York, dealers in subscription books, and publishers of the Encyclopædia Britannica reprint, have asked their creditors for an extension, and it has generally been granted. The liabilities are $130,000 and the nominal assets considerably larger.

The American Press Company, of Baltimore, announces "The Builders of a Great Country," a book of biographies and portraits of representative Americans. The *No Name Magazine*, issued by the same company, has begun its third year. The question, "Does Modern Education Educate?" will be answered in four articles in the magazine, the first having been printed in the October number.

Sun and Shade (New York) for November contains six fine photogravures and two photogelatine prints, all of interesting subjects.

Howard Seely, the Texan writer, author of "A Lone Star Bo-peep" and "A Nymph of the West," has recently been engaged upon a short serial of life in the Southwest, entitled "The Jonah of Lucky Valley." The Harpers are publishing it in the *Weekly*, and are giving it spirited illustrations from the pencil of Frederic Remington.

W. J. Lampton has resigned his position as paragrapher of the *Washington Star*, and will hereafter be a free lance in journalism, devoting considerable time to general literary work.

All the publications of D. Appleton & Company are kept in stock at the New England agency, 11 Franklin street, Boston, of which William J. Crowley is the manager.

Walter Blackburn Harte will contribute an exhaustive account of the "Journalists and Journalism of Canada" to the December *New England Magazine*. The article will be illustrated.

The New York monthly journal formerly known as the *Office* is now called *Business*, a much more appropriate name. *Business* is edited with marked ability by A. O. Kittridge, and is a publication that no live business man can afford not to read.

In the November number of the *North American Review* the brilliant Frenchwoman, Madame Adam, answers in the negative the question, "Does the French novel picture faithfully the life and customs of France?"

Miss Novella Jewell Trott, a sketch of whom by Mrs. Cora Stuart Wheeler was published in the *Journalist* for October 3, has lately been appointed one of the vice-presidents for the Woman's Press Department of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

The *Theatre Magazine*, New York, will be issued only as a monthly hereafter. With this permanent change from a weekly several features will be added that will greatly enhance its value as the indispensable record of the stage.

Wolcott Balestier, the young American writer who has collaborated with Rudyard Kipling in the novel, "The Naulahka," which the *Century* will print, is at present a resident of London, where he represents an American publishing house. He was born at Rochester, N. Y., less than thirty years ago, and he has lived and attended school there, and at Baltimore, Washington, New York, Vermont, and Denver. His college is Cornell, and he studied law at the University of Virginia. He was at one time on the editorial staff of the *Rochester Post-Express*.

Dorothy Dandridge

THE WRITER.
Vol. V. No. 12. December, 1891.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. V. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1891. No. 12.

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DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

Danske Dandridge is not an alliterative *nom de plume*, but, instead, the real name of the young woman whose face, charming and sensitive, accords perfectly with her delicate and delightful verse. American by parentage, she was born in the country of Hans Christian Andersen; and to the cradle of the little Danske — whose name means a Dane — it seems as if the northern elves had brought a christening gift of fancies and rhymes.

Her father was Hon. Henry Bedinger, appointed minister to Copenhagen by President Buchanan; her mother was Mrs. Caroline Lawrence Bedinger, granddaughter of Mrs. Eliza Southgate Boune, whose "Letters of a Young Girl Eighty Years Ago" gave so graceful a picture of New England society in the early years of the century. Mr. Bedinger's death took place shortly before the beginning of the War of Secession, and his widow returned with her three children — of whom Danske was the youngest — to the homestead at Shepherdstown, West Virginia. She did not survive her husband many years; and the orphans were taken into the care of their grandfather, Hon. J. W. Lawrence, at Flushing, Long Island. In 1877, Stephen Dandridge made Miss Danske Bedinger his wife, and brought her again to Shepherdstown. The name of Dandridge — so assonant with her baptismal title — is well known in Virginia, and was, it will be recalled, the maiden name of Martha, Lady Washington.

Mrs. Dandridge possesses the artistic temperament, which was early developed by the practice of singing, and, later, by the study of the composition of verse. She has written in rhyme from childhood, but has had the modest good sense to refrain from publishing until her work was no longer immature. Her first printed poem was in *Godey's Lady's Book* for February, 1885. In the following summer she wrote for *Lippincott's Magazine* "The Lover in the Woods," and "Twilight in the Woods" for the *New York Independent*. To the latter journal she has been a constant and favorite contributor, writing also for various magazines and other periodicals.

Her first volume, entitled "Joy, and Other Poems," a collection of fugitive verses, was published in 1888, and made a distinct and delightful impression. The critics united in praise of the delicate, aerial music, the sensitive sympathy with nature, the luminous and capricious fancy, and the bright and healthful tone of these poems. Mrs. Dandridge never overstrains the clear light voice that is hers; not even when

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she touches tragic notes, as in the finely imaginative ode, "The Dead Moon," or in the more directly human theme of the terse and significant lyric, "Fate." Her comprehension and utterance of the realities of life appear delicately remote, such as Miranda might have had upon her enchanted island, with Ariel for singing-master. Indeed, it would hardly be possible to describe the verse of Mrs. Dandridge in words more fit than these, cited from "Joy": —

> The spirit, for a while,
> Because of beauty, freshly made,
> Could only smile.
> Then grew the smiling to a song,
> And as he sang he played
> Upon a moonbeam-wired cithole,
> Shaped like a soul.

The second volume of poems by Mrs. Dandridge was published in 1890. It took its title, "Rose Brake," from the name of her husband's estate in Shepherdstown, where they live in tranquil happiness, with their two children, a daughter and a son. There, in a garden, entangled with briers and bloom, — a little world of roses, crimson, pink, white, golden, — in the soft Maytime weather of Virginia, the poet swings in her hammock, while flying petals and odors of roses mingle with fantasies and rhymes. So that even now, in December, when surely winter walks in the garden, between stems that are bare of all but the thorns, the pink and golden bloom of Rose Brake remains for us among the pages of a dainty book of verse.

E. Cavazza.

PORTLAND, Me.

VALUE OF IDEAS IN JOURNALISM.

A valuable newspaper man is not necessarily a writer. If he can furnish ideas for a paper, he need never write a line for publication, and he will rank first in the salary list, too. The late John Roach, celebrated as America's pioneer iron steamship builder, could not write a properly spelled English sentence, yet he had more ideas — newspaper ideas, too — in his little finger than the average man has in his whole body. Respected John Roach simply bubbled over with first-class ideas — ideas relating not only to ship-building, but also to the making of a newspaper. Had Mr. Roach followed journalism, he would have been a tremendous power in that field of usefulness simply as a man to suggest and direct the policy of an influential journal.

I once knew the art editor of a leading illustrated journal. This editor could n't draw a simple outline picture, yet his capacity to suggest ideas for cartoons and other pictorial features made him the most valued man in the art department. By the publication of a series of war articles the *Century Magazine* increased its circulation and fortune tremendously. Yet the ablest writers of that periodical had nothing to do with the idea which set the war article series in motion. To be sure, one of the sub-editors had thought of it, but a man on the staff whose business it was to attend to matters outside the editorial rooms conceived the idea, and through his efforts this idea was pushed to a successful culmination, and it was probably one of the most successful magazine ideas of the past decade.

What is the most important function of an editor-in-chief of a daily newspaper? Certainly not to sit down and grind out editorials. That might have been well enough during the last generation. Horace Greeley did it. Could his successor, Whitelaw Reid, do it, and, at the same time, do full justice to the demands of a great paper like the *New York Tribune* in this new era of journalism?

I think not. While Mr. Reid is one of the ablest editorial writers this country ever had, he finds it necessary to outline his ideas briefly to other brilliant writers, and let them prepare the needed editorials. So it is with other chief

editors. They are the men to furnish ideas when important questions concerning the policy of their papers come up for solution. The sub-editors are none the less important as aids to their chief. In fact, they frequently suggest ideas which their chief adopts. The under editor without a fund of ideas soon becomes a back number, and is dead-wood on the staff.

The more serviceable ideas a man has, whether he can or cannot write newspaper articles, the more valuable is he. Some newspapers offer prizes for ideas for the accomplishment of this or that end. Such offers are not sought by the man who is really an idea man. The idea man usually has steady employment; and the evolving of ideas that are really good is more frequently the outcome of careful thought and study than mere spontaneous outbursts, wherein the idea crops out like a flash of lightning and the originator relapses into a state of prolonged darkness, groping for a long time before another idea strikes him.

The idea man is a kind of genius in his way, and all the best newspapers in the land are looking for him, whether he is able to write articles or not.

M. Y. Beach.

San Diego, Calif.

THE ART OF GOOD WRITING.*

The ideal book on the art of literary production is yet to be written. At least one book a year is brought out in the attempt to fill this void in didactic literature. It is, nevertheless, and doubtless always will be, quite impossible to write such a book, as much on account of the fact that human expression has its limitations as because the ideal in anything is never attainable by human effort. Yet, in Professor Barrett Wendell's work there is afforded a most intelligent exposition of the elements of good composition; and while it will not teach a poor writer how to write well, it will certainly show him, by well-chosen examples, where the strength and the weakness of writing may lie. It will also, doubtless, impress the reader with the fact of the immense possibilities of the language, and show him that good literary style can be achieved, if at all, only by diligent study and practice. There can be no hesitation in recommending this work to all who would perfect themselves in the art of writing.

Professor Wendell defines style as the expression of thought and feeling in written words. It impresses us either intellectually, emotionally, or æsthetically. It must possess or lack clearness, force, and elegance. On the subject of clearness, he says: "To be thoroughly clear, it is not enough that style express the writer's meaning: style must so express this meaning that no rational reader can have any doubt as to what the meaning is." In order to attain clearness, the writer must bear in mind the range and limit of the reader's information. The information of the average man is a pretty good target for a writer to try to hit, a formula which, while it may shock the dilettante believer in what is called "aristocracy in intellect," is yet shown to be the one upon which the greatest works have been founded. "The language of the simple" is good enough for any literary production. Professor Wendell shows, by several examples from the compositions of Harvard men under his teaching, how easily clearness may be sacrificed. For instance, in describing a visit to a cathedral in Quebec, a student spoke of it as having "plain rough walls." The inadequacy of this description is perfectly evident, especially as the average reader's information regarding this particular cathedral is

* English Composition. *Eight Lectures Given at the Lowell Institute.* By Professor Barrett Wendell, Assistant Professor of English at Harvard College. 316 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1891.

gathered solely from the student's account. Another student, evidently clear in his own mind as to what he wanted to express, defined love as "that abiding principle in the life of man which leads him to do right, because it is the highest pleasure of his life to be in sympathy and touch with the source of all good." Like all platitudes, this one has a good ring, and is no worse than many which are heard every Sunday from pulpit orators, or from stump speakers in political campaigns. To prove that clearness is an element of good composition which some even of the famous writers at times fail to achieve, Professor Wendell quotes from Shakespeare, Browning, and Emerson. For instance, he finds in Emerson this: "The simplest person who in his integrity worships God becomes God, yet forever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable." To be clear in any kind of writing, the general principle is that the writer must proceed from what is known to what is un known. In other words, the writer must say what he has in mind in such a manner as to leave in the reader's mind no doubt of his meaning. At the same time, the writer who follows this rule too strictly is in danger of over-specification, a common fault of story-writers in depicting their heroines. The nose, the mouth, the eyes, the hair, the complexion, are all described with heroic minuteness, but the resulting picture is generally the reverse of that the writer had in mind. Again, the description of a man or a bit of scenery may be made obscure if it be more specific than the actual observation of the average observer could be. The lesson from this is to give the reader only what him he self would find under the same conditions.

While the secret of clearness lies in denotation, that of force lies in connotation. What a word names it denotes; what it suggests it connotes. Forcible writing, therefore, is suggestive writing. "Major André died"; "Major André was killed"; "Major André was executed"; "Major André was hanged." Ordinarily, the last of these sentences is more forcible than any of the others, because it is more suggestive. "I found him very agreeable one afternoon"; "I found him very agreeable one wet afternoon"; "I found him very agreeable one wet afternoon in a country house." The last sentence is most forcible, because it calls before the mind the picture of an afternoon spent agreeably under weather conditions which in the country are usually unpleasant. "Morning," "day-break," and "cock-crow" are three words used to show what connotation is. "Cock crow" is the most suggestive. It is a figure of speech; and if a writer is to use figures, Professor Wendell says experience shows that they should be of familiar things. An especially forcible one is cited from the narrative of Sir Walter Raleigh in Guiana. The explorer found an Indian chief who spoke of a nation which came into Guiana "from so far off as the sun slept." Another is the utterance of a Yankee villager, who saw a boy knocked down by a recoiling gun. "'T ain't surprising," he said; "till a gun gets used to you, she's apt to be skittish." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' familiar saying about Boston is another example of the forcible figure: "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system. You could n't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." A most suggestive figure is that used by Dante in the "Inferno," where he speaks of spirits peering in a wood, "as of an evening one peers at another beneath the new moon," and of their knitting their brows "as an old tailor does at the eye of a needle." On the other hand, examples of poor figures are those from the composition of a Harvard student, who likened the lights of a passing train to a pack of wolves, and again to a swarm of ghosts. Both figures are poor, because they are not familiar to ordinary experience. In all of the figures quoted above, it will be observed something has been left unsaid; that is, suggested.

"Elegance is the distinguishing quality of a style which pleases the taste,"—such is Professor Wendell's definition. After an elaborate argument, the author finds that the secret of elegance lies in the adaptation of style to thought. By this is meant the choosing of words, and the construction of sentences with proper appreciation of the ideas in mind. The use of the vocabulary of poetry in writing prose, or that of prose in writing poetry, would obviously be bad

form. "Drink to me only with thy eyes" is not as elegant as "Drink to me only with thine eyes." "Thy eyes are mirrors of strange things" is not as elegant as "Thine eyes are mirrors of strange things." The impression of elegance in writings may be destroyed by attributing to individuals actions which offend one's sense of propriety. Elegance may also be destroyed by the unwillingness to express a disagreeable idea by a word that is not disagreeable. For instance, many writers avoid the verb "to die," and use such expressions as "to fall asleep," "to pass away," "to pass on," or, in slang phrase, "to kick the bucket." Professor Wendell's sense of literary propriety was rudely shocked once by a newspaper reporter's indecent allusion to a suicide, who had "executed a determination to become a gloomy corpse." Elegance in prose, he says, in conclusion, may be attained by occasional verse-making, for the reason that poetry is the highest form of literary art, inasmuch as in it the adaptation of word to meaning reaches its perfect realization. The few masters of prose have all at some time tried their hand at verse-making.

Professor Wendell's chapter on "Words" is worth careful reading. By way of practical advice, he recomends a writer to strengthen his vocabulary by reading widely, talking with clever people, and trying to remember and understand every new word or expression that he meets. Professor Wendell is by no means a believer in the doctrine that little words are preferable to big ones, or Saxon words to Latin words. Nor does he object to the use of figurative language. Several examples are given of the use of words by classic writers, the conclusion being that neither Saxon nor Latin words are better, neither big nor little, general nor specific, literal nor figurative, but that the choice should depend wholly upon the effect desired. Ready ability in the choice of words is a valuable help to a writer, because words suggest ideas, and the more words a writer has at his command, the freer is the current of his thoughts.

The periodic and the loose style are subjects in which all writers should be interested. The long-jointed sentences which characterize the style of so many newspapers, in which each clause expresses an idea, the whole constituting a series of ideas built one upon another, Professor Wendell declares are inferior, for purposes of clearness, to the short, clear-cut ones which characterize the periodic style. In the latter, the attention is held until the end, where the idea, having been fully expressed, is left. In the former, the attention experiences a number of breaks, due to the multiplicity of ideas, correlated, to be sure, yet tending to confuse, and frequently requiring a second reading. Examples of each style of sentence from classic writers are given. The skilful balancing of a sentence is an element of style which Professor Wendell shows should not be overlooked. He quotes from Sir Thomas Browne what he calls the most exquisitely balanced sentence in the language: "*Quietly rested* under the drums and tramplings of *three conquests*." The words italicized balance each other perfectly, as do also the nouns in the middle of the sentence. On the other hand, a poorly balanced and otherwise imperfect sentence is this of a reporter: "As distinctly as W. Renshaw is at the head of the men, so is Miss Maud Watson the premier lady player."

There is in Professor Wendell's work so much that is full of meaning to all writers as to make it impossible to tell all of the book's good points in the space of this article. But a few paragraphs, chosen at random, may help those writers who are not so blind to their faults as to be willing to profit by the professional experience of a man who has made the art of good writing a ten-years' study: —

"Fatal to most human interest is that lack of fluency which makes a writer separately conscious of every letter he forms."

"To avoid consciousness, write every day — *nulla dies sine linea:* Let no day pass without its written record."

"The terrible sanity of the average man is always watching you."

"The fact with which style may be kept strong enough to connote no weakness, and weak enough to connote indefinite strength, is perhaps the finest trick of the writer's trade."

"There are few safer habits than calling things by their real names; in that case we do not mention hateful things needlessly."

"The ideal style is a style that is clear — that

cannot be misunderstood; that is forcible — that holds the attention; and that is elegant — that is so exquisitely adapted to its purpose that you are conscious of its elegance only by subtilely feeling the wonderful ease of habitual mastery."

"Let your words be as specific as the thoughts they express."

"A prudent writer once for all puts aside the idea that he is inspired; and with it the traditional attitude of the poet who nibbles away most of the feathers of his quill before he begins to wear the point."

"The beginning and the end of a paragraph are beyond doubt the fittest places for its chief ideas, and so far its chief words. End with words that deserve distinction."

"Whoever would intelligently compose sentences must know, in deciding what effect he would produce, both what he would denote and what he would connote."

"There is no more insidious habit of mind than the laziness which prevents us so often from taking the trouble to think out exactly what we mean." *Oliver McKee.*

BOSTON, MASS.

AN INDETERMINATE PRONOUN.

A recent denunciation of the use of "their" as an epicene term for "his or her," by an editor of ability and cultivation, for whom I have much respect, moves me to set forth my views on the subject, which are not the general ones. This is not a trivial matter; probably there is not another single point of equal moment in the language, nor one with regard to which so many absurd proposals testify to its urgency. I take for my text an excellent article in the "Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1878, from which I quote: —

"We want a new pronoun. The need of a personal pronoun of the singular number and common gender is so desperate, urgent, imperative, that, according to the established theories, it should long since have grown on our speech, as the tails grew off the monkeys.

"When I was a child, and spake as a child, reckless of grammar and rhetoric, there was no trouble; but, growing mindful of the proprieties of speech, I became conscious of a need, dimly felt at first, and hardly recognized, but ever growing more imperative, until now it calls loudly every time I open my mouth to speak or take a pen to write. For instance, I am writing a story, and come to the sentence: 'Then they had a delightful time reviewing the whole transaction, each stoutly defending the course of the other, and severely blaming' — I pause. 'Himself' will not do, because one of them is a woman. 'Herself' is out of the question, for the other is a man. Once I should have written 'themselves,' but now I know better. That sentence can never be finished. I must write it over again, using 'both' instead of 'each,' and failing to express my exact meaning.

"Let the eminent linguists leave the spelling reform and such trifles long enough to coin us a word which shall spare a preacher from saying, as I heard one once, 'Let every brother or sister examine himself or herself, and looking into his or her heart, find out his or her besetting sin, and resolutely cast it from him or her.'

"I do not believe there is a writer in the country that is not hampered every time he — no, she — There! I've run against the old snag."

Now, I differ from this writer. I should use "themselves," and "they," and "their" for the sexless forms; I have so used them for years, of set purpose, after careful thought, and purpose still to use them, despite full knowledge that they are (wrongly) considered vulgar blunders, on the authority of antiquity, analogy, necessity, and preferability; and I think all good writers should join in giving so large a body of

unimpeachable current authorization to them that the mass, who are eager to know and follow good usage, may do so with easy minds, and not reach after such atrocious inventions as "thon" or "hizer," or stick in the old slough.

That the usage is first-rate and time-honored English, I call to witness the foremost authority in the language, — to wit, Addison, *passim*. I can cite only one or two instances from lack of space; but will furnish more if my word is disputed. From the *Spectator*, No. 106: "Every one of them . . . seemed discouraged if they were not employed" (*i. e.*, if *he or she was* not). Elsewhere Addison speaks of not blaming "any one for taking care of their health," etc. Now, if this usage was the best English in Addison's time, it cannot be a grammatical error in ours, whether it be accepted usage or not; and popular use of it ever since testifies to the felt need it answers.

But what warrant has it in the structure of the language? I answer, Partly the analogy of the curious tendency in several languages, including English, to condense into a single pronoun (usually plural objective) the meanings of several, leaving the exact one to be defined by the context. Thus, "you" has absorbed "thou," "thee," and "ye"; "your" has annexed "thine"; in French, "*vous*" replaces "*tu*" and "*toi*;" in German, "*Sie*" has left scant use for "*du*," and "*Sein*" for "*dein*;" in Spanish, "*usted*" and "*ustedes*," "*su*" and "*sus*," have usurped part of the functions of the second personal pronoun and its variants, — the last two being far more radical changes than the one struggling against wanton prejudice to introduce itself into our own language; and so on. Partly also the analogy of an immemorial expression which even purism cannot charge with being a vulgarism, — "they say." Here the pronoun, although mated to a plural verb and in terms referring to a number of people, is strictly an indeterminate epicene word, exactly corresponding to French *on* or Spanish *alguien*; and may not even have a plural meaning — "they tell me" meaning simply "I am told," even if by only one person. Of course, there is no *exact* analogy for the disputed locution, otherwise it would not be the subject of dispute; it is precisely because it is not provided for in the general scheme of the language that the question arises. But though a slight departure from currently established usage, it is not a violent one or a new one. It is not erroneous and not vulgar.

Aside from justification by first-class writers and partial analogy, I hold it the duty of every lover of good English to give this usage *their* support on the ground of need and desirability. *Some* such word is a plain and incessant want; barbarous novelties like those I have cited will not obtain, and ought not to; and what better can we do than what has largely *made* this and every other language, — take existing words and press them into a service which is but a slight and entirely natural extension of their usual functions, as is shown by the perpetual cropping up of the usage in the press? Let it be borne in mind that it is a vulgarism only *if good writers combine to put it under ban*; if they accept and authorize it, it becomes good English *ipso facto*. I hope to have others reconsider their thoughtless branding of this usage as an irremediable outcast, and join with me in helping to make it a denizen of good society. The language ought not to lose a most valuable locution for inconsiderate prejudice. It surely cannot be held that there is any other law than the general consent of the educated class to determine what any word shall mean; or that this generation, alone of all in the world's history, has lost the privilege of adding to, or extending the use of, its tools of language.

The case is simple: a sexless pronoun and pronominal adjective are great needs for daily service; a popular impulse of undying spontaneity has solved the problem in each generation for centuries by slightly enlarging the functions of words already in familiar use; shall good writers, for no reason whatever, warn this usage back to the mire and leave us as badly off as before, or accept this popular solution and give it the only authority a linguistic usage can ever claim? I think nice critics are far too apt to hold it their duty to objurgate every fresh candidate for acceptance, good and bad indiscriminately; partly for the reason the German critic found fault with spring, because if he praised it or kept still, he would be only one of the crowd, but in general, to be fair, because a new word or new use of an old one

grates on the ear. But they can be as individual in blessing as in banning; and it is as high a service to prevent an indispensable usage from being lost as to keep an essential vulgarism from being accepted. I know it will be retorted, "Of course, we can legitimize any piece of bad grammar; but the very thing that makes the difference between good and bad English is insistence on the rules of good grammar." I can only repeat that it is not in the least worse essential grammar to use "their" for "his or her," than to use "your" for "thine"; that it has been so used for at least two centuries; and that it is no further beyond our power to extend the meaning of an old word than to invent an ugly new one, — which no one has questioned our right to do. *Forrest Morgan.*

HARTFORD, Conn.

THE INDENTING OF SONNETS.

As the sonnet is the highest, most impressive, form of English verse, it is not a matter of slight importance how it should be presented to the eye. In methods of doing this our best authorities differ, and the adoption of a universal form is still a thing of the future. Some make the fourteen lines present a solid phalanx from the top to the bottom; others indent according to an arbitrary rule, without reference to the rhymes. A third form is used, where the rhymes govern the indenting. These differing forms will be best understood by examples. To illustrate the first, I quote Mrs. Browning's son net on "Work":—

WORK.

What are we set on earth for? Say to toil —
Nor seek to leave the tending of thy vines,
For all the heat o' the day till it declines,
And death's wild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy heart and thy hand, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand,
And share its dew-drops with another near.

The *Century Magazine* is one high authority that has adopted the arbitrary mode — making the first, fifth, ninth, and twelfth lines stand out from the rest, leaving the second, third, fourth, sixth, seventh, eighth, tenth, eleventh, thirteenth, and fourteenth lines to form an inner row of lines. For example, here is a sonnet of Maurice Francis Egan's, printed in a late *Century*:—

OF ONE WE LOVE OR HATE.

In old Assisi, Francis loved so well
His Lady Poverty, that to his heart
He pressed her heart, nor felt the deadly smart
From lips of frost, nor saw the fire of hell
From lurid eyes that fevered Dante's cell,
And parches souls, who, hating, feel her dart.
He chose her, and he dwelt with her apart.
The two were one, illumined through Love's spell.
He loved her, and she glowed, a lambent star;
He loved her, and the birds came at his call.
Her frosts were pearls, her face was fair to see;
He sang his lady's praises near and far;
He saw our world as Adam ere the fall —
So Love transfigures even Poverty.

The second form is certainly preferable to the first. A good illustration of the third form is given in the following sonnet, taken from an old volume of *Scribner's Magazine* before it became the *Century*: —

TO THE KATYDID.

Shrill oracle! proclaiming night by night
The antique riddle man may never guess,
But which by thy fond unforgetfulness
Thrills all the dark with music — thy delight,
Whatever Katy did, is to recite
The acts occurrence with such ceaseless stress
Of triple chirp as thy small powers possess,
The traveller's listening fancy to excite.
Oh, what immortal secret, strange and dear,
Should hold thy faithful memory so long?
What deathless deed which thou must still with hold,
Which, autumn after autumn, year by year
Yea, century after century, thy song
Reiterates, yet ever leaves untold?

In this form the indenting, of course, varies with the alternation of the rhymes in the minor portion of the sonnet. Here is another example of this form, the variation in this method

being in the indenting of the last six lines: —

THE INVISIBLE LAND.

There was a land that lay beyond my sight
For which I vainly searched the great earth through.
Thither, right often, my companions flew
At day-break, or at noontide, or at night,
And never came again. I took my flight,
Explored all portions of the globe, yet grew
No nearer where that mighty retinue
Had fled into the stately fields of light.
But once, when evening her dusk sails had spread,
And I was sleeping, a swift dream came o'er
My spirit, and in it I, rising, said,
"Now is the country mine, long sought before!"
And one I heard lament that I was dead;
And lo! the land stretched just beside my door!

It would seem as if in some subtle manner this form of indentation carried the author's meaning more clearly to the mind than any other. The first conveys little impression save that of a dreary monotony. The others certainly appear more attractive to the eye, and encourage the search for hidden treasures of thought. Why should not some definite form be adopted for this kingly sort of English verse? The suggestion is offered in the hope that it may lead to some consideration of the subject. *Sophie Bronson Titterington.*

GREENVILLE, Ill.

ARE LITERARY WOMEN UNPRACTICAL?

Does the pursuit of literature unfit a woman for the practical duties of life?

Popular opinion has long been fond of picturing the feminine aspirant for literary honors as an attenuated, slovenly, and be-spectacled creature, upon whose household gods the dust is piled to the depth of an entire inch, who shamefully neglects her innocent children, and who feeds her long-suffering husband upon soggy muffins and burnt potatoes.

To our sorrow, be it confessed that there are indeed so-called "literary women" who live in worlds of their own making, ignore conventionalities, and voluntarily array themselves in hideous and unseasonable clothing. Such as these unconsciously cast slurs upon the profession they essay to ornament. But extremists there are, and extremists there always will be, in every walk of life.

There are musicians so carried away by the rhapsodies of Liszt, or the sonatas of Mendelssohn, that they unwittingly pass over their meal-hours, hum tunes in the street, or drum with their fingers in public conveyances; amateur artists so absorbed in the creation of impossible roses that they receive their friends with daubs of paint on their cheeks and brushes behind their ears; "fresh-air fiends" who live in trees, like monkeys; religious enthusiasts who clothe themselves in skins and hide in caves in the mountains; vegetarians starving the body and stunting the intellect on a diet of dried apples and graham crackers; social reformers leading howling mobs to the onslaught; and female suffragists who mount the rostrum, crying, "Women are admitted to the jail, the gallows, and the tax-list, — why not to the ballot-box?"

All these, however, are the exceptions, and not the rule; and are only made more conspicuous than the vast sensible majority by their very eccentricities, — as one would instantly distinguish a clown from a crowd of well-dressed citizens.

The key-note of the age is common sense. There are no grounds for the prediction of the alarmist, that the world will be eventually given over to lunatics, while the sane will be forced to seek refuge in the state asylums.

Are literary women unpractical?

Every one knows the history of that grand woman, Louisa Alcott, — hospital-nurse, seamstress, school-teacher, house-keeper, devoted daughter, and self-denying sister.

By means of her ready pen, Frances Hodgson Burnett paid her husband's college expenses, while he was studying to become an oculist, in France and Germany.

What Harriet Beecher Stowe effected for the negro, Helen Hunt Jackson strove to accomplish for the Indian.

Lucy Larcom made a specialty of aiding the women-workers in the factories of Lowell and other cities.

Julia Ward Howe assisted her husband in the education of the blind and mute in the institution of which he was president.

Such notable wives and mothers as Marian Harland, Mary Mapes Dodge, Kate Upson Clark, and many others, need no introduction.

The executive ability of Mrs. Frank Leslie is regarded as enormous.

Blanche Willis Howard chaperoned young ladies on the Continent, taught them cooking and house-keeping, and nursed them herself during illness.

Were such names as these, and countless others that might be cited, to fail in testifying to the negative of the argument, periodicals like the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping*, the *Home Maker*, and the *Housewife* would prove ample and conclusive evidence. All of them are either edited by women or largely contributed to by women writers; and the amount of good accomplished is simply incalculable. These publications reach the length and breadth of the land; they are found in frontier cabins, in isolated farmhouses, and in the islands of the sea,—teaching the ignorant, affording relaxation to the weary, economizing domestic drudgery, comforting the despairing, advising the ailing, and pointing the way through the "valley of the shadows" to the light beyond.

Who can estimate the influence of a single written line! The most eloquent orators multiply their audiences by thousands when they transfer their thoughts to paper.

The profession of literature is peculiarly adapted to the needs of those women whose environments, physical or material, prevent them from taking an active share in the battle of life. It tends to broaden the mental horizon, to lift the mind above the trivialities and petty gossip, to extend one's knowledge of one's fellow-creatures, and to bring one in closer touch with the great, throbbing, pulsating world of workers. For, as says James Russell Lowell in "Among My Books," "Literature draws its sap from the deep soil of human nature's common and everlasting sympathies."

Bertha F. Herrick.

OAKLAND, Calif.

THE DOMESTIC HAPPINESS OF LITERARY PEOPLE.

Do literary men make good husbands? Do literary women make good wives? From the days of Socrates and his poor Xantippe to our own times, so full of divorces and unhappy marriages, numerous cases have been cited on both sides of the question. Such a long list has been made on the part of the negative that one would, at first thought, be compelled to shake the head sorrowfully, and despair of any happiness for the most highly gifted sons and daughters of humanity. But, fortunately, we know that for every name among the unhappy, we could find two or three among the happy, and that the proportion of unfortunate matches among poets and literary characters is not greater than in the same number of any other class of people. Men of wisdom, such as the elder D'Israeli, and many like him, have discussed this matter with great freedom and given us striking examples of both kinds. We all remember the sad story of poor Xantippe. For many years the world has sympathized with her illustrious husband, but if Plato is to be believed, the philosopher was rather too fond of the court beauties of the day, Mesdames Aspasia and Diotama, to suit the taste of a loving wife. No wonder she complained.

The great Dante was married to a notorious scold, and when he was in exile he had no desire to see her, although she was the mother of his six children.

Shakespeare lost the sympathies of the world by marrying Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years his senior, who was coarse and ignorant.

It is told of Lord Bacon that he enjoyed but little domestic bliss, and "loved not to be with his partner."

Milton was not great in the character of husband and father. We read of him that his first wife was disgusted with his gloomy house, and soon ran away from him, and his daughters were left to grow up utterly neglected.

Of the great artist, Domenichino, it is told that he married a lady of high birth and great beauty, who was such a virago that it is believed she poisoned him.

Montaigne, when a widower, said he would not marry again, "though it were to wisdom itself."

Molière was married to a wife who made him miserable, and Rousseau lived a most wretched life with his wife, who was low and illiterate.

Dryden "married discord in a noble wife," and Addison sold himself to a cross-grained old countess, who made him pay dearly for all she gave him.

Steele, Sterne, Churchill, Coleridge, Byron, and Shelley were all married unhappily, and Bulwer and Dickens have been known by all the world as indifferent husbands.

But now let us cite a few instances that will offset this long list of disappointed ones.

The younger Pliny thus speaks of his wife, Calphurnia: "Her affection for me has given her a turn for books; her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth nor my person that she loves, but my reputation and my glory of which she is enamored."

Sir Walter Raleigh married a beautiful girl eighteen years his junior, and she adored him with increasing ardor to the very last.

Dr. Johnson's wife was old enough to be his mother, but "he continued to be under the illusions of the wedding day until she died at the age of sixty-four," he being only forty-three.

Buffon told his friend that his wife had a great influence over his composition. "I am always refreshed and aided by her advice."

Sir Walter Scott was a genius of the very first order; he succeeded in every department of letters; but his greatest happiness was in his wife. He married her after a short acquaintance, and it was a genuine love-match, lasting until the day of her death.

Moore's wife was one of the noblest creatures, and he never tired of singing her praises.

Shelley's first marriage was unfortunate, but his second was a model of happiness.

Wordsworth made a love-match, and was a lover through life.

The wife of Christopher North had more influence over him than any other person in the world, and her death was his greatest of misfortunes.

Lamartine, the great French poet, was happily married, and received great aid from his wife in all his undertakings.

It would be impossible anywhere to find more domestic felicity than among the great circle of our modern men and women of letters. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, the two Brownings, the two Howitts, Tennyson and his wife, Charles Kingsley, Baron Bunsen and his wife, and many others less noted might be mentioned, while the Englishmen of prominence in other fields have the same good fortune. Beaconsfield married a lively young widow, who made him perfectly happy, and he never lost an occasion of singing her praises. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, is cited as having an almost ideal home-life, and also the late Dean Stanley. All the world knows how happy the Gladstones are in their family circle, and so it is with many others.

On this side of the ocean we are proud of the domestic purity and happiness of most of our noted men. Of course, there are exceptions, and of those there is much talk and gossip, but it only goes to prove the old saying, that "exceptions make known the rule." From the days of the Washingtons and Adamses down to the pleasant home circle of the Harrisons, we have always been blessed with examples of virtue and happiness in high places. The same may be said of our literary men and women. Longfellow, Emerson, Alcott, Dana, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne — all down the long and glorious list we can proudly point to genius sanctified by domestic love, and none the less happy because they were literary people.

CARLINVILLE, Ill. *E. A. Matthews.*

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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*** Everything printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1891. NO. 12.

Congress will meet this month, and a petition for the reduction of postage on manuscripts should be presented early in the session. In the advertising pages of this month's issue of THE WRITER will be found a printed petition, with space for signatures below it. Readers of the magazine who desire to help the movement — and certainly every writer should be directly and personally interested in it, since if it is successful every writer's postage expenses will be materially reduced — are asked to cut the leaf from the magazine, secure as many signatures of working writers as possible, and mail the petition, duly signed, to the editor of THE WRITER. Arrangements have been made to have the signed petitions forwarded together to Washington, and to have them presented to Congress in a proper way.

***

It is important that the signatures to the petition shall be secured at once, and that their number shall be as great as possible. They should give besides the name of the writer his residence address, and none but the names of the writers who are actually and regularly engaged in literary work should be added. It is hoped that every reader of THE WRITER will take a personal interest in this matter and go actively to work to secure as many signatures as possible for the petition. The editor of THE WRITER has had correspondence with congressmen and postal officials at Washington which leads him to believe that if the writers of the country will take a sufficiently active interest in this matter, the rate of postage on manuscripts can be reduced to one cent for two ounces, — and if this can be done, it will reduce the postage expenses of every writer in the country to just one-fourth of what they are now. Then a manuscript weighing sixteen ounces could be mailed for eight cents, as it can now if it is addressed to England or to any foreign country in the Postal Union. If other countries can profitably carry manuscripts at "commercial paper" rates, the United States should certainly be able to do as much.

***

To repeat what was said in THE WRITER two months ago, "There is no reason that writers can see why the United States post-office should not carry a manuscript from Chicago to New York as cheaply as from Chicago to Hong Kong. Congress makes the postal laws, and the action of those interested in this matter lies with Congress. Writers, editors, and publishers must unite in bringing the subject to the attention of congressmen, and in urging them to favor the passage of a bill reducing the rate of postage in the domestic mails on manuscripts for the printer. There are no outside interests involved, as there were in the case of the international copyright agitation, and it ought to be easy to secure justice for literary workers. Systematic presentation of the facts to congressmen should bring a correction of the pres-

ent evil. The editor of THE WRITER will see that the matter is properly presented at Washington, and he hopes to have the coöperation of the editors of other periodicals and publishers generally. Every one interested in writing or publishing is directly concerned in this matter, and it is of importance enough to make earnest work well worth while."

***

In the mean time, it will be well if every writer who is interested in this movement will write to his congressman personally, calling his attention to the subject, and urging him to favor the change when it is proposed in Congress. Active personal work of this kind cannot fail to produce good results.

***

With the present number closes the fifth volume of THE WRITER. The sixth volume, which will begin with the number for January, will be better and more interesting than any of its predecessors, and the improvement in the quality of the magazine, which must have been noticeable to every reader during the last six months, will be continued during the coming year. It has always been the rule of THE WRITER to make few promises, and to give more than could justly be expected. When the magazine was started its readers were promised a sixteen-page magazine for one dollar a year. Instead of this, they have had regularly a thirty-two-page magazine, without any increase in the price. Beginning with July of the present year, THE WRITER has been illustrated each month with a photographic portrait of some author, printed on plate paper, as a frontispiece. This feature will be continued if readers show sufficient appreciation of it to warrant incurring the additional expense. THE WRITER now gives to each subscriber a great deal for his dollar, and its publisher feels that the magazine deserves liberal support. That it is doing a useful work countless letters received from readers show, and these letters make it plain that the magazine is filling a place which was unoccupied before it began, and which needs to be occupied hereafter. The publisher of THE WRITER stands ready to make the magazine as good as the support which it receives will warrant. To make it what it should be, he needs more subscribers, more help from writers in the way of signed articles, helpful hints and suggestions, and items of fresh literary news. THE WRITER has always been a coöperative enterprise so far as its readers are concerned, one of the chief objects of its editor and publisher being to make it a sort of free parliament for the practical discussion of literary topics, — a means of interchange of sentiment and ideas between those engaged in literary work. If writers everywhere will coöperate in extending the circulation and influence of the magazine, and in helping the editor to improve its quality, they will get ample reward in its increased usefulness to them and to all its readers. It has always been the policy of the publisher to put back into the magazine whatever came from it, and he has never regarded it simply as a money-making enterprise.

***

The practical application of this, personally applied to each reader, is: Renew your own subscription promptly, send with it a subscription for THE AUTHOR,— a magazine well worth its subscription price,— and in addition as many new subscriptions for both magazines as you can get your literary friends to make. Some old subscribers, in renewing their subscriptions, have sent one, or two, or three, or four new subscriptions with their own. If every one would do as much, THE WRITER for 1892 would be a sixty-four-page magazine, instead of one of thirty-two pages each month, and it would be illustrated with many pictures monthly, instead of with one, as now.

***

Many subscriptions expire with the current number. THE WRITER has adopted the rule of invariably stopping the magazine when subscriptions expire unless a renewal order and a remittance are received. This plan was adopted, contrary to the usual custom of the smaller magazines, because it seemed fairest and most likely to please the greater number of subscribers. Due notice of expiration of subscriptions is given both on the address label of the magazine and by circular notices mailed in the month when the subscription expires; and it seems fair to assume that if a subscriber does not renew his subscription before the next

issue is mailed, he does not care to do so. Still, the publisher believes that many subscribers allow their subscriptions to lapse by inadvertence, or because they do not understand the rule. He hopes, therefore, that all whose subscriptions expire with this month's issue will notice the fact of expiration, and renew promptly, so that the trouble and delay caused by taking names off the list unnecessarily may be avoided. Renewals of WRITER subscriptions and renewals of AUTHOR subscriptions may be sent together, even if they do not expire at the same time. Due credit will be given in every case. It is hoped that every subscriber for THE WRITER will become also a subscriber for THE AUTHOR, and by so doing help both magazines to increased usefulness and success.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) Is there a preparatory school of journalism in New England? Is a course at such a school advisable in preparing for newspaper work?

(2.) Are our leading literary and newspaper men college graduates?

(3.) Is it advisable as a beginning in literary work to get a job on a newspaper and "pitch in"? H.

[(1.) There is no preparatory school of journalism now in New England. There is no reason why a course at a properly conducted school of journalism should not be of great value in training young men and women for newspaper work, but to be most useful the school would have to be different in essential particulars from any school of the kind that has ever been organized. The editor of THE WRITER has long had in mind a plan for offering such instruction in Boston, and he will be glad to give information by letter to those who write to him asking for it.

(2.) The number of college graduates in newspaper offices has increased steadily during recent years. The time is passed when managing editors thought, what Horace Greeley said, that "of all kinds of horned cattle, a college graduate is the worst in a newspaper office." It has come to be recognized that college training broadens a man's intelligence and his capacities, and that while a college education does not necessarily fit him for newspaper work any given man is better prepared for journalism with a college education than without it. Of course, there are very many leading literary and newspaper men who have never had the advantages of a college education.

(3.) Newspaper experience must be a valuable training for a beginner in literary work, in spite of the objections made by W. J. Stillman in his article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November. A newspaper writer can be careful of his style if he will, and he will be all the more appreciated in the newspaper office if he is. Two of the chief advantages in having newspaper experience are that a reporter sees life in all its phases as no one else can see it, and that while he is writing reports that require no especial thought on his part, as far as their subject-matter is concerned, he may devote his attention to making his style in the highest degree effective. — W. H. H.]

May an author collect his short stories from periodicals for publication in book form, without requesting permission of the editors of the periodicals, the stories having been accepted without any reference to ownership of copyright? C. L. B.

[No one can reprint anything published in a copyrighted periodical, without the permission of the owner of the copyright. — W. H. H.]

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"Lay" and "Lie." — The proper use of "lay" and "lie," "sit" and "set," has been so often explained that it might be supposed there could be no doubt even in the minds of those unfamiliar with grammar "as she is taught." Still there are errors made even by good writers,

and sometimes the anxiety for correctness "overleaps itself" and gives us such a sentence as this from the touching little story of "Mère Pochette": "Father David at length lay down his terrestrial body." Inasmuch as these are words which suffer special abuse from the illiterate, it is amusing to see that they are often correctly used in "dialect stories" (so called), where characters whose perverted speech bids defiance to Lindley Murray and all his descendants use "lie" and "lay" with a propriety not always displayed by the "college larnt."

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass. P. MC A. C.

"Later On." — What do the readers of THE WRITER think of the phrase "later on"? It occurs, I think (I have not the magazine before me), in that famous *Scribner* serial, "The Wrecker," and also in the October *St. Nicholas*. I suppose it could be found, too, in a good many other standard publications, but these are the instances which have lately come to my notice.

Of what use is the "on"? If I say, "I will speak further of this later on," it seems to me that I use a wholly superfluous word, and one that spoils both for the eye and ear the ending of my sentence. PERSIS E. DARROW.

WENTWORTH, N. H.

"Appreciate." — The word "appreciate" is often misused, especially in the newspapers. A writer often says: "He appreciates his present highly," misusing "appreciate" for "value" or "prize." To appreciate means to estimate justly; hence, we cannot appreciate a person or thing highly. Stocks, grain, and land do not appreciate in value; they rise in value.

J. T. J.

GALLIPOLIS, Ohio.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The following, from the *Boston Journal* for November 21, is submitted as an example of mixed metaphor: —

When I was on the *Harvard Advocate* we used to meet every Sunday morning to glean the sheep from the goats among the sea of MSS. which fell like manna upon us editors, who sat like hungry birdlings, waiting for our ship to come in.

President Eliot will go a long way before he finds a more forcible argument than this for his proposition that English should be better taught.

R. L.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE NEW WORLD AND THE NEW BOOK. An address delivered before the Nineteenth Century Club of New York City, January 15, 1891, with kindred essays. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 239 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

In the address which gives this book its title Mr. Higginson took a position regarding American literature which attracted wide attention at the time. He made a plea for a decent self-respect in behalf of our literature, and thereby struck a note of popular approval. In this essay and others on correlated topics, now printed with it in book form, Mr. Higginson makes manly defence of American people, American literature, and American institutions, not with any show of vaingloriousness, but chiefly to make the point that all things not American are not therefore the only truly good things, as many so-called Americans believe. These are some of the topics discussed: "The Shadow of Europe," "On Literary Tonics," "Do We Need a Literary Centre?" "The Perils of American Humor," "On the Proposed Abolition of the Plot," "The Decline of the Sentimental," "The Test of the Dime-Novel." The essays, all pithy and suggestive, are written in the delicately critical style of which Mr. Higginson is a master, and are thoughtful and scholarly in their treatment. O. M.

STUDIES, LITERARY AND SOCIAL. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. 241 pp. Cloth. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. 1891.

"Studies, Literary and Social," is a collection of running commentaries on topics of literary and social interest by a writer whose graceful style is no less attractive than the subtle keenness of his observation. The studies are thoughtful, suggestive, and scholarly.

L. F.

WITH MY FRIENDS. By Brander Matthews. 284 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company. 1891.

The secret of telling an interesting story in an interesting way — this is the possession of Brander Matthews and the other writers who collaborated with him in this volume. His partners were H. C. Bunner, Walter Herries Pollock, George A. Jessop, and F. Anstey, story-writers whose mere names are a promise of story-telling excellence. The stories in which Mr. Matthews was assisted by Mr. Bunner have a distinct quality of humor, which, especially in "The Documents in the Case," a California story, is delightful, because it is natural. This story is told entirely by means of newspaper

clippings, telegrams, and letters, a forceful and convenient method, inasmuch as it spares the reader any tendency to irrelevancy an author may have, and gives him only that which he wants, viz., the facts tersely and attractively put. In fact, the same story told in conventional form would cover probably six times the space of this one. O. M.

AFRICA AND AMERICAN. By Alex. Crummell. 466 pp. Cloth. Springfield: Willey & Company. 1891.

What the author of this book recommends as a means of improving the negro women in the South, viz., the establishment of industrial schools for the instruction of young negro girls in domestic work, as well as in the elements of common school education, seems to be a most sensible suggestion. The intellectual training of the race is apt to be short, extending over only two or three years, he asserts, and this time might be more profitably spent in industrial, rather than intellectual, training. The author replies to the slanderers against his race, and offers many thoughts worthy of attention in connection with the race problem. L. F.

ON THE INDIAN RIVER. By C. V. Hine. 298 pp. Cloth. Chicago: Charles A. Sergel & Company. 1891.

The author of this book has a fluent and graphic style, which appears to excellent advantage in the narration of his experiences during a canoe trip on the Indian river in Florida. His book is readable from the first to the last page. L. F.

LITTLE SMOKE. By William O. Stoddard. Illustrated. 295 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

"Little Smoke" is a story of life among the Sioux Indians. Little Smoke is an Indian boy who has remarkable adventures. The book contains a large number of excellent portraits of celebrated Indian chiefs, and other pictures of savage life. The story has the dual virtue of being instructive as well as entertaining.

L. F.

THE CAUSE OF AN ICE AGE. By Sir Robert Ball, L.L.D., F. R. S. 178 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

The author of this book undertakes to shed new light upon the astronomical theory of the Ice Age. What he says has the weight behind it of scientific research, and long professional study. Students of science or geology will find his book worth reading. L. F.

TWO WORLDS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Watson Gilder. 115 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: The Century Company. 1891.

The exquisite little book made by the Century Company gives a fit setting to this collection of Mr. Gilder's latest poems, nearly fifty in all, of which only fifteen have been published elsewhere. Striking imagery and bold imagination, force of passion, depth of thought, elegant expression, chastened sometimes almost to coldness, originality in choice of metres, and vivid picturesqueness of descriptive passages are the distinctive characteristics of the poet's work. The mysticism which has seemed a blemish in his earlier poems is less noticeable in this new volume, the chief example of it here being the ode "To the Spirit of Beauty," which was read last year before the Society of the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard College, and which undeniably conveyed little meaning to its auditors until they were enabled to read it in printed form. Mr. Gilder, like Mr. Aldrich, writes little, or at least gives to the world only his best — conscientious self-repression which will increase the value of his reputation. W. H. H.

THE STORY OF COLETTE. From the French of "La Neravaine de Colette." Illustrated. 195 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

The racy, sprightly style in which this story is told betrays its French origin. It is French not only in style and construction, but in conception as well. It has a pure and elevated tone, and makes fitting reading for young and old. Colette is an innocent and altogether charming young person, sure to captivate the reader. The book has a handsome dress. L. F.

MY CANADIAN JOURNAL. By the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. Illustrated. 451 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

Lady Dufferin's account of her experiences on this side of the Atlantic makes interesting reading. Her pictures of Canadian life are valuable, especially because she had unusual opportunities for seeing Canada and her people. The book is written from her diary, and includes the time from her arrival in Canada in June, 1872, to her departure in August, 1878.

A STUDY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY. By Ellen M. Mitchell. 282 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 1891.

This is the work of one who was once an amateur, so to speak, in speculative philosophy, but who, as head of a little coterie of students of philosophy in St. Louis and Denver, became so profoundly interested that she made it the study of years, and under the tutelage of Dr. W. T. Harris, and others, became ultimately sufficiently mistress of the subject to put her knowledge into book form. While the book adds nothing new to a field of investigation already very thoroughly covered, yet it is not without merit. L. F.

THE JOHNSTOWN STAGE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Robert Howe Fletcher. 252 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

The far West, always productive of material for character study and incident out of the common run, is the scene of most of Mr. Fletcher's stories. While his stories lack the elegant diction and the delicate fancy of Bret Harte, and while their atmosphere is the same as that with

which the great story-teller of the Rockies surrounded his inimitable works, yet Mr. Fletcher's stories are original in conception, and admirable in style. In the first story of the collection, "The Johnstown Stage," there are a mother and baby, a road agent, and a brave and handsome lieutenant of infantry. Some quick shooting is done, and the lieutenant is wounded, but the Adams Express stage-coach is saved; the story concerns the woman's bravery in driving the runaway stage horses through the mountains at night, with her baby under the seat. The lieutenant recovers, and then there's a marriage.

O. M.

COURAGE. By Ruth Ogden. 114 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1891.

Courage is the name of a twelve-year-old New York girl, who makes her home, after her father's death, with her brother Larry, on board of his lighter in New York harbor. She is a girl of many noble qualities, which are manifested in her devotion to her brother, who becomes blind and dies. "Courage" is a story for young girls, and is sure to please its readers. L. F.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. By Samuel Adams Drake. 174 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

"The Battle of Gettysburg" is a volume in the Decisive Events for American History Series, and is a valuable little book. Mr. Drake's account of the celebrated battle is as interesting as a story. Further than this, it is a condensation and a compendium of all that has been written about a great event, by a writer who takes a dispassionate, and, therefore, an instructive, view of things. L. F.

MEMORY AND THOUGHT. By James P. Downs. 42 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Harrisburg: Published by the author. 1891.

This is a pamphlet issued as an "extra" in the Memory and Thought Series, and has to do mainly with the overthrow of certain of the old methods of strengthening the memory.

L. F.

ANATOMY IN ART. By Jonathan Scott Hartley. Illustrated. 113 pp. Cloth, $3.00. New York: Published by the author, 145 W. 55th street. 1891.

The purpose of Mr. Hartley's book is to present a simple and direct method of studying external anatomy to the art student who is engaged in the study of the human form, either in action or repose. The work is illustrated, and is valuable because of its apparently authentic information. L. F.

ABOUT AN OLD NEW ENGLAND CHURCH. By Rev. Gerald Stanley Lee. 89 pp. Paper. Sharon: W. W. Knight & Company. 1891.

The quaint and spontaneous pleasantry of this little sketch would justify its reading, even if it had no other charms. It is racy, spirited, written in a perfect story-telling vein, humorous all the way through, but with a certain fresh and natural humor which is quite infectious. Sharon, Conn., a modest little village in the hills of northwestern Connecticut, is the scene of this choice bit of local color, which stands unique and individual amid contemporaneous literature.

L. F.

ACROSS RUSSIA. From the Baltic to the Danube. By Charles Augustus Stoddard. Illustrated. 258 pp. Cloth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

The reputation of the author as an accomplished traveller is fully maintained in this book, in which he narrates the personal experiences of himself and companion in a journey through the Tzar's dominions. He gives authentic descriptive accounts of all the great cities, of the palaces, the churches and cathedrals, the architecture, the railways, the monasteries, the art and treasure repositories, and of the lives of noble and peasant alike. While the travellers were more than interested in what they saw and learned of the country, they were glad enough to return to civilization. L. F.

THE WATER BABIES. A fairy tale for a land baby. By Charles Kingsley. Vignette edition, with one hundred new illustrations by Frederick C. Gordon. 308 pp. $1.50. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1891.

The binding of this edition of Kingsley's famous book is a marvel of artistic beauty. The back and part of the sides are in marbled white, with a delicate tracery in gilt as fine as a bit of real lace. The rest of the side binding is embossed, with satin and gilt finish, and profusely ornamented with daintily painted representations of cyclamens. A more beautiful dress for a book cannot easily be imagined.

L. F.

A TREASURY OF FAVORITE POEMS. Edited by Walter Learned. Vignette edition, with one hundred new illustrations by Joseph M. Gleeson. 390 pp. $1.50. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1891.

This new anthology is uniform with "The Water Babies," the bindings being identical. The poems are judiciously selected from the best in the language, and include some of those of most writers of the modern school. L. F.

LAND OF THE LINGERING SNOW. Chronicles of a Stroller in New England from January to June. By Frank Bolles. 234 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1891.

The secretary of Harvard College in this neat little book narrates what he saw in the course of a series of walks in the suburbs of Boston, in some more remote Massachusetts rural localities, and in the White Mountains. The minuteness of his observations would fairly astonish any one unacquainted with the endless variety of animate and inanimate wonders Nature possesses for him who loves her even in her winter attire. Amid the rigors of a February gale, Mr. Bolles journeyed to Crescent Beach, there to watch the tempest in its wildest career; one April day he invaded quaint old Provincetown, and the vicinity of its light-house, and

found a host of pleasing marine pictures, and myriads of sea-birds in the sky; he listened to the vesper song of the woodcock on One Pine Hill, and the croaking of the woodfrog, harbinger of spring; he faced the equinoctial storm in the Ipswich dunes one wild March day, when other less adventurous folks kept in-doors; he watched from Pegan Hill the red-wing, the sparrow-hawk, and the pine warbler, and other members of the winged tribe as only a passionate lover of natural history could; and one fine May morning found him on Mt. Wachusett gazing at the wonderful panorama of its surrounding beauty. He explored woodland, field, and swamp, and saw their wondrous animal and insect life. Trees, grasses, wildflowers, brooks, sky, clouds,—none escaped the particularity of his vision, and each was noted down as an item in his interesting observations. What he saw is written in a clear, compact literary style, with passages of brilliant sky and cloud effects interwoven, the whole making a beautiful and varied series of pen pictures of Nature's slow awakening from her winter sleep.

O. M.

AN UTTER FAILURE. A Novel. By Miriam Coles Harris, author of "Rutledge," etc. 334 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

"Rutledge," by the same author, achieved such wonderful popularity years ago that the author's latest work cannot fail to attract popular attention. The story she tells is one of intense interest, and will be read to the last line. Aside from this, it is valuable for the lesson it teaches of the unwisdom of international marriages, with a title thrown in. O. M.

STRAIGHT ON. A story for young and old. By the author of "Colette." With eighty-six illustrations by Edward Zier. 319 pp. Cloth. Illustrated cover. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

"Straight On" is a story which will please boy-readers. It is full of incidents such as may occur to any boy in his teens, and carries a wholesome lesson with it. The exciting experience of life at a military school, where the young hero comes under the ban of suspicion for a crime committed by another, and his bravery in shielding a friend, even at the expense of his own good name, form the elements of a story which is told in a spirited way and never loses its interest. L. F.

ONE REASON WHY. By Beatrice Whitby, author of the "Awakening of Mary Fenwick," "Part of the Property," etc. 319 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

In ordinary novels, the discovery by the young man of the young woman's love for him is brought about in different ways, none of which are in these days original. But in "One Reason Why" the heroine betrays the condition of her heart in a new way. She has refused to marry the young nobleman in whose house she occupies the position of governess, on accoun of the difference in their social spheres. She loves him, nevertheless. One day she finds his hat, cane, and gloves in the hall, and her heart prompts her to appropriate one of the gloves and keep it as a precious souvenir of what might have been. She picks up the glove, thrusts it into her bosom, and is about to make off, when the young nobleman's mastiff, sole witness of the petty theft, springs forward in threatening attitude, and blocks her way. It seems that the dog had been charged by his master to guard the gloves, and did so, to the young lady's discomfiture. The next moment the lover arrives, but the mastiff refuses to be appeased until the beautiful thief gives back the glove, and thus confesses what she wished to conceal. "One Reason Why" has many other points of originality, and is an entertaining story. O. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

THE ROMANCE OF A CHILD. By Pierre Loti. 179 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

THE SIGNBOARD, AND OTHER STORIES. By Michel Masson, Emile Souvestre, Théophile Gautier, André Theuriet. Translated by O. A Bierstadt. 251 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

THE AURORAPHONE. By Cyrus Cole. 249 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. 1891.

THE GENIUS OF GALILEE. By Anson Uriel Hancock. 507 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. 1891.

HIS MARRIAGE VOW. By Mrs. Caroline Fairfield Corbin. 318 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

LORITA. AN ALASKAN MAIDEN. By Susie C. Clark. 171 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.

TIPS. Puck's Library, No. 53. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1891.

EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND ART. XI.—The Evolution of Art. By John A. Taylor. XII.—The Evolution of Architecture. By John W. Chadwick. Paper, ten cents each. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

THE SIGNBOARD, AND OTHER STORIES. Translated by O. A. Bierstadt 251 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

SENATOR LARS ERICKSON. By Franklyn W. Lee. 311 pp. Paper, 50 cents. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company. 1891.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GREEN CLOTH. By Antonio Scalvini. Translated by Isabel Le Dyrol. 467 pp. Paper, 50 cents. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company. 1891.

A WIDOWER INDEED. By Rhoda Broughton and Elizabeth Bisland. 228 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

THAIS. By Anatole France. Translated by A. D. Hall. 205 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Nile C. Smith Publishing Company. 1891.

EMMETT BONLORE. By Opie Read. 371 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Company. 1891.

HOLIDAY STORIES. By Stephen Fiske. 208 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker. 1891.

OLD ABRAHAM JACKSON. By Anson Uriel Hancock. 260 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Company. 1891.

THE INDUSTRIAL PRIMARY ARITHMETIC. By James Baldwin, Ph. D. 263 pp. Cloth. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1891.

FLORINE. By the author of "Mignonnette," "The Devil and I." 325 pp. Paper. New York: G. W. Dillingham. 1891.

A ROMANCE OF THE WILLOW. By Marie Woodruff-Walker. 74 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: American News Company. 1891.

PAPERS IN PENOLOGY. Compiled by the editor of "The Summary." 148 pp. Paper. Elmira: The New York State Reformatory. 1891.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White Smith Music Company, 62 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal — "Thou Art My Queen," A. Monro Grier and Emma Fraser Blackstock; "Fiddle and I," Fred E. Weatherby and Mrs. Arthur Goodeve; "The Picture that We'll Never Turn from View," Arthur Malone; "I'm All Right," Le Brunn; "In the Morning," Felix McGlennon; "Fadeless Roses Blow," Lollie Belle Wylie; "Sweet Little Pansy Eyes," Paul Jassett; "When My Sailor Lad Comes Home," Arthur Malone; "But, Oh, What a Difference," B. M. Davison; "The Same Old Story," Clifton Bingham and Annie Armstrong; "The World in Peaceful Slumber Lay," Christmas anthem for quartette, C. T. Steele. Piano — "Reverie," "Amelia Redowa," "Lightheartedness," and "Dolores Valse," Theodore Moelling; "L Esperanza Waltz" and "Evelyn Gavotte Caprice," Loren Bragdon; "Gross-Wien-Tout Vienne," Johann Strauss; "Love's Dream After the Ball," Alphons Czibulka; "Tyrolienne," Paul Beaumont; "Cavalleria Rusticana," P. Mascagni; "Gnome Bells," Gustav Lang; "Meadow Brook," Loren Bragdon; "Carnival of Venice," arranged by Jules Schulhoff; "La Cigale Polka," arranged by Charles Coote; "Belle Coquette," "Manola," "Good Night," and "Japanese March," Paul Keller; "Don Quixote," Michael Watson; "Innamorata," waltz, Florence Fare; "La Cigale Waltzes," B. M. Davison; "Rest and Dreams," Paul Keller; "La Cigale," B. M. Davison.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Manuscript Files. — For keeping manuscript sheets clean and flat, yet ready for instant inspection, make "files," such as were formerly much used for docketing checks, folded bills, etc. For sheets eight by ten inches, cut two pieces of heavy pasteboard each eight and one-half by ten and one-half inches. Across the back of one of these, and three inches from its top, glue (not paste) a strip of strong muslin eight and one-half by three inches wide, having each edge turned under a quarter of an inch, so that there remains visible a strip two and one-half inches wide, the top edge of which is three inches from the top of the pasteboard. After thoroughly drying it under pressure, turn it over and score nearly through the pasteboard, four and one-quarter inches from its top, thus leaving a hinged flap eight and one-half by four and one-quarter inches. Put the sheets between the flapped pasteboard and the other, and secure with rubber bands. The name of the manuscript or manuscripts may be written or pasted on the flap. R. G.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

MELVILLE OF MARQUESAS. With Portrait. Arthur Stedman. *Review of Reviews* for November.

JAMES PARTON AS THE BIOGRAPHER OF INDUSTRY. Henry Bruce. *Christian Union* for November 21.

EXCURSIONS AMONG WORDS. Eugene Field. Reprinted from *Chicago News* in the *Critic* for November 21.

THE ART OF WRITING ADVERTISEMENTS. — II. Charles F. Wingate. *Printers' Ink* for November 11.

RUSKINIANA. George Wallis. *Igdrasil* (London) for September.

SOME OF IBSEN'S WOMEN. Margaret Hunter. *Igdrasil* (London) for September.

GLIMPSES OF AUTHORS. III. — The Anti-Slavery Authors. T. W. Higginson. *Brains* for November 16.

CURIOSITIES IN SONNET LITERATURE. E. B. Brownlow. *Poet-Lore* for November.

PLEASURES OF AUTHORSHIP. Julian Hawthorne. *Belford's* for October.

BOOKS AND READING. I. — How to Read. Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D. *Youth's Companion* for November 19.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Frontispiece Portrait. *Chautauquan* for December.

A PLEA FOR RAPID READING. Eunice Dorr. *Kate Field's Washington* for November 18.

JOURNALISM, PAST AND PRESENT. Reprinted from the *Paris Revue Bleue* in *Public Opinion* for November 7.

ENGLISH REALISM AND ROMANCE. Reprinted from *London Quarterly Review* in *Public Opinion* for November 7.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. With Portrait. George Stewart, D. C. L., LL. D. *Arena* for December.

EDGAR FAWCETT. Portrait. *Arena* for December.

T. C. DE LEON. Portrait. *Lippincott's Magazine* for December.

LITERATURE IN THE SOUTH SINCE THE WAR. Thomas Nelson Page. *Lippincott's Magazine* for December.

LITERARY PROPERTY IN ALTHURIA. Charles Dudley Warner. *Harper's Magazine* for December.

TYPE-CASTING MACHINES. Illustrated. P. D. Ross. *Popular Science Monthly* for December.

MODERN METHODS OF ILLUSTRATION. W. H. Hyslop. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* for November 21.

THE WORKING CLASSES IN FICTION. Reprinted from *New Orleans Times-Democrat* in *Public Opinion* for November 14.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF LITERARY CRITICS. Reprinted from *Paris Revue Bleue* in *Public Opinion* for November 14.

THE ROMANTIC AND CLASSICAL IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. Professor W. D. McClintock. *Chautauquan* for November.

THE HOOSIER POET. *Pittsburg Bulletin* for November 14.

ENGLISH NOVELS. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* (London) in *Literary Digest* for November 14.

SCOPE OF MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE. Grant Allen. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Current Literature* for December.

POOR RICHARD. A Phase in the Life of Franklin. *British Printer* (London) for September - October.

HENRY LABOUCHERE. Portrait. *Paper and Press* for October.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. A Reminiscence. Charles Lowe. *Bookman* (London) for November.

GRANT ALLEN AT HOME. Raymond Blathwayt. *Kate Field's Washington* for November 11.

THE DISEASE OF WRITING. Antoine Albalat. Reprinted from *La Nouvelle Revue* in *Literary Digest* for November 7.

THE INFLUENCE OF PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS UPON LITERATURE. Colonel J. W. Clampett. *Inland Printer* for November.

AN AMERICAN PRINTER IN RUSSIA. S. Rajski. *Inland Printer* for November.

ABOUT BOOKS OF TRAVEL. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for December.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION. *Chautauquan* for December.

PLAGIARISM AND UNCONSCIOUS APPROPRIATION. Reprinted from *Pall Mall Gazette* in *Public Opinion* for November 28.

CANADIAN JOURNALISTS AND JOURNALISM. Walter Blackburn Harte. *New England Magazine* for December.

SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD III. James Russell Lowell. *Atlantic Monthly* for December.

AMERICAN CHARACTERS IN GERMAN NOVELS. Lida Von Krockow. *Atlantic Monthly* for December.

SCOTT. Blanche Wilder Bellamy. *Christian Union* for November 28.

MRS. POULTNEY BIGELOW. E. J. Edwards. *Newark Times* for November 11.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The December number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is a special Southern number. All the contributions have been prepared by popular Southern authors.

"The Magic Ink" is the odd title of William Black's new novel. Mrs. L. B. Walford has selected an equally odd title for her new story, which is to be called "The One Good Guest."

Lew Vanderpoole & Company, of New York City, will publish about the middle of December a symposium on modern conventional crimes and abuses, entitled "Transplanted Shame." It has been written by four of America's leading thinkers, and will be the first of a new line of similar works to be known as Vanderpoole' Bi-monthly Series.

It is announced that the author of "Dr. Lamar" is Miss Elizabeth Phipps Train, of Dorchester.

The Critic Company, New York, has begun the publication, for the Charity Organization Society of the city of New York, of a new magazine, entitled the *Charities Review*.

Music is the name of a new monthly magazine published at 240 Wabash avenue, Chicago, and edited by W. S. B. Matthews. In form it resembles the *Forum*.

The first novel which Miss Mary E. Wilkins has ever written has been christened by its author "Jane Field." It is perhaps more proper to call it a novelette.

In the December *Forum* Sir Edwin Arnold has a description of a "Day with Lord Tennyson," describing the home-life of the Laureate, with many incidental criticisms of his works.

Edmund Clarence Stedman is delivering a course of eight lectures before the Berkeley Lyceum, at New York, on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry."

Brooklyn Institute subscribers are to enjoy a course of six lectures by Abby Sage Richardson on "The Victorian Age of Poetry."

William Dean Howells, has accepted the offer of John B. Walker, owner of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, to become one of the co-editors of that periodical. Mr. Howells has already taken a house in New York City, where he will live in the future. His editorial connection with *Harper's Monthly* will end January 1. Mr. Howells' contract with the Harpers has expired, but his new contract will not prevent his continuing to write novels for them.

Professor Charles F. Johnson, of the chair of English Literature, Trinity College, Hartford, has prepared for the use of high schools and colleges and for general reading an important work on "English Words," which Harper & Brothers will publish immediately. It embraces an elementary study of derivations, including a discussion of the literary value of words, and, besides its value as a text-book, will be of interest to all who care to acquire correctness of diction.

COPYRIGHT LAWS

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

INCLUDING THE

ACT OF 1891

BOSTON MASS
F H GILSON COMPANY
Printers and Bookbinders
1891

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INTRODUCTION.

For over fifty years efforts have been made to change American copyright laws in such a manner as to recognize the right of an author to the product of his brain, even though he should not happen to be a citizen of the United States. A bill giving authors of all nationalities copyright protection in the United States, under certain conditions has just become a law, and will go into effect July 1st, 1891.

The complete laws on copyright of the United States will be found in this work, which is issued for the information of publishers and authors in general.

COPYRIGHT LAWS.

ESSENTIAL CHANGES IN COPYRIGHT LAWS.

The old copyright laws of the United States expressly stipulated that no citizen of a foreign state or nation should be protected by American copyright (Sec. 4971, p. 21). They made no restrictions as to the country where the printing of books covered by copyright should be done.

The new laws permit foreigners to take American copyright on the same basis as American citizens in two cases (Sec. 13, p. 21): First, when the nation of the foreigner permits copyright to American citizens on substantially the same basis as its own citizens; second, when the nation of the foreigner is a party to an international agreement providing for reciprocity in copyright, by the terms of which agreement the United States can become a party thereto at its pleasure. The existence of these conditions is to be determined by the President of the United States by proclamation.

The new laws require that all books* copyrighted under them shall be printed from type† set within the United States, or from plates made therefrom (Sec. 4956, p. 12). In the case of photographs protected by American copyright, the negatives are to be made in the United States, and in the case of lithographs or chromos, the drawings are to be executed in the United States.

The importation of foreign editions of books covered by American copyright is prohibited.

*"A book within the statute need not be a book in the common and ordinary acceptation of the word; viz., a volume made up of several sheets bound together; it may be printed only on one sheet, as the words of a song or the music accompanying it. . . . . The literary property intended to be protected by the act is not to be determined by the size, form, or shape in which it makes its appearance, but by the subject matter of the work. Nor is this question to be determined by reference to lexicographers to ascertain the origin and meaning of the word book. It will be more satisfactory to inquire into the general scope and object of the legislature, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense in which the word book was intended to be used in the statute."—Thompson, J., Clayton v. Stone, 2 Paine, 383, 386.

† The general scope of the new copyright laws is to protect those publications which are produced as the result of American labor, and it has never been the policy of the courts to defeat the general purpose of the copyright laws by microscopic construction. It is therefore entirely safe to say that whatever process is employed in producing the effect of "type," that process must be performed by American labor. The word "type" will doubtless be broadly construed to include all punches and other devices by which "books," and all publications construed to be books, are made.

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

RELATIONS OF THE AMENDED LAWS TO CITIZENS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

The following countries permit foreigners to take out copyright on the same basis as their own citizens; and, doubtless, their citizens will be eligible to protection under American copyright by proclamation of the President of the United States, as provided for in the new laws (Sec. 13, p. 21).

Austria	Germany	Russia
Belgium	Guatemala	Roumania
Bolivia	Hayti	Spain
Brazil	Holland	South Africa
Colombia	Italy	Sweden
Denmark	Japan	Switzerland
Ecuador	Mexico	Tunis
France	Norway	Venezuela
	Peru	

Great Britain permits foreigners to take copyright on the same basis as its own citizens, *provided* the foreigner is at the time of publication anywhere within the British dominions, which expression includes British colonies and possessions of every sort. The proviso that the foreigner must be in the British dominions at the time of publication is a barrier to citizens of Great Britain obtaining copyright in the United States; but, by

acts of Parliament, the Queen is empowered to provide for copyright of an international character as to any nation which will reciprocate; and it is quite possible that the laws of Great Britain will be modified in such a manner as to allow its citizens to obtain copyright in America.

REVISED STATUTES

OF THE

UNITED STATES,

Being the Act of July 8, 1870, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1891.

4948. Copyrights to be under charge of Librarian of Congress.
4949. Seal of office.
4950. Bond of Librarian.
4951. Annual report.
*4952. What publications may be entered for copyright.
4953. Term of Copyrights.
*4954. Continuance of term.
4955. Assignment of copyrights and recording.
*4956. Deposit of title and published copies. Books, etc., to be printed in the United States. Importation prohibited excepting two copies. Translations.
4957. Book of entry and attested copy.
*4958. Fees. Catalogue.
*4959. Copies of revised editions of copyright works to be furnished to Librarian of Congress.
4960. Penalty for omission.
4961. Postmaster to give receipts.
4962. Publication of notice of entry for copyright prescribed.
*4963. Penalty for false publication of notice of entry.
*4964. Damages for violation of copyright of books.
*4965. For violating copyright of maps, charts, prints, etc.
4966. For violating copyright of dramatic compositions.
*4967. Damages for printing or publishing any manuscript without consent of author, etc.
4968. Limitation of action in copyright cases.
4969. Defenses to action in copyright cases.
4970. Injunctions in copyright cases.
10. Sec. 4971 repealed.
11. Each volume of a book an independent publication.
12. Act of 1891 takes effect July 1, 1891.
13. Conditions on which Act applies to citizens of foreign States.

NOTE. — The sections preceded by an asterisk are those which were changed by the Act of 1891.

Copyrights to be under charge of Librarian of Congress.

SEC. 4948. All records and other things relating to copyrights and required by law to be preserved, shall be under the control of the Librarian of Congress, and kept and preserved in the Library of Congress; and the Librarian of Congress shall have the immediate care and supervision thereof, and, under the supervision of the joint committee of Congress on the Library, shall perform all acts and duties required by law touching copyrights.

Seal of office.

SEC. 4949. The seal provided for the office of the Librarian of Congress shall be the seal thereof, and by it all records and papers issued from the office and to be used in evidence shall be authenticated.

Bond of Librarian.

SEC. 4950. The Librarian of Congress shall give a bond, with sureties, to the Treasurer of the United States, in the sum of five thousand dollars, with the condition that he will render to the proper officers of the Treasury a true account of all moneys received by virtue of his office.

Annual report.

SEC. 4951. The Librarian of Congress shall make an annual report to Congress of the number and description of copyright publications for which entries have been made during the year.

What publications may be entered for copyright.

*SEC. 4952. The author, inventor, designer, or proprietor of any book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, cut, print,[1] or photograph or negative thereof, or of a painting, drawing, chromo, statue, statuary,

[1] See Act of 1874, Sec. 3.

and of models or designs intended to be perfected as works of the fine arts, and the executors, administrators, or assigns of any such person shall, upon complying with the provisions of this chapter, have the sole liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, completing, copying, executing, finishing, and vending the same; and, in the case of dramatic composition, of publicly performing or representing it or causing it to be performed or represented by others; and authors or their assigns shall have exclusive right to dramatize and translate any of their works for which copyright shall have been obtained under the laws of the United States.

Term of copyrights.

SEC. 4953. Copyrights shall be granted for the term of twenty-eight years from the time of recording the title thereof, in the manner hereinafter directed.

Continuance of term.

* SEC. 4954. The author, inventor, or designer, if he be still living, or his widow or children, if he be dead, shall have the same exclusive right continued for the further term of fourteen years, upon recording the title of the work or description of the article so secured a second time, and complying with all other regulations in regard to original copyrights, within six months before the expiration of the first term; and such persons shall, within two months from the date of said renewal, cause a copy of the record thereof to be published in one or more newspapers printed in the United States for the space of four weeks.

Assignment of copyrights and recording.

SEC. 4955. Copyrights shall be assignable in law, by any instrument of writing, and such assignment shall be recorded in the office of the Librarian of Congress within sixty days after its execution; in default of which it shall be void as against any subsequent purchaser or mortgagee for a valuable consideration, without notice.

Deposit of title and published copies.

* SEC. 4956. No person shall be entitled to a copyright unless he shall, on or before the day of publication in this or any foreign country, deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress, or deposit in the mail within the United States, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, a printed copy of the title of the book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, cut, print, photograph, or chromo, or a description of the painting, drawing, statue, statuary, or a model or design for a work of the fine arts for which he desires a copyright, nor unless he shall also, not later than the day of the publication thereof in this or any foreign country, deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, or deposit in the mail within the United States, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, two copies of such copyright book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, chromo, cut, print, or photograph, or in case of a painting, drawing, statue, statuary, model, or design for a work

of the fine arts, a photograph of same: *Provided*, That in the case of a book, photograph, chromo, or lithograph, the two copies of the same required to be delivered or deposited as above shall be printed from type set within the limits of the United States, or from plates made therefrom, or from negatives or drawings on stone made within the limits of the United States, or from transfers made therefrom. During the existence of such copyright the importation into the United States of any book, chromo, lithograph, or photograph so copyrighted, or any edition or editions thereof, or any plates of the same not made from type set, negatives, or drawings on stone, made within the limits of the United States, shall be, and it is hereby, prohibited, except in the cases specified in Paragraphs 512 to 516 inclusive, in Sec. 2 of the act entitled "an act to reduce the revenue and equalize the duties on imports, and for other purposes," approved Oct. 1st, 1890;[1] and excepting in

Books, etc., to be printed in U. S.

Importation of copyrighted books, etc., prohibited, excepting two copies.

[1] The following are the sections of the Tariff act bearing on the bill:

512. Books, engravings, photographs, bound or unbound, etchings, maps, and charts, which shall have been printed and bound or manufactured more than twenty years at the date of the importation.

513. Books and pamphlets printed exclusively in languages other than English; also books and music in raised print, used exclusively by the blind.

514. Books, engravings, photographs, etchings, bound or unbound, maps and charts imported by authority or for the use of the United States, or for the use of the Library of Congress.

515. Books, maps, lithographic prints and charts especially imported, not more than two copies in any one invoice in good faith, for the use of any society incorporated for educational,

the case of persons purchasing for use and not for sale, who import, subject to the duty thereon, not more than two copies of such book at any one time; and except in the case of newspapers and magazines, not containing, in whole or in part, matter copyrighted under the provisions of this act, unauthorized by the author, which are hereby exempted from prohibition of importation; *Provided, nevertheless,* That in the case of books in foreign languages, of which only translations in English, are copyrighted, the prohibition of importation shall apply only to the translations of the same, and the importation of the books in the original language shall be permitted.

Translations.

Book of entry and attested copy.

SEC. 4957. The Librarian of Congress shall record the name of such copyright book or other article, forthwith, in a book to be kept for that purpose, in the words following: "Library of Congress, to wit: Be it remembered that on the day of , A. B., of , hath deposited in this office the title of a book, (map, chart, or otherwise, as the case may be, or description of the article,) the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit; (here insert the title or description,)

philosophical, literary, or religious purposes, or for the encouragement of the fine arts, or for the use or by order of any college, academy, school, or seminary of learning in the United States, subject to such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe.

516. Books, or libraries, or parts of libraries and other household effects of persons or families from foreign countries, if actually used by them not less than one year, and not intended for any other person or persons, not for sale.

the right whereof he claims as author, (originator, or proprietor, as the case may be,) in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights. C. D., Librarian of Congress." And he shall give a copy of the title or description, under the seal of the Librarian of Congress, to the proprietor whenever he shall require it.

Fees.

* SEC. 4958. The Librarian of Congress shall receive from the persons to whom the services designated are rendered, the following fees:

First. For recording the title or description of any copyright book or other article, fifty cents.

Second. For every copy under seal of such record actually given to the person claiming the copyright, or his assigns, fifty cents.

Third. For recording and certifying any instrument of writing for the assignment of a copyright, one dollar.

Fourth. For every copy of an assignment, one dollar.

All fees so received shall be paid into the Treasury of the United States: *Provided*, That the charge for recording the title or description of any article entered for copyright, the production of a person not a citizen or resident of the United States, shall be one dollar, to be paid as above into the Treasury of the United States, to defray the expenses of lists of copyrighted articles as hereinafter provided for.

And it is hereby made the duty of the

Catalogues of title entries.

Librarian of Congress to furnish to the Secretary of the Treasury copies of the entries of titles of all books and other articles wherein the copyright has been completed by the deposit of two copies of such book printed from type set within the limits of the United States, in accordance with the provisions of this act and by the deposit of two copies of such other article made or produced in the United States; and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby directed to prepare and print, at intervals of not more than a week, catalogues of such title-entries for distribution to the collectors of customs of the United States and to the postmasters of all post-offices receiving foreign mails, and such weekly lists, as they are issued, shall be furnished to all parties desiring them, at a sum not exceeding five dollars per annum; and the Secretary and the Postmaster-General are hereby empowered and required to make and enforce such rules and regulations as shall prevent the importation into the United States, except upon the conditions above specified, of all articles prohibited by this act.

Copies of revised editions to be deposited.

* SEC. 4959. The proprietor of every copyright book or other article shall deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress, or deposit in the mail, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, a copy of every subsequent edition wherein any substantial changes shall be made: *Provided, however,* That the alterations, revisions, and

additions made to books by foreign authors, heretofore published, of which new editions shall appear subsequently to the taking effect of this act, shall be held and deemed capable of being copyrighted as above provided for in this act, unless they form a part of the series in course of publication at the time this act shall take effect.

Penalty for omission.

SEC. 4960. For every failure on the part of the proprietor of any copyright to deliver or deposit in the mail either of the published copies, or description or photograph, required by sections four thousand nine hundred and fifty-six, and four thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine, the proprietor of the copyright shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars, to be recovered by the Librarian of Congress, in the name of the United States, in an action in the nature of an action of debt, in any district court of the United States within the jurisdiction of which the delinquent may reside or be found.

Postmaster to give receipts.

SEC. 4961. The postmaster to whom such copyright book, title, or other article is delivered, shall, if requested, give a receipt therefor; and when so delivered he shall mail it to its destination.

Publication of notice of entry for copyright prescribed.

SEC. 4962. No person shall maintain an action for the infringement of his copyright unless he shall give notice thereof by inserting in the several copies of every edition published, on the title-page or the page immediately following, if it be book; or if a map, chart, musical composition, print, cut, engraving, photograph,

painting, drawing, chromo, statue, statuary, or model or design intended to be perfected and completed as a work of the fine arts, by inscribing upon some portion of the face or front thereof, or on the face of the substance on which the same shall be mounted, the following words: "Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year , by A. B., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington."[1]

Penalty for false publication of notice of entry.

* SEC. 4963. Every person who shall insert or impress such notice, or words of the same purport, in or upon any book, map, chart, dramatic, or musical composition, print, cut, engraving, or photograph, or other article, for which he has not obtained a copyright, shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars, recoverable one-half for the person who shall sue for such penalty and one-half to the use of the United States.

Violation of copyright books.

* SEC. 4964. Every person who, after the recording of the title of any book and the depositing of two copies of such book, as provided by this act, shall, contrary to the provisions of this act, within the term limited, and without the consent of the proprietor of the copyright first obtained in writing, signed in presence of two or [illegible]e witnesses, print, publish, d[illegible] nati[illegible], [illegible]te, or import, or knowing the [illegible] to [illegible] printed, published, dramatized, t[illegible] [illegible]nported, shall sell or ex[illegible] to [illegible]f such book, shall fo[illegible] t[illegible] [illegible]o such proprietor, and [illegible]y such damages as

may be recovered in a civil action by such proprietor in any court of competent jurisdiction.

Damages for violating copyright of maps, charts, etc.

* SEC. 4965. If any person, after the recording of the title of any map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, print, cut, engraving, or photograph, or chromo, or of the description of any painting, drawing, statue, statuary, or model or design intended to be perfected and executed as a work of the fine arts, as provided by this act, shall within the term limited, contrary to the provisions of this act, and without the consent of the proprietor of the copyright first obtained in writing, signed in presence of two or more witnesses, engrave, etch, work, copy, print, publish, dramatize, translate, or import, either in whole or in part, or by varying the main design with intent to evade the law, or, knowing the same to be so printed, published, dramatized, translated, or imported, shall sell or expose to sale any copy of such map or other article as aforesaid, he shall forfeit to the proprietor all the plates on which the same shall be copied and every sheet thereof, either copied or printed, and shall further forfeit one dollar for every sheet of the same found in his possession, either printing, printed, copied, published, imported, or exposed for sale, and in case of a painting, statue, or statuary, he shall forfeit ten dollars for every copy of the same in his possession, or by him sold or exposed for sale; one-half thereof to the proprietor and the other half to the use of the United States.

For violating copyright of dramatic compositions.

SEC. 4966. Any person publicly performing or representing any dramatic composition for which a copyright has been obtained, without the consent of the proprietor thereof, or his heirs or assigns, shall be liable for damages therefor, such damages in all cases to be assessed at such sum, not less than one hundred dollars for the first, and fifty dollars for every subsequent performance, as to the court shall appear to be just.

Damages for printing or publishing any manuscript without consent of author, etc.

*SEC. 4967. Every person who shall print or publish any manuscript whatever without the consent of the author or proprietor first obtained, shall be liable to the author or proprietor for all damages occasioned by such injury.

Limitation of action in copyright cases.

SEC. 4968. No action shall be maintained in any case of forfeiture or penalty under the copyright laws, unless the same is commenced within two years after the cause of action has arisen.

Defenses to action in copyright cases.

SEC. 4969. In all actions arising under the laws respecting copyrights, the defendant may plead the general issue, and give the special matter in evidence.

Injunctions in copyright cases.

SEC. 4970. The circuit courts, and district courts having the jurisdiction of circuit courts, shall have power, upon bill in equity, filed by any party aggrieved, to grant injunctions to prevent the violation of any right secured by the laws respecting copyrights, according to the course and principles of courts of equity on such terms as the court may deem reasonable.

SEC. 10. Act of 1891. That section forty-nine hundred and seventy-one of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, repealed.

Section 4971 excluding aliens repealed.

SEC. 11. Act of 1891. That for the purpose of this act each volume of a book in two or more volumes, when such volumes are published separately and the first one shall not have been issued before this act shall take effect, and each number of a periodical shall be considered an independent publication, subject to the form of copyrighting as above.

Each volume of a book an independent publication.

SEC. 12. Act of 1891. That this act shall go into effect on the first day of July, anno Domini eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

Takes effect July 1, 1891.

SEC. 13. Act of 1891. That this act shall only apply to a citizen or subject of a foreign state or nation when such foreign state or nation, permits to citizens of the United States of America the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as its own citizens; or when such foreign state or nation is a party to an international agreement which provides for reciprocity in the granting of copyright, by the terms of which agreement the United States of America may at its pleasure become a party to such agreement. The existence of either of the conditions aforesaid shall be determined by the President of the United States, by proclamation made from time to time as the purposes of this act may require.

Conditions on which this act applies to citizens of foreign states.

ACT OF JUNE 18, 1874.

An act to amend the law relating to patents, trade-marks, and copyrights.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That no person shall maintain an action for the infringement of his copyright unless he shall give notice thereof by inserting in the several copies of every edition published, on the title page or the page immediately following, if it be a book; or if a map, chart, musical composition, print, cut, engraving, photograph, painting, drawing, chromo, statue, statuary, or model, or design intended to be perfected and completed as a work of the fine arts, by inscribing upon some visible portion thereof, or of the substance on which the same shall be mounted, the following words, viz.: "Entered according to act of Congress, in the year ——, by A. B., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington;" or, at his option the word "Copyright," together with the year the copyright was entered, and the name of the party by whom it was taken out; thus—"Copyright, 18—, by A. B."

No right of action for infringement of copyright unless, etc.

Modes of entry.